

A PLACE TO FILL

Springtime in herd dainty slippers
And a robe of emerald green,
Crowned with daffodils and crocus,
Courts the homage of a queen.

Summer in her scented garments
With young song birds in her hair,
Spreads a wealth of joy and beauty
On the twilight atmosphere.

Autumn on a magic charger,
Rides with ecstasy and glee
Over hills and pleasant valleys,
Weaving brilliant tapestry.

Winter like a monk – deep-hooded,
Spreads his ermine blanket wide,
And in love bids nature's children
In his pockets safely hide.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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