A Late Walk by Robert Frost

When I go up through the mowing field,
   The headless aftermath,
Smooth-laid like thatch with the heavy dew,
   Half closes the garden path.

And when I come to the garden ground,
   The whir of sober birds
Up from the tangle of withered weeds
   Is sadder than any words.

A tree beside the wall stands bare,
   But a leaf that lingered brown,
Disturbed, I doubt not, by my thought,
   Comes softly rattling down.

I end not far from my going forth
   By picking the faded blue
Of the last remaining aster flower
   To carry again to you.

-Excerpt from A Boy’s Will (1915)