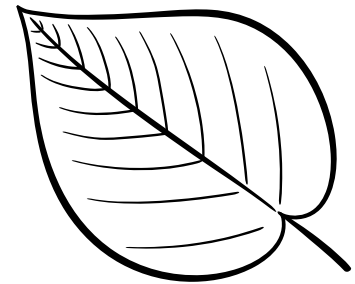


## Autumn

*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.



## My Cat Jeoffry

*Excerpt from 'Jubilate Ango'*  
*Christopher Smart (1722–1771)*

For, tho he cannot fly, he is an excellent clamberer.  
For his motions upon the face of the earth are more  
than any other quadruped.  
For he can tread to all the measures upon the music.  
For he can swim for life.  
For he can creep.

