



# Turn Me to My Yellow Leaves

*William Stanley Braithwaite (1878 - 1962)*



**EbookBag**

TURN me to my yellow leaves,  
I am better satisfied;  
There is something in me grieves—  
That was never born, and died.  
Let me be a scarlet flame  
On a windy autumn morn,  
I who never had a name,  
Nor from breathing image born.  
From the margin let me fall  
Where the farthest stars sink down,  
And the void consumes me,—all  
In nothingness to drown.  
Let me dream my dream entire,  
Withered as an autumn leaf—  
Let me have my vain desire,  
Vain—as it is brief.