

December 7, 1939

FIRE

Flaming fumes of rusty redness
Like red ripples slowly sway
As their rising breath, so foggy,
Forms soft pools of misty gray.

Graceful as a laughing maiden
Whose enchantments slowly spread,
Is the soft, bewitching fire
Lighting trees in flaming red.

Singeing, burning, leaping upward,
Gay, yet mournful, bound, yet free
Is the luring breath of fire,
Foam above a scarlet sea.

Clouds of everlasting glory,
Foaming, fuming to the sky,
Pour out all their smoky whiteness
To the winds that whistle by.