

## **Autumn**

Walter de la Mare

There is a wind where the rose was,  
Cold rain where sweet grass was,  
    And clouds like sheep  
    Stream o'er the steep  
Grey skies where the lark was.

Nought warm where your hand was,  
Nought gold where your hair was,  
    But phantom, forlorn,  
    Beneath the thorn,  
Your ghost where your face was.

Cold wind where your voice was,  
Tears, tears where my heart was,  
    And ever with me,  
    Child, ever with me,  
Silence where hope was.