

A PAGE OF VERSE

By EDNA TUTT FREDERIKSON

WIND WHIMSEY

The wind is in the dry leaves,
 The wind is on the roof,
 The wind is curling round the house,
 Friendly—but aloof.

O Autumn Wind, I'm listening
 With all my wistful heart,
 And fain would I be like yourself,
 Gracious—yet apart.

I'd curve around my neighbor's house
 And hug his cheerless roof,
 And I would be as you are, Wind,
 Friendly—but aloof.

COLOR OF HOPE

Along a windy country road,
 Up hill and down again,
 With lusty emphasis I strode
 Through February rain.

The fields were mist, the woods were
 blue;
 Above, the sky was gray;
 Full-voiced I sang as I stepped through
 The blue and silver day.

I caught the urge that will again
 The ample earth revive,
 And gave my face to wind and rain,
 And felt myself alive!

THE DARK MIRROR

When one of us is underground,
 And one of us is left above,
 The wind again with gentle sound
 Will woo the sun in fields we love.

And then the land will lose its stress
 And lingering snowbanks will be gone;
 The cold will stay its loveliness
 And early spring put beauty on.

And one will see the burdened stream
 And nests so lately filled with snow,
 And watch the sunset's smoky gleam—
 One will be naught, and one will know.

One will be naught, and one will know;
 To this all those who love must bow.
 We taste the gall of future woe,
 The bitter bread of knowledge now.

WITH PINIONS POISED

Of heavenly days this is the one
 Most incommunicable:
 The earth lies heavy with the sun
 In last frail breath of fall.

Supine beneath a low-hung gray,
 Full-bodied, like a wine,
 Briefly surrendering, the day
 In flame and gold is mine.

No word of cold and sleep and death
 The sun-flecked hours inquire;
 Only a hint of winter's breath
 Freshens the embering fire.

The late sun, deepening green and blue,
 Dusts gold upon the hill;
 The hush of earth folds in; Time, too,
 With pinions poised is still.