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## Seasons

Ralph Long

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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?