

# Snow at Dusk

By **Betty Talbott**

Fragile stars of ice descending—  
Bushes, trees, and earth are blending.  
    Softest down,  
        Fairy gown,  
            Purest white.  
Snow flakes falling, gently sifting,  
Fluffily they flutter, drifting.  
    In the hush  
        Soft they brush  
            Through the night.

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# Golden Silence

By **Ronny Ronningen**

Pine needles toasted by the sun  
Cushion my bed.  
A scrap of sky pinned with a star  
Covers my head.  
The ends of the logs in a dying fire  
Glow round and red.  
Words are spoken—but the best  
Are best not said.