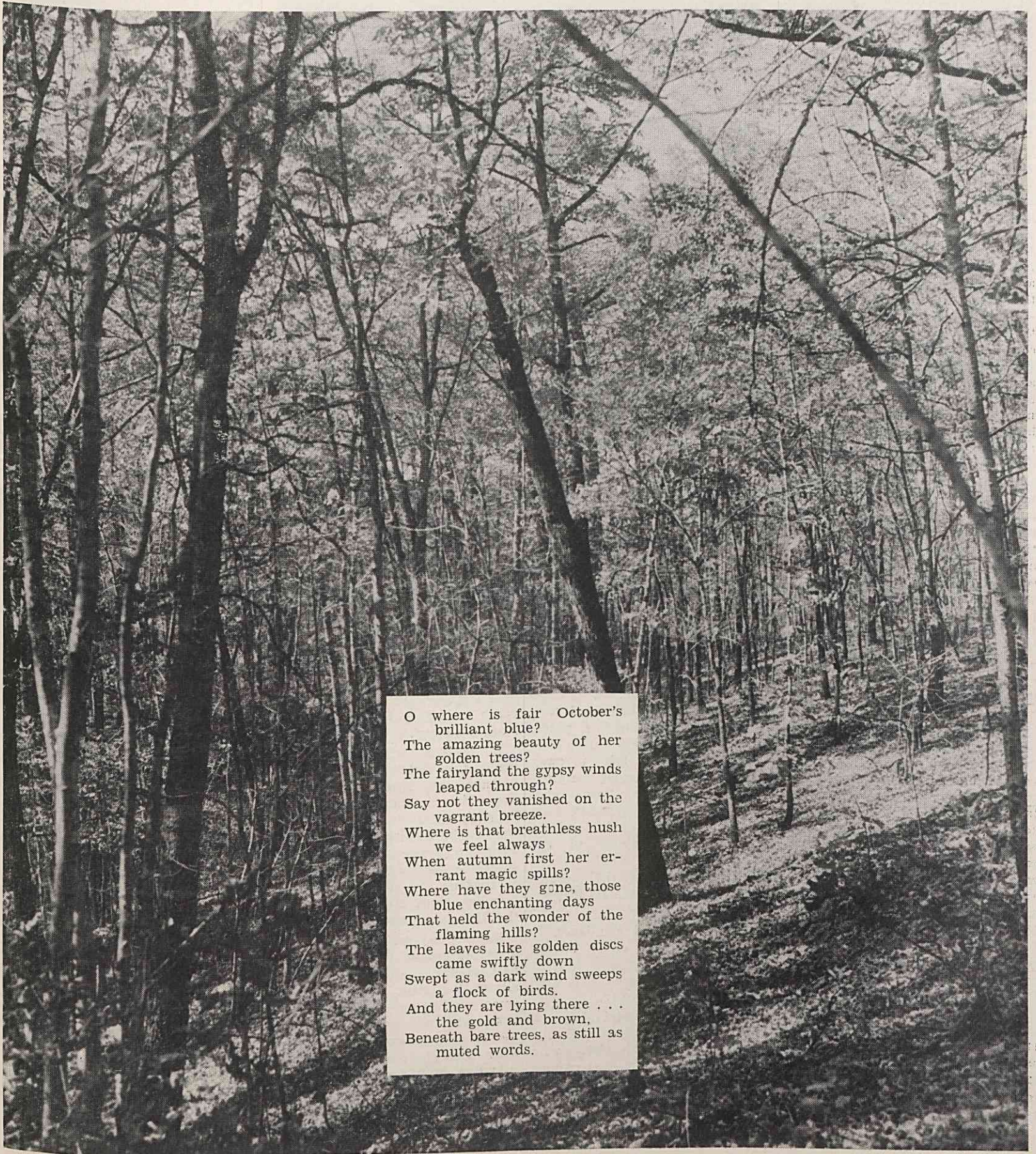




Postlude - - - - - By Catherine Bryant Rowles



O where is fair October's  
brilliant blue?  
The amazing beauty of her  
golden trees?  
The fairyland the gypsy winds  
leaped through?  
Say not they vanished on the  
vagrant breeze.  
Where is that breathless hush  
we feel always  
When autumn first her er-  
rant magic spills?  
Where have they gone, those  
blue enchanting days  
That held the wonder of the  
flaming hills?  
The leaves like golden discs  
came swiftly down  
Swept as a dark wind sweeps  
a flock of birds.  
And they are lying there . . .  
the gold and brown,  
Beneath bare trees, as still as  
muted words.