THE SCARLET TRAILS

CRIMSON and gold in the paling sky;
The rampikes black where they tower on high,—
And we follow the trails in the early dawn
Through the glades where the white frosts lie.

Down where the flaming maples meet;
Where the leaves are blood before our feet;
We follow the lure of the twisting paths
While the air tastes thin and sweet.

Leggings and jackets are drenched with dew;
The long twin barrels are cold and blue;
But the glow of the Autumn burns in our veins,
And our eyes and hands are true.

Where the sun drifts down from overhead,
(Tangled gleams in the scarlet bed)
Rush of wings through the forest aisle—
And the leaves are a brighter red.

Loud drum the cocks in the thickets nigh;
Grey is the smoke where the ruffed grouse die.
There's blackened shells in the trampled ferns
When the white moon swims the sky.

—Lloyd Roberts