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THE MISER'S TIME OF YEAR

(to a 19th century madrigal)

Glenna Holloway

Oh come, my sweet, this is the miser's time of year  
When gold and kingly jewels glint and gleam above  
Until the greedy wind collects them all  
Aswirl in hoards that soon will disappear.  
Before the river banks the tumbling change, my love,  
Come walk with me and fill your arms with fall  
While I recount my wealth as beauty's thrall.

New autumn is the color of your hair,  
Titian-bright as sparkling wine,  
Fragrant as apple and ripe pear  
And currants drying on the vine.  
Though gold may steal human reason,  
Hearts gain fortunes from this season.