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An Autumn Day

T. M. Wiley

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The blood from mangled hands dripped slowly down,
And blood was on his head like ruby crown.
He spoke.

“Again? Aye. Yes, again, as long as man shall sell
His soul for gold and power; as long as man shall tell
The children that the glory in the taking of the sword
Is the glory of their country and the glory of the Lord;
As long as man shall nurture youth upon the creed of fear—
As long as life is ruled by hate. That long, my son, shall leer
The spectre of War’s cruel strife upon the hapless earth:
For greed and hate, united, breed, and give War bloody birth

.....
*Then, rank on rank, huge black against the sky
The hosts of slaughtered dead go marching by.”*

An Autumn Day

By T. M. WILEY

Lazily the Indian village
Basks in the autumn sun:
The crops are gathered in,
Corrals are roofed with corn,
Red chili hangs in fiery rows
Under the flaming trees.
Serene in the golden light
That casts long melancholy
Shadows,
Life runs its stoic course
In the Pueblo, even as
Before.