

Candle's Light

*The sun-god, Helios, weeps in the sky
As sad September ends the golden days
Of summer. Gleaners gather. Reapers scythe.
Birds flock as sheep on tawny hillsides graze.
The amber leaves glow like a candle's light
That blushes rose before the evening yields
To darkness and the deepening of night.
As glistening pumpkins flicker in the fields,
A twilight gleams. The embers of the year,
Raked by Hephaestus, God of Fire, flame.
Red orchards blaze like torches. Harvest sears.
The vine's god, Dionysus, flushes, games
Til frosts fall like white mists upon the leaves,
Extinguishing their glory, and the sheaves.*

Mary E. Slayton