

The Hole in the Wall

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The copper sphere, blinks and then sets behind
the lavender clouds in the evening sky.
A light breeze blows the remaining scarlet
leaves from the old oak standing so high.

As the mystic night curtain approaches and
the cool Autumn air drifts like an Angel
mist cross the low lying valley....at last,
tranquility abounds.

The call of the lonely whippoorwill echoes
from the forest of these windy Ozark hills.
The secretive night owls, hoots and hoots
his melancholy call to his mate on the old
rock wall.

A white tail deer cautiously grazes, with her
spotted fawn near by, as a covey of quail
flush and take to the early evening sky.

The night hawk appears in search of its prey,
a sure sign to the end of another Autumn day.

All is calm...as time stands still at the
"Hole in the Wall."
My home... My final destiny...
My all!