

AUTUMN WITCHERY

I love the winds that sing and moan
In restless trees that stand alone,
When autumn leaves of gold and brown
Like elfin boats, are drifting down.

I love the rustle of tall corn,
Heard only on an autumn morn,
When vales lie wrapped with silver mist
And spotted with jade or amethyst.

No other season of the year
Brings forth the thought, so keen and clear,
The witchery of autumn's art
Leaves beauty glowing in the heart

By Alice Whitson Norton

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