

**With a million gems thrown from the sky**



**There is a certain magic**

**To the first frost of the year**

**When Autumn's golden halo**

**Has been kissed by Winter's cheer.**

**As the sun climbs over the horizon**

**Your breath's vapors become unfurled**

**Like plumes of steam rising from within**

**Its warmth in the chill revealed.**

**Every twig, every branch, every blade of grass,**

**Every surface that one can see,**

**Has been adorned as though from high above**

**Like diamonds given for free.**

**Every surface now delightfully adorned**

**With a million gems thrown from the sky,**

**And touched with Winter's icy caress,**

**His love of Autumn not being denied.**

*Christine A. Kysely (Nov. 30th 2010 - Wisconsin USA)*

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