

Frog Autumn

Summer grows old, cold-blooded mother.

The insects are scant, skinny.

In these palustral homes we only

Croak and wither.

Mornings dissipate in somnolence.

The sun brightens tardily

Among the pithless reeds. Flies fail us.

he fen sickens.

Frost drops even the spider. Clearly

The genius of plenitude

Houses himself elsewhere. Our folk thin

Lamentably.

About the Author

Sylvia Plath (1932 - 1963) was born in Boston. Her father was a professor of biology at Boston University, and had specialized in bees. He has been characterized as authoritarian and died of diabetes in 1940 when Plath was eight years old...

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