

1963

## At Summer's Passing

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## At Summer's Passing

At summer's passing yellow leaves let loose  
Their grip of life upon the mighty oak  
To flutter downward, having lost their use,  
And from a summer's dream at last awoke.  
A crystal pool, which mirrored soft June skies  
Without a wrinkle on its thoughtless face,  
Now surges restlessly as August dies  
In futile contest with the coming ice.  
Against the oak and looking in the pool,  
I stand, the man who was the freckled youth  
Who climbed the limbs and drank the water cool,  
Now searching pool and tree for truth.  
    So youth goes by without a thought or breath,  
    And wisdom comes in time to greet its death.

*JOY GROSSNICKLE*