

# COMING UPON A STONE CIRCLE AT SUNSET\*

JULEIGH HOWARD-HOBSON

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Old Birch trees, whose white branches weave and sift  
The brilliant evening twilight, huddle deep  
Around these circled stones. The old grove shifts  
As leaves and chilly breezes slightly lift  
And rustle. But these grey stones silent keep  
Their secrets: no wind reveals, no evening shade distills  
Why they stand, encircling each other, in these hills.

With ancient reasons more astute than ours  
These stones were brought here, then precisely set.  
Each in its place. Time moves, things change, rains pour  
Suns rise and set, winter storms blow and roar,  
These, encircled, change not. Only men forget.  
And now we watch as deepened shadows show  
How much we've lost of what our fathers' fathers know.

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