

Poem in October Full Poem

Writer: Dylan Thomas | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

Poem in October

By [Dylan Thomas](#) (1914-1953)

It was my thirtieth year to heaven
Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbour wood
And the mussel pooled and the heron Priested shore
The morning beckon With water praying and
call of seagull and rook
And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall
Myself to set foot
That second In the still sleeping town and set forth.

My birthday began with the water- Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name
Above the farms and the white horses
And I rose In rainy autumn
And walked abroad in a
shower of all my days. High tide and the heron dived when I took the road
Over the border
And the gates
Of the town closed as the town awoke.

A springful of larks in a rolling Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling
Blackbirds and the sun of October Summery
On the hill's shoulder, Here were fond climates
and sweet singers suddenly
Come in the morning where I wandered and listened
To the rain
wringing
Wind blow cold In the wood faraway under me.

Pale rain over the dwindling harbour
And over the sea wet church the size of a snail
With its
horns through mist and the castle
Brown as owls
But all the gardens
Of spring and summer
were blooming in the tall tales
Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud. There could I
marvel
My birthday
Away but the weather turned around.

It turned away from the blithe country
And down the other air and the blue altered sky
Streamed again a wonder of summer
With apples Pears and red currants
And I saw in the
turning so clearly a child's
Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother
Through the
parables
Of sun light
And the legends of the green chapels

And the twice told fields of infancy
That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart moved in
mine. These were the woods the river and sea
Where a boy
In the listening
Summertime of the
dead whispered the truth of his joy
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide. And the
mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and singingbirds.

And there could I marvel my birthday Away but the weather turned around. And the true Joy of
the long dead child sang burning In the sun. It was my thirtieth Year to heaven stood there
then in the summer noon Though the town below lay leaved with October blood. O may my
heart's truth Still be sung On this high hill in a year's turning.

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