

## Golden

The way the sunshine gleams  
Off fans of golden autumn leaves,  
And how it skims across  
The fuzzy headstones trimmed with moss,  
And how it seems to tease  
The daffodils in summer's breeze  
Who toss their yellow heads  
In fields of nature's flower beds;

For sunshine's all around—  
In every corner it abounds:  
In golden, simple things,  
In amber stardust, goldfinch wings,  
And ripened lemon fruits,  
And tangled dandelion roots—  
For all these things are signs,  
Are golden signs of God, benign.