

late chrysanthemums

colours of the september sun are risen
carried in armfuls new rain shines
room to room they gather hosting life
wonderful abundant thrones
do they not symbolise a home in autumn
where wife or mother tend the thirsty roots
whose ermine leaves so delicate to rabbits
cuff the mounted stems whose tops
once gilded emperors you could not speak of
and still we bow to them
conjuring our pre-winter songs again
they have us in their sway
even the moderns
happy by late vegetables and golden raspberries
as in Golding Constable's garden
they assume a moral authority
where life is inferred