

## HARVEST HOME

GILEAN DOUGLAS\*

Now shall the hawk, on scent of summer crying,  
Circle the peak and shadow on the snow  
His scornful cross where our lost spring is lying  
Stillborn, between the static and the flow.

Now shall the mind grow hard with sudden burning  
Of this too swift, too swordlike crimson sun;  
For seeded word there now is no returning,  
And only end to means so long begun.

\*Resident of Vancouver, B. C.