



1996

# Revel

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Gareth Phillips is a junior, studying philosophy and English. He hopes to pursue graduate studies in literature and creative writing.

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## *Revel*

I am the Spirit of Autumn;  
Painted eyes of ancient October fire,  
Stepping out from beneath the stretching boughs,  
With a shudder and a sigh of ecstasy,  
I taste the wealth of the earth beneath  
And the blood that flows through the sleeping trees.  
Wrapped in a coat of carnival colors,  
And auburn locks that catch the wind,  
I breathe my soul upon the land  
And draw the magic back again.  
I dance, and lift my weathered boots  
To stamp the chill of winter back,  
And press the potent wine of fallen leaves,  
Intoxicating the very breeze  
That rushes on and tumbles  
Over things that do not seem to be.  
All that I can see is mine;  
The painted skins that drift about  
Like barks upon a fitful sea.  
The gnarled fingers jutting up,  
That creak and sway and claw the ragged sky.  
The stricken, stunted stalks of corn,  
Neglected by the reapers comb,  
That stand all hollowed by the hounding wind  
Which falls upon the field to pick the scattered bones.  
The pungent smoke of fermented wood  
That hangs about like a troubled ghost  
Above the ash-black fire ring,  
Long after the flames have ceased to sing.  
Winter comes in robes of icy sleep,  
But not till I have tired of the feast.  
So let the torches blaze,  
As I dance the silent song in hidden ways.  
For I am the Spirit of Autumn.

-- Gareth Phillips