

"ALL THESE I LOVE"

Slow drifts of haze that veil the hills,
The twilight's peace when day has gone,
A vagrant morning breeze that wafts
The crimson scarf of dawn.....

Thin china on a hearth-lit shelf....
The rhythmic lapping of the sea....
A moon that makes an etching of
The tangled branches of a tree.

But best of all I love, are these:
A redwing's flash against the blue....
The pelt of rain....and silences.....
And hours that I have spent with you.

Hope Redwing Miller