

September Poem

“Song”

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

Gone, gone again is Summer the lovely.
She that knew not where to hide,
Is gone again like a jeweled fish from the hand,
Is lost on every side.

Mute, mute, I make my way to the garden,
Thither where she last was seen;
The heavy foot of the frost is on the flags there,
Where her light step has been.

Gone, gone again is Summer the lovely,
Gone again on every side,
Lost again like a shining fish from the hand
Into the shadowy tide.