

SUNSET ON THE MARSHES

The reeds are all a-quiver with the light
From day's red smoldering fire. The stagnant stream,
So late a brooding thing with shadows dimmed.
Is suddenly transformed by gleam on gleam
Of broken silver shot athwart its breast,
Each baby ripple hold one pale beam.

By Beth Slater Whitson

From: Midwestern Magazine
Vol. 3, No. 4, Pg. 90
December, 1908