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## *Signs of the Times*

Gwenyth E. Hood

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### *Signs of the Times*

#### **Abstract**

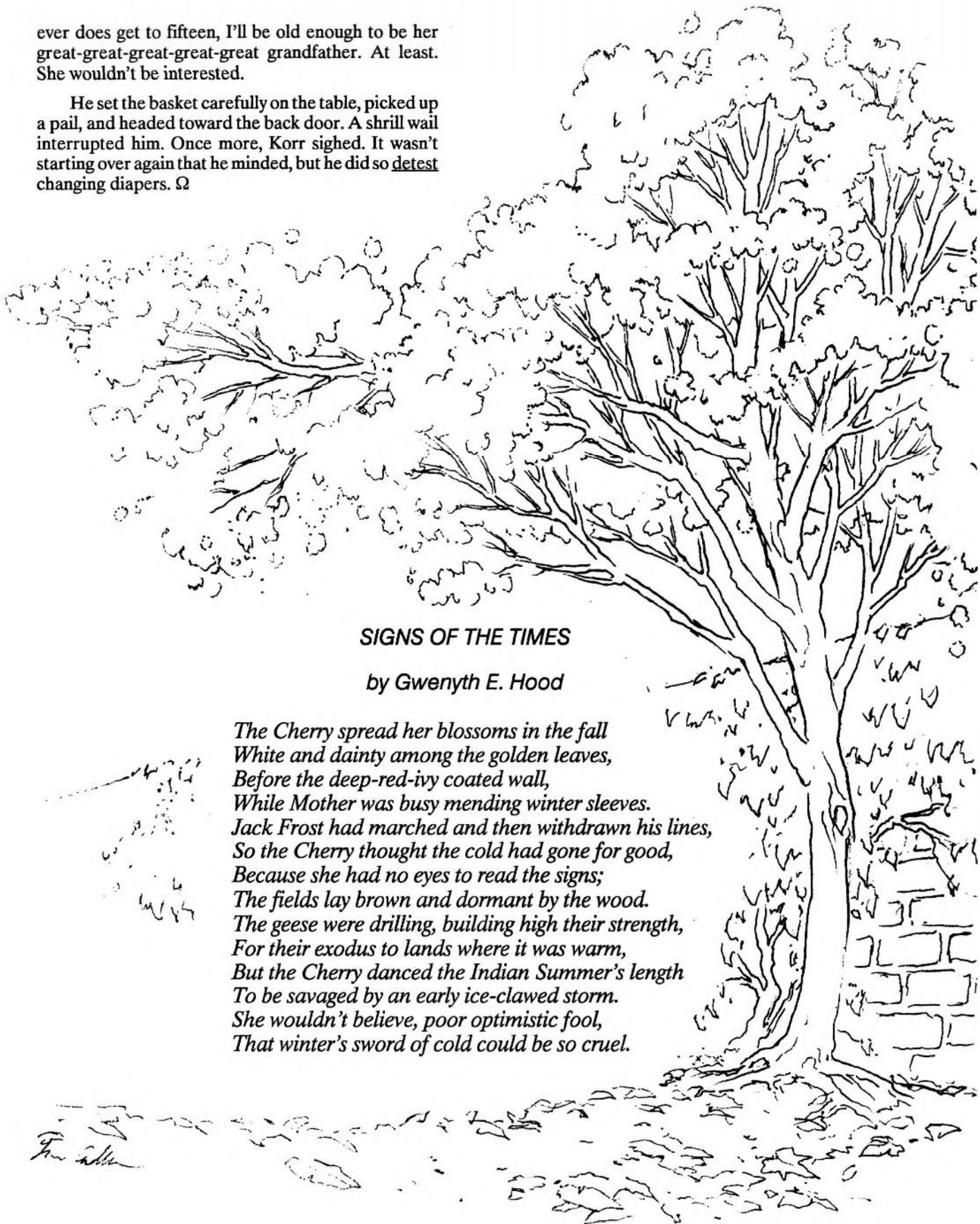
The Cherry spread her blossoms in the fall  
White and dainty among the golden leaves,  
Before the deep-red-ivy coated wall

#### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; Signs of the Times; Gwenyth E. Hood

ever does get to fifteen, I'll be old enough to be her great-great-great-great-great grandfather. At least. She wouldn't be interested.

He set the basket carefully on the table, picked up a pail, and headed toward the back door. A shrill wail interrupted him. Once more, Korr sighed. It wasn't starting over again that he minded, but he did so detest changing diapers. Ω



### SIGNS OF THE TIMES

by Gwennyth E. Hood

*The Cherry spread her blossoms in the fall  
White and dainty among the golden leaves,  
Before the deep-red-ivy coated wall,  
While Mother was busy mending winter sleeves.  
Jack Frost had marched and then withdrawn his lines,  
So the Cherry thought the cold had gone for good,  
Because she had no eyes to read the signs;  
The fields lay brown and dormant by the wood.  
The geese were drilling, building high their strength,  
For their exodus to lands where it was warm,  
But the Cherry danced the Indian Summer's length  
To be savaged by an early ice-clawed storm.  
She wouldn't believe, poor optimistic fool,  
That winter's sword of cold could be so cruel.*

*The Author*