

A Ghostly Mystic Hand

While looking out my window  
One glorious fall day  
I see the changing of the leaves  
As I kneel down to pray

I thank the Lord for all the hues  
He puts upon the trees  
A kaleidoscope of color  
For all the world to see

The autumn colors that I see  
On yonder forested hill  
It's that time of year you know  
The wind contains a chill

Along will come the blustery winds  
With snowflakes soon to follow  
To blanket mother earth once more  
In every field and hollow

We now look forward to the spring  
When rains will melt the snow  
Providing water to all things  
That soon begins to grow

The crocus lifts its lovely head  
The grass begins to green  
A magic time of year for us  
Done quickly, sight unseen

Yet someone, somehow paints the scene  
Some ghostly mystic hand  
To resurrect the flowers and the trees  
And create a colorful land

~George D. Miller