

# OCTOBER CALLS

FRANCES R. ANGUS

The country freed from callous strangers  
Now calls her faithful lovers home.  
The Autumn's here, she sings, the roads  
Earth-brown and empty, the hillsides bronze  
With frosted fern. The yellowed leaves  
Of wayside elm now sail upon  
The breeze, but birch still holds her gold.  
The maple's note is clamorous, wild,  
The beech sings minor melodies.  
The mountain air is filled with bracken's  
Vigor, with leaves and earth uniting,  
With sweet of ladies' tresses, cedar,  
Fern and pine. The evening hills  
Wear amethyst and purple, the mist  
Unrolls from darkening valley. No voice  
Is heard upon these heights but Nature's.  
High is the heart alone with Autumn.