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George L. Hoffman

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DECEMBER MORNING

by *George L. Hoffman*

How cold and frosty is the air
This clear December dawn!
My steps are whispers in the grass
As I cross the whiskered lawn.

The streets are void of people yet
As I make my early round,
And the air is free of noise yet,
Unsullied by vulgar sound.

But from the silent housetops,
Like pendants hanging up,
The thin gray lines of chimney smoke
Are stretching up and up!

They streak the sky like pencil strokes
With scarce a twist or turn,
And I marvel at these simple folk
And the gentle fires they burn!▲



illustration by *Lisa Bradford*

GEORGE L. HOFFMAN *lives in Clackamas, Oregon.*