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The Golden Hour

Leah Hanley

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The Golden Hour
After Robert Frost

Leah Hanley

Soaring over field of yarrow,
Feeling wistful in my marrow,
Sing to make the farmer whistle,
He does not see me, the sparrow.

From the heavens, clear as crystal,
Comes autumn wind, chilly bristle,
When it beats upon feathered breast,
I take shelter in the thistle.

'Time, when thoughts of summer arrest,
I get the feeling that it's best,
When farmers harvest row by row,
To soon depart my twiggy nest.

The fields are golden down below,
The farmer seems to take it slow,
But I have warmer skies to know,
But I have warmer skies to know.

Leah Noel Hanley is currently in pursuit of a Master of Arts degree in English at the University of North Dakota. Her writing focuses on the exploration of deeply human experiences, through which she hopes to inspire empathy across cultural boundaries. She also hopes to inspire conservation and preservation of our Earth through her use of natural subjects and landscapes. When Leah is not writing (or grading papers), she is likely cross stitching, cooking, or spending quality time with her loved ones.