1943

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Abstract

Stillness— Then a long, low drone, The messenger of death...
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Stillness—
Then a long, low drone,
The messenger of death.
A flash, a crash, some smoke, a moan——
Stillness.

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Fall
Carolyn Carlson

Fall is the stillness that comes creeping
Through the moonlight,
In the dark setting of the sun. . . .

The stillness of the fog-drenched morning mists
Weaving over the lake,
The stillness of gold maple trees kneeling on the hillside,
And cotton-puffed clouds—
The droning sun sifting through their frayed edges.
The warm-cool laziness of lying in the rustling grass
And hearing autumn in its stillness,
In the weary call of the birds,
And feeling its dry burning breath pass with the night.