

GRAND PRIZE WINNER

End of Summer

The barn is warm where the horses are kept
And quiet, save their nuzzling of hay
Harnesses behind them rest at ease
Signalling the end of an arduous day.

My view expands from this tranquil scene
To fields of fallow and stubble bright
Where earlier, trials of men and team
Created this ebbing summer sight.

The fields lie parched from summer's rays
And darkened now by gathering cloud
Eagerly drinking the falling rain
That encompasses all within its shroud.

To know that summer's work is done
And crops are surely tucked away
And hear the pulse of falling rain
Upon the lofty roof this day

And smell the now wet soil and grass
And feel the warmth of horses near,
What greater gift could anyone grasp
Than experiencing life this time of year!

Howard Davis

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