

A FROSTY MORNING

The rime lies white upon the grass,
The hedges bear a mantle fair,
The road rings out with every step,
The breath steams in the sharpened air.

The sun peeps from a reddened sky,
Gilding the tree trunks gaunt and bare,
And through the bare boughs tracery,
The distant hills seem very near.

Brave patterns on the window pane,
Jack Frost has drawn with icy pen,
Icicles hang from the eaves,
Glittering like diamonds in the sun.

Ann K. Smart.