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By ETHEL MORGAN-DUNHAM

Crinkled petals pink or white, hanging by a thread, Crinkled petals purple, crinkled petals red, Form your plume-like fleecy balls, flaunt them in the breeze All throughout the summer, rivaling the trees; But when autumn days appear, or the clouds are dark, Fall down slowly on the ground, mingle with the bark That was shed before the leaves, now a salmon sheen, Make weird carpets of the grass, veil the living green.