

## PAGEANTRY

Soft as a bride-veil hiding  
The blushes of a bride,  
Is the silver haze that's lying  
On hill and upland wide.

A road like tawny ribbon  
Trails by through grasses gray,  
Where a sumac's flaming signal  
Is sentinel by day.

On narrow, tasseled pathways  
And aisles of rustling corn,  
Cobwebs spun out of moon-mist  
Are hung at early morn.

With the stir of Summer's passing  
The air is throbbing still;  
And flaming from her kisses  
Are the turrets of each hill.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

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