

1963

## Faces of Autumn

Ethel Barnett de Vito

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### Recommended Citation

de Vito, Ethel Barnett. "Faces of Autumn." *New Mexico Quarterly* 33, 2 (1963). <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol33/iss2/18>

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ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

FACES OF AUTUMN

Blowing the leaves to yawning death  
She looms, a vengeful Ashtoreth,  
Fatality in every breath.

But there are daybreaks when she rides  
Horizons on a crimson tide,  
Scarlet-veiled, like a Chinese bride,

And days when like Rapunzel, thinned,  
Her flowing golden hair unpinned,  
She broods, witch-ridden by the wind

Until the bleached-bone hour we find her  
Gone, leaving as a pale reminder  
Only her sheeted ghost behind her.

ALICIA OSTRIKER

FROM JOURNAL, 1960

March 21. Equinox.

All day I could sleep  
until white spiders came  
and spun threads between  
finger and finger  
and dust settled on my hair  
and Spring went away weeping.

J. ROBERT FEYNN

ALBORADA

November dawn,  
like ice crystal,  
breaks sharply  
on the mountain ridge.  
Small fragments  
hang glittering  
from bare limbs  
and sparkle faintly  
in dead grass.