

QUEEN OF THE SEASONS

From her cup of nameless splendor
Autumn rainbows gaily spill
Over shining lake and river
Over valley, plain and hill.

With a lavish hand she scatters
Art and beauty for display
Lovelier and more breath-taking
Than the witchery of May.

Leaves of red and gold and amber
Dip and dive like flying birds,
Queen of seasons, I salute you –
With a love too great for words.

By Alice W. Norton

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