

CARPE DIEM

M.L. McCarthy

September shivers to another end.
You ransack horoscopes and pester fate:
Is this the one last autumn heaven will send
For you? for me? Do other leaf-falls wait?
No, give it over! Cease to interrogate
What cannot answer. Virtue, our one sure treasure,
Is always to our hand, whatever state
We pass through across time;—and innocent pleasure
Sets root in a calm mind's each tiniest leisure.
Drop fear's deceit, and hope's, their vain debate.
If good or bad impends. Swollen out of measure,
Desire or dread will shake you early and late.
Turn now! Admire this fragrant, lovely rose,
Duskily red, that in green darkness glows.

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