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The signature

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The signature

Shawn Stewart

I sign my life upon a line,
On dots of ink-recorded time,
So that a weeping world may see
The bloodless path it draws of me.

Seasons

Ralph Long

Grey bare trees shiver
Wrapped in thin icy blankets
Awaiting new warmth

Green buds peek from twigs
Anticipating their days
Dressing in vibrant hues

Branches stretch skyward
Relish midday's oppression
Provide cool respite

Shedding crisp locks of
Red yellow brown purple gold
Sleepy limbs succumb

An Angel of Autumn

Jade Lynnette Foster

As fall came around this year,
I feared, most of all,
It would get cold all too quickly
Frost would cover me,
Jackets and scarves would be scarce.
Then, there you were,
An angel of autumn
Covering my fears with blankets of hope,
And drying my swollen eyes
With your wings of grace.
You float through my dreams
And carefully play the music in my heart.
Most of all, you hold my hand
And wait for me to open my eyes.
Oh, dear Angel are there enough
Words in earth to describe you,
Enough songs in heaven to sing to you,
Enough love in this body to surround you?