

Poetry IN THE PLAZA

PRESENTED BY THE VILLAGE OF GREAT NECK PLAZA

From Autumn
by T. E. Hulme
(1883-1917)

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—
I walked abroad,
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge
Like a red-faced farmer.
I did not stop to speak, but nodded,
And round about were the wistful stars
With white faces like town children.

