



ET ANDERSON

North Shore

Softly the mirror does rise and fall,
Seeing not, but knowing all,
Come to rest then back again,
Warmth of rock a moment lend.

Quietly the soft breeze leaves the place.
Where day 'or day will twirl and race,
To write upon the glassy face,
Puffs of white with frills of lace.

Warmly now the sky is slipping down,
Bathed in pink with sparkled crown,
Softly the mirror does rise and fall,
Twilight sleep 'till morning's call.

Kay E. Rogers