To R. P. G.

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By Jean Austin

The sun was ours, and all the lake and sky;
Remember how we watched the sails go by
When near the shore the lake was smooth and still
But farther out was shaken by the will
Of winds? And suddenly I looked into your eyes.
We wondered how to keep these—lake and skies.

Today was lovely weather—blue October;
And I shall love November, grim and sober.
The stars are out. The moon, a big red sun,
Was half into the sky when day was done.
The lake is there. I claim it as my own
When I go back—though I shall go alone.