

Beauty  
*by Ruth Delhay*

November's leaves falling from the giant cottonwood make a lush carpet across the lawn. Their summer's work has been done, providing the shade and shelter for the birds and for us.

Whose unseen hand painted that sunrise stretching across the sky, the likes of which I've never seen before? Each day different – each day presenting new beauties to share. The master painters have no formula for such works of art, nor the poet searching for words to describe the glory of it all.

All that I, a mortal onlooker, can do is thank the Artist for sharing such an enriching, beauteous morning.