## **Autumn Day**

## **Anne Clark**

Lord, it is time. The summer was so great. Impose upon the sundials now your shadows and round the meadows let the winds rotate.

Command the last fruits to incarnadine; vouchsafe, to urge them on into completeness, yet two more south-like days; and that last sweetness, inveigle it into the heavy vine.

He'll not build now, who has no house awaiting. Who's now alone, for long will so remain: sit late, read, write long letters, and again return to restlessly perambulating the avenues of parks when leaves downrain.