



**Something told the wild geese
It was time to go;
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, - 'snow'.
Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, lustre-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, - 'frost'.**

**All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.**

**Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly -
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.**

*Rachel Field
(1894-1942)*