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.