

With a million gems thrown from the sky



There is a certain magic

To the first frost of the year

When Autumn's golden halo

Has been kissed by Winter's cheer.

As the sun climbs over the horizon

Your breath's vapors become unfurled

Like plumes of steam rising from within

Its warmth in the chill revealed.

Every twig, every branch, every blade of grass,

Every surface that one can see,

Has been adorned as though from high above

Like diamonds given for free.

Every surface now delightfully adorned

With a million gems thrown from the sky,

And touched with Winter's icy caress,

His love of Autumn not being denied.

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