

The sky is clear. No clouds appear, and yet
We call for heat and burning sun aloft
As though a winter harsh and cold is debt
That gives us rights to summer breezes soft
What makes us sure that summer must be hot?
That we can swim or play upon the sand?
What is our part that cannot be forgot?
For weather comes no longer from God's hand
All that he makes and all that he destroys
Means weather and the seasons are man's toys
Learn then to live with summer cool and wet
We wrought this. Learn to smile and to accept

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F

On a Winter's Night

The night is young and we must take a flight
We look upon the window pane and stare
With the most colorful of lights of blue and white
Purples, greens, reds and pinks do flare
But what is it? Are they the lights come down from God?
Maybe they come from distant stars
A clue, a mystery, unclear and difficult to log
They move and tingle so close and yet so far
I stare and care but do not understand at all
A miracle of winter, spring, of summer and of fall
In the night I see the truth and beauty to behold