

Chapter 1 : The Road Not Taken Poem by Robert Frost - Poem Hunter

October 4th Our future is a free flying kite or a gull or a scarf on the wind. I bend gracefully to thank and smile, thank and smile; a ballerina in a music box.

This time of year is the perfect blend of daydream and reality, with amazing weather, a beautiful quiet, and soul-calming breezes which lead the way to the comforting slow-down of the year. As fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight. Thy whisper is soothing; There is Lore in thy face, there is wealth in thy bowers: Thy pensiveness adds but a charm to my musingâ€” And sweet are my dreams through thy fast ebbing hours! Leaves, one, two at a time, sidled down through the windless air. How calm is the morn! In high treble the stream Is singing in rambling measure Like a bard all enrapt that would catch on a theme In the mazes of Fancy and pleasure! The mellow, messy, leaf-kicking, perfect pause between the opposing miseries of summer and winter. Holder, "A Song of October," in The Queries Magazine, October October was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches in the hollow turned as golden as sunshine and the maples behind the orchard were royal crimson and the wild cherry trees along the lane put on the loveliest shades of dark red and bronzy green, while the fields sunned themselves in the aftermaths. Anne reveled in the world of color about her The sunshine spread a carpet, And every thing was grand; Miss Weather led the dancing; Professor Wind, the band The sight was like a rainbow New-fallen from the sky We have had our summer evenings, now for October eves. Peoples, Landfalls, Mountains, On the whole I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of winter morning and eveningâ€”no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. Holder, "A Song of October," in The Queries Magazine, October There is no season when such pleasant and sunny spots may be lighted on, and produce so pleasant an effect on the feelings, as now in October. The sunshine is particularly genial It seems to be of a kindly and homely nature. And the green grass, strewn with a few withered leaves, looks the more green and beautiful for them. Nature glories in death more than in life. The month of departure is more beautiful than the month of comingâ€”October than May. Every green thing loves to die in bright colors. Bright crimson fruits shone far in bright arrayâ€” While falling leaves bespoke the life of mortals! The whole body of the air seems enriched by their calm, slow radiance. They are giving back the light they have been absorbing from the sun all summer. The sopped sunâ€”toper as ever drank hardâ€” Stares foolish, hazed, Totty with thine October tankard. Spice high the bowl, and drink your fill! October is our January And what a beautiful month October is in which to begin! It is the opal month of the year. It is the month of glory, of ripeness. I love to think that when the summer, with all its fulness of innate beauty, has gone through its course, and is about to die, it knows how to break out with more gorgeous beauty, and die with more glory on its head than it had in its positive freshness and vernal beauty. Holder, "A Song of October," in The Queries Magazine, October October is not only a beautiful month but marks the precious yet fleeting overlap of hockey, baseball, basketball, and football. And he that will to Bed go sober, Falls with the Leaf still in October. The leaves are falling all around,â€” Reluctant, waveringly they fall! Richardson, "Stanzas, Written in October," c. Will smell smoke then, and feel an unsuspected sharpness, a thrill of nervous, swift elation, a sense of sadness and departure.

Chapter 2 : And Other Poems – New poems to read every Friday.

*October and Other Poems [Robert Bridges] on racedaydvl.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This miscellaneous volume is composed of three sections. The first twelve poems were written in*

Leave a Comment for Lourd In the name of the fatter, the sun and the only spirit, dear Lourd, we thank you for giving us again an opportunity to gather once more and pray with one another. Least we forget, we owe our lives to you, everyday, from the time we rise up to your morning news until we passed out from drinking so many beers. Thank you, Lourd, for your undying patience. We know full well that your forgiveness is unlimited – pretty much like a Smart load at times, which is the reason why we keep on raising the bar as far out as our consumption of liquor is concerned. You, of all being, know that living in this side of Shangri-la requires a lot of politics everyday. As you can see we suffer a pimple of roads, brownout canals; unwanted candies, red tapes, swimming logs, yellow mines and physical disappearances. And so we drown ourselves with so much alcohol at the end of the day just to pass the time. Our heads ache every time we think of those things. Yes, alcohol heightens our sensibilities, but most of the time it enables us to forget about the trash we encounter almost everyday. Lourd, will you save us from this earthly hell? Spare us, at least, a little heaven before you throw us into that pit of unlimited fire. You have heard our cries, our disappointments, our craving for a new cell phone, our envious look every time we see our neighbor going back to Japan. You know everything about us. Even if we lock ourselves in our room and jack off, you know that too. Save us from this monotony of everyday rice. Cleanse us from all our inequities, Lourd. Give us something to look forward to, or maybe you can give us a pure heart as a start, so we could set our priorities in a proper perspective, proper time, prim and proper. Otherwise, we will ask your help again and disturb you even in your unholy hour. Forgive us, Lourd; forgive us for we have done nothing to at least save this town from utter mediocrity. Our water system has gone subliminal with something detrimental to the skin; our electricity is suffering from anemia, sometimes our houses looked more like videoke bars with some dancing lights inside. Lourd, why have you forsaken us? What is the meaning of all these injustices infesting our public notaries? There has to be some sort of an Allen Iverson for us to cling unto. What is there to live, Lourd? We always pray everyday, but why do we need to go to Morgan Freeman? Nevertheless, Lourd, we also pray for those who are in power, we pray for them so they may be able to deliver us in a way you have delivered us from Yul Brynner. And we have been suffering since , the year you have elected Hercules as the emperor of ice creams. We pray that you will open the floodgates of heaven so that these yellow gods hidden underneath the earth and beside the brown river will be exposed, and we will love you more than we could imagine it with ourselves, even if we crawl amid mucus and shit inside those sticky holes. We pray that you will always provide, our Jehovah Jirreh, our treasurers with 30 pieces of silver, so we could continue our search for a better life under these dark circumstances. All these, Lourd, even if we decided to set you aside because of some personal jitters, we always go back to you, because you are a successful man and a jealous executive, who knew how to make a chain of stores even in remote areas and knew how to close a deal when predicting a stock, especially about your purported return. All these, Lourd, even if we drown you with some serious shit, you still sound as if you are not surprised at all, that you seemed to be at the right place at the right time, and with an encyclopedic knowledge of the entire situation, always in control amid an atmosphere of nepotism and the Local Government Unit of San Francisco, Agusan del Sur. We thank you, Lourd, despite our constant criticism of being the No. We will be living with the ants, the snails, the perks and the crocodiles. All the wild animals will be there. It would be like the ones we always see on the cover of a Mormon magazine. All in harmony, all close to nature. Although this time we will be feeding those crocs with food instead of money. Thank you, Lourd, for the promise that you will be with us until the end of time, counter clockwise, along with these crocodiles, of course. And so we bring back all the glory, all praise, all the connections to you, Lourd. We pray also for our brothers and sisters who are not here with us, either dead or gone to Libya. We pray that they will continue to finance our lottery addiction and our next-door textmates, so that everybody will be happy. No quirks, no morals, no partners, no nothing. Your understanding, Lourd, is without limits, although we

understand that if we file a case against that host, you will throw away all the bowls in your good book and unleash a series of network blackouts so that we can only see some recycled movies prime-time. Forgive us, Lourd, if we questioned that boy dancing on that show. Then so be it. Let your anger brush upon them so that this world would be a better place for you and for me. We also pray, Lourd, for our sister Carbonara. And the last thing you wanna get involved with is a power struggle of who is the Mutya ng Saging Tindok, your mother or our kinky neighbor, who, for the record, Lourd, already has four daughters at her disposal. We know, Lourd, that with one click, you can let the dogs out of those pearly gates, if you want to, with your weapons as powerful as all the gods of India and Edsa combined, but we beseech you, Lourd, to act like a real man, to be circumspect like what you did to the Miami Heat, we implore you to let this girl, our sister Carbonara, to go where she wants to, even if it means doing the great commission in reverse. We give you all these things, Lourd, so that you may know we are not doing it on our own. Of course, with some approval with you mother, the great Glory, still riding with her favorite tiger with a head of a priest. Thank you, Lourd, thank you. Your loving kindness is enough for us to make do with what we have, a kilo of rice and some dried fish from a foul market. Thank you for your continued provision despite threats that we are in the last days, and by placing our health at the expense of a free medical care by the Provincial Government somewhere outside of town. All these things, Lourd, we ask you in your holy name, because in you everything is possible, everything is at hand, everything that is true and good and beautiful; you are sufficient in so many ways, and a lot of upside. Ah, Lord, thank you for forgiving our sins, and for giving us that pure Nazi heart in return. You, you alone, Lourd, are our savior, our internet Provider, our low post Defender, our Alpha dog and our Omega pain killer, our King James version, our public school Teacher. Shik ka la ba la ba shakak ka mog yak mog yak nga bisdak ka. And these we all ask in your most precious mighty son, Apollo, the one and only serpent seed. In the name of the fatter, the sun and the only spirit. Tuesday, June 14,

Chapter 3 : in poetry - Wikipedia

The first twelve poems were written in , and printed privately by Mr. Hornby in The last of these poems proved to be a "war poem," and on that follow eighteen pieces which were called forth on occasion during the War, the last being a broadsheet on the surrender of the German ships.

With their greatening harvest-moons The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye In golden bars through leafy doors The sunshine falls on forest floors Holder, "A Song of October," in The Queries Magazine, October The last faded autumn leaflet hangs from a frozen branch, just a short fall from the tree to winter. And the strangest feelings of mingled pleasure and pain are awakened at thy approach, though thou excitest emotions less rapturous and fancies less playful, yet hath thy presence for me a solace and a spell unfelt amid the greener verdure, brighter sunbeams and more fragrant flowers of Summer. Dearer to me than the clustering roses of June, are they withered stalk and falling leaf And for the heart, the busy, changeful human heart, thou hast a thousand stirring chords, whose vibrations awaken with an electric influence its slumbering sensibilities, and whose sympathetic music responds with all the truth of an echo. Eames, "An Autumn Reverie," October I see the turning of a leaf dancing in an autumn sun, and brilliant shades of crimson glowing when a day is done Spring was all eagerness and beginnings, summer was growth and flowering. Autumn is the achievement summarized, the harvested grain, the ripened apple, the grape in the wine press. Autumn is the bright leaf in the woodland, the opened husk on the bittersweet berry, the fruit of asters at the roadside. And to-day on the garden pool Floating an autumn leaf; How rush the seasons, rush the years, And, O, how life is brief! There is no time when the human soul drinks in so fully the glory and beauty of nature. All objects of beauty are more beautiful while passing away from us. The closing up of a beautiful life—the fading of the holy stars in the dim light of morning—the ending of a quiet summer day and the passing away of the bright summer glory, are all more sweet and lovely as they are lost to us. The death-glow always beautifies anything that wears the trace of beauty ere it goes back to nothingness. We do not understand the secret of this principle, yet we know that it is some law of the infinite mind. Every leaf speaks bliss to me, Fluttering from the autumn tree It is ripeness and color and a time of completion; but it is also breadth, and depth, and distance. What man can stand with Autumn on a hilltop and fail to see the span of his world and the substance of the rolling hills that reach to the far horizon? Like sighs from spirits of perished hours, resound The melancholy melodies of the breeze! The forest was full of rich coloring and exuberant foliage. Scarlet, purple, gold—the different shades of brown, from its darkest and reddest duskiess, to the palest fawn hue—a soft and saddening intermixture of greyish tints, contrasting with the glossy green of the yet unchanged oak, the monarch of trees, and his many and strong wood relatives—and with the bluer verdure of the pines, the silver-lined laurel leaves, and the feathery cedar—all these were mingled to make a splendor gorgeous, yet harmonious, and as I gazed upward at the sun, which beamed, mild and red, through an atmosphere of blue and softening mist, I caught his ruby glance down the glossy green ash-leaves, and thought in my soul that there ought to be, if there were not, an inhabiting spirit for every leaf in the forest, and for every rich sun-gleam that colored and rayed the air, in this glowing and glorious Indian summer! Against the backdrop of the pines The birch and maple leaned together; A flame ran through the blackberry vines That lingering October weather. Galbreath, "Autumn Leaves," October But when fall comes, kicking summer out on its treacherous ass as it always does one day sometime after the midpoint of September, it stays awhile like an old friend that you have missed. It settles in the way an old friend will settle into your favorite chair and take out his pipe and light it and then fill the afternoon with stories of places he has been and things he has done since last he saw you. The wind makes you ache in some place that is deeper than your bones. It may be that it touches something old in the human soul, a chord of race memory that says Migrate or die—migrate or die. Reformers in the morning, and conservers at night. Holder, "A Song of October," in The Queries Magazine, October I am struck by the simplicity of light in the atmosphere in the autumn, as if the earth absorbed none, and out of this profusion of dazzling light came the autumnal tints. Is

gathered by the wild November blast And the bright flowers are gone. But these, these are thy charmsâ€” Mild
airs, and tempered light upon the lea, And the year holds no time within his arms, That doth resemble thee
Running, draining color, brighter before the soil takes back again the positive red and yellow and blue to
weave into the misty textures of spring. For nature, it is a time of sowing, of scattering abroad. The earth looks
desolate, and it will be a comfort to have the snow on the ground, and to hear the merry jingle of the
sleigh-bells. Cybrill The hush comes with the deepening of Autumn; but it comes gradually. Our ears are
attuned to it, day by quieter day. But even now, if one awakens in the deep darkness of the small hours, one
can hear it, a foretaste of Winter silence. Warm with sunshine and dreamy with haze; Warm with the sunshine
and cool with the breeze! Like troops of tropical butterflies Clouds of leaves from the gorgeous trees Flutter
and fall, And cover the earth with splendid dyes Matching the marvels of sunset skies. But it is not until
autumn that most of us become aware that our tickets are stamped with a terminal destinationâ€”that whatever
can be done with our thoughts, words, and actions must be done soon. Life is now savored, sipped as with a
fine nineteenth-century French wine It is during the autumn of our lives that this inner vintage begins to sculpt
and paint the face as it seeps through the skin from within. How TV Affects You and Your Family To her bier
Not with weeping and distress, as mortals do, But, to guide her way to it, All the trees have torches lit; Blazing
red the maples shine the woodlands through For a little while now, days and nights will be almost equal, dawn
to dusk, dusk to dawn, and the sun will rise and set almost true east and west. Then it will be October, tenth
month of our twelve-month year, and moving toward the winter solstice. So much for the arbitrary boundaries,
which are for the almanacs and the record books, even less imperative than the figures on a sundial. The
autumn with which we live is as variable as the wind, the weather, the land itself. Its schedule is that of the
woodland trees, the wild grasses, the migrant birds. Go to northern Maine and you can walk with frost. Go to
Carolina and you can bask in late summer sun. Travel north or south and you touch the year in another place.
Stay where you are and it comes to you in its own time Leave the equinox to the record-keepers and know
autumn where you find it, when it comes. See it, smell it, taste it, and forget the time of day or year. Autumn
needs no clock or calendar. Fall is the artist. Giving up their Summer wardrobes, Gladly; joyfully, with glee,
Putting on their Autumn trousseau, As they leave their mother tree The dews were so heavy that the fields
glistened like cloth of silver and there were such heaps of rustling leaves in the hollows of many-stemmed
woods to run crisply through. Montgomery, Anne of Green Gables Autumn air ignites the heart with crisp
leaved dreams returning where flame and glory recklessly pile memories for burning! At thy touch the deep
fountain of memory is stirred, and its shadowy bank is thronged with many cherished images and hallowed
recollections of the Past! Britton â€” , "Death" The autumn always gets me badly, as it breaks into colours.
Lawrence, letter to J. Murray, 3rd October The spirits of the air live on the smells Of fruit; and joy, with
pinions light, roves round The gardens, or sits singing in the trees I started going for long lone country walks
among the spendthrift gold and glory of the year-end, giving myself up to the earth-scents and the sky-winds
and all the magic of the countryside which is ordained for the healing of the soul. Contrasts and Impressions
After Twenty-Eight Years in a Convent Autumn is the mellower season, and what we lose in flowers we more
than gain in fruits. It gave me indescribable pleasure to see the return of the tempestuous season Nor regret the
blossoms dying, While we still can taste the fruit. Yes, there is a rumor that a young pale beam of a crescent
moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a
dew-washed morning. The morning of the first of September was crisp and golden as an apple You sit upon
Your throne and watch the dying fires of the setting Sun shine forth its final colors in the sky Lady Autumn,
You are here at last Eames, "An Autumn Reverie," October Winter dies into the spring, to be born again in the
autumn. And even if something is left undone, everyone must take time to sit still and watch the leaves turn.
Let the weather mellow and the year fall into peacefulness. Lindberg In the desert, the slow quiet entrance of
autumn is like breathing a sigh of relief â€” exhaling all the hot, stifling air built up over summer. Britton â€” ,
"Love for All Time" [F]all: Our tree-lined streets are set ablaze, our kitchens filled with the smells of
nostalgia: Fall is begging for us to dance and sing and write with just the same drama and blaze. Original post
date March 18th Last modified Oct 05 Fri

Chapter 4 : October Poem by Robert Frost - Poem Hunter

October And Other Poems With Occasional Verses On The War by Bridges Robert and a great selection of similar Used, New and Collectible Books available now at racedaydvl.com

Wed May 26, 3: This project is now complete! All audio files can now be found on the catalog page for this project [http:](http://) This collection also contains some poems written right after World War I, reflecting the state of international politics very impressively. The first twelve poems were written in , and printed privately by Mr. All of these verses appeared in some journal or serial. There were a few others, but they are not included in this collection, either because they are lost, or because they show decidedly inferior claims to salvage. The last six poems or sonnets are of various dates. All the ones without names beside them are "up for grabs. Please read our Newbie Guide to Recording! Is there a deadline? We ask that you submit your recorded sections within months of placing your claim. Extensions will be granted at the discretion of the Book Coordinator. Please do not sign up for more sections than you can complete within the two month deadline. Please note that we handle a one month deadline for poetry projects! Where do I find the text? Source text please only read from this text! Level of prooflistening requested: Our servers are not set up to handle the greater volume of traffic. Please wait until the project has been completed. Please check the Recording Notes:

Chapter 5 : October " And Other Poems

October and other poems, with occasional verses on the war. by Bridges, Robert Seymour, Publication date Topics World War,

Chapter 6 : Editions of October and Other Poems, with Occasional Verses on the War by Robert Bridges

Citizenship Ceremony Every few months a timetable clash means the Citizenship Ceremony and the asylum surgery converge. From outside the council chamber, as each new citizen is made, we can hear the patter of applause.

Chapter 7 : Autumn Quotes, Sayings and Verses about the Season of Fall

". while in october." and other poems in response to the last Wednesday Writing Prompt September 12, September 12, Jamie Dedes I'm delighted to host Kakali Dos Ghosh, Renee Espiru, Paul Brookes and Sonia Benskin Mesher today.

Chapter 8 : october 8 and other poems

read poems by this poet. Robert Frost was born on March 26, , in San Francisco, where his father, William Prescott Frost Jr., and his mother, Isabelle Moodie, had moved from Pennsylvania shortly after marrying.

Chapter 9 : October and Other Poems : Robert Bridges : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet

~James Rigg, "October," Wild Flower Lyrics and Other Poems, October is crisp days and cool nights, a time to curl up around the dancing flames and sink into a good book. ~John Sinor (), in San Diego Union-Tribune.