



# THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

---

Year 2009

Article 19

---

1-1-2009

## The Autumn Leaves of Gettysburg

Rahul Sinha

Gettysburg College, [sinhra01@cnav.gettysburg.edu](mailto:sinhra01@cnav.gettysburg.edu)

Class of 2012

Follow this and additional works at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

**Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.**

---

Sinha, Rahul (2015) "The Autumn Leaves of Gettysburg," *The Mercury*: Year 2009, Article 19.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2009/iss1/19>

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact [cupola@gettysburg.edu](mailto:cupola@gettysburg.edu).

---

# The Autumn Leaves of Gettysburg

## **Keywords**

creative writing, poetry

## **Author Bio**

Rahul Sinha grew up in India peeping at snake-charmers through cracks in the fence, dreaming of slaying royal bengal tigers and eating vegetarian food. Now she's on the other side of the earth and with her she's brought her past along with clothes, myopia and an appetite for the works of Premchand, Dylan, Van Gogh and her cook. "I suppose I'm one of those fellows my father always warned me against." -Wodehouse

## The Autumn Leaves of Gettysburg

The earth bears the burden of a thousand corpses  
That reek sweet aroma that gently wraps us.  
Angels fallen from the mighty heights of heaven,  
Defenders of the meek and of the craven,  
They fought gallantly till they could fight no more,  
Till life broke free from their every pore.  
They came falling down at a rapid pace,  
The tryst with their shadows then took place.

The youthful dewdrops weep their loss,  
Seeking asylum below the wet moss.  
The wise old mountains muster philosophy  
And rationalize vainly that death sets the dead free.  
No laughter occurs, no bells ring,  
No farmer forecasts a coming spring.  
The chilly gale forgets to bite,  
The lightening turns off its lights,  
The thunder falls into a mournful silence,  
The meadows retreat into forests dense.

The martyrs are revered by all,  
A monument commemorates their fall.  
Their sacrifices are subjects of future tales  
Like wind that breathes into a galleon's sails.  
They inspire unborn generations with passions wild  
To make a man out of a child.  
With lofty words their deeds are wrought,  
Engraved in books and universally taught.

Yet no elegy, however cloaked in gloom  
And contrived to cause tears to bloom,  
Or eulogies, however soaked in honey  
And served in a golden plate so sunny,  
Could conceal the naked vivid truth  
Of souls struck down in their merry youth.  
Below the trees they lie cold as ice.  
The sky is moved, a cloud cries  
Its tears rain upon the bodies as red as blood.  
Now in eternal repose upon the bed of mud,  
Soon to be covered forever under snow,  
Invisible to the eyes of friend and foe,  
These autumn leaves of Gettysburg have come and gone  
But they, ever alive, linger in my memories on and on.