

AUTUMN MISTRELSY

There's a blue mist in the valleys,
And a gray mist on the hills,
A coverlet of spider's silk
Is draped about the rills.

The autumn leaves are drifting down
Like butterflies of red,
To rest beneath the cedar trees
That sign above the dead.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From: Girlhood Days Magazine
Vol. 71, No. 2, page 2
October 9, 1932