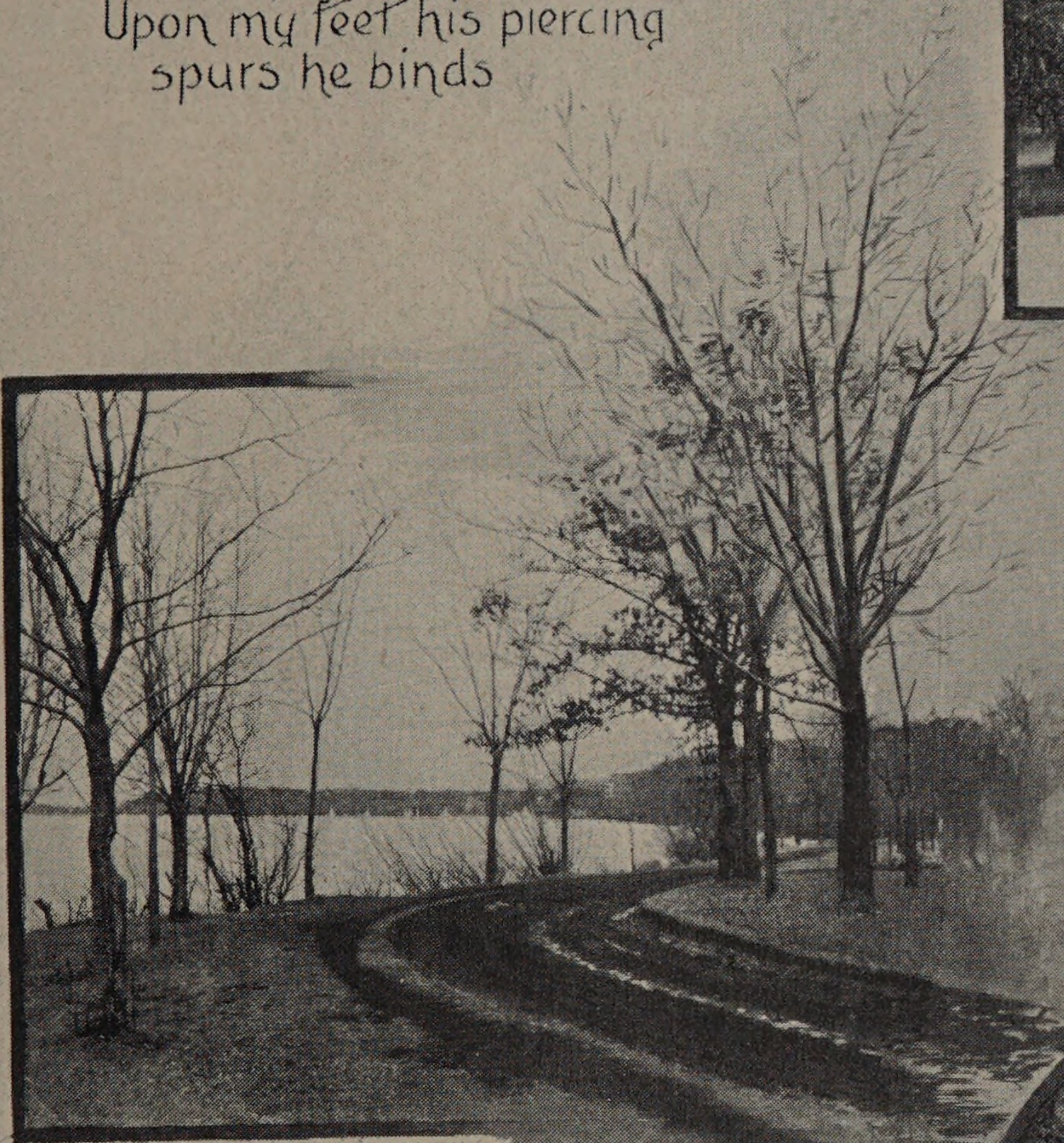


NATURE AND I ARE FRIENDS.

Winter and I are friends:
his rushing winds
Are plunging horses for
our sky-course wide
From billowy manes fly
snow flakes as we ride
Upon my feet his piercing
spurs he binds



Springtime and I are friends:
here at my feet
She showers her perfumed
wealth of blossoms fair,
Pours round about her waves
of humid air,
Summons a chorus of
bird voices sweet.

Summer and I are friends:
her sapphire seas
Chant for my ears, her
whispering reeds
Sing me to sleep. She takes
my hand, she leads
To where flow wide the tresses
of the trees.



Autumn and I are friends:
her calm, great eyes
Look deep into my heart, she
wraps me round
With robes of royal purple
only found
On slopes of sun-smoothed hills
and sun-set skies.