

# November Morning

A tingling, misty marvel  
Blew hither in the night,  
And now the little peach-trees  
Are clasped in frozen light.

Upon the apple branches  
An icy film is caught,  
With trailing threads of gossamer  
In pearly patterns wrought.

The autumn sun, in wonder,  
Is gayly peering through  
This silver-tissued network  
Across the frosty blue.

The weather vane is fire-tipped,  
The honeysuckle shows  
A dazzling icy splendor,  
And crystal is the rose.

Around the eaves are fringes  
Of icicles that seem  
To mock the summer rainbows  
With many-colored gleam.

Along the walk, the pebbles  
Are each a precious stone;  
The grass is tasseled hoarfrost,  
The clover jewel-sown.

Such sparkle, sparkle, sparkle  
Fills all the frosty air,  
Oh, can it be that darkness  
Is ever anywhere!

~ *Evaleen Stein* ~