

## October

O hushed October morning mild,  
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;  
Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,  
Should waste them all.

The crows above the forest call;  
Tomorrow they may form and go.

O hushed October morning mild,  
Begin the hours of this day slow.  
Make the day seem to us less brief.

Hearts not averse to being beguiled,  
Beguile us in the way you know.

Release one leaf at break of day;  
At noon release another leaf;  
One from our trees, one far away.

Retard the sun with gentle mist;  
Enchant the land with amethyst.

Slow, slow!

For the grapes' sake, if they were all,  
Whose elaves already are burnt with frost,  
Whose clustered fruit must else be lost--  
For the grapes' sake along the all.

## About the Author

Robert Frost (1874-1963) was born in San Francisco, California. His father William Frost, a journalist and an ardent Democrat, died when Frost was about eleven years old. His Scottish mother, the former Isabelle Moody, resumed her career as a schoolteacher to support her family. The family lived in Lawrence, Massachusetts...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>