

## **Why in the sun-tongued hills**

Why in the sun-tongued hills are lambs grown heavy?  
classed and sorted for the city's slaughtering floor;  
What sky in the green and gorsed autumn can endure  
but hourly changes as the clouds sweep their tides around.

It is the month of fast, and fickle winds  
are one day west and one day gone  
and one day wet upon the glass apples, bowing  
to the great god under the grasses.

It is the month of fast and at the rising of the sun  
and the going down of the same, I do remember them,  
the pleasures only partly put away,  
and brighter on hope's palate  
(apple and cinnamon pancakes, with honey)  
while all the land's adorned and ordered  
readied for the winter.

It is the month of fast, and on the lawn  
button mushrooms push their domed heads through autumn  
leaves  
and into the upside world.

It is the month of fast,  
the light is green and happy in my ribs,  
I grow as thin as apple leaves.  
The wind leans gently  
the cloud folds back,  
the sun shines through.