

THE TURNING OF THE SEASON

Life and Nature are such enjoyable lull abys
And priceless art to be cherished upon the Plains
The postethics of poetry as so catches the eye
Like fair-sightings linger a longing to kiss—
Seeking a spot enbeautiful to all!,
So encabined in the Ozarks never strains,
Or, a burden I'd unbear to relocate
Some where else to sit and nest
In rest from work to exhale so dear.
I taste the sweetness upon the leaf
Like kissing a receptive lover into bliss,
And of the skies warm waters I'll miss
Fresh-air swims with the cooling of the year—

11/10/12 4:12pm Wm. Irving ~