

EVENING TIDE

The vivid orange of the dying day,
In transient splendor o'er my garden glows,
And all the west is one vast primrose way
That fades to silver dusk as twilight goes;
Through curtains, lightly drawn of misty gray,
The windows of the sky great lamps disclose.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From Holland's Magazine of the South
June, 1938 – page 50