

At the gate of the cob and thatch

A remark you made, it was the end of summer,
We stood at the gate of the cob and thatch
Trees with apples falling to catch
Will the warmth remain and chill be a latecomer?

Harvest Festival, the plans are underway,
As the equinox divides the light
A barn owl in twilight awaiting the night
The veg and the fruit, the jams and hay

The ale shall be ready for the hops are almost dry,
A stoat is combing on the hunt for mice
And mushrooms aplenty in the stubble and slice
The oats stooked are making birds cry

I recall the remark, you were leaving for town
I watched you go as I opened the latch
On the iron gate of the cob and thatch
It was over you said and no more sound.