August

AnÃºna

She'll come at dusky first of day
White over yellow harvest's song
Upon her dewy rainbow way
She shall be beautiful and strong
The lidless eye of noon shall spray
Tan on her ankles in the hay
Shall kiss her brown the whole day long

I'll know her in the windows tall

Above the crickets of the hay
I'll know her when her odd eyes fall
One May-blue, one November-gray
I'll watch her down the red barn wall
Take down her rusty scythe and call
And I will follow her away
I will follow her away

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