

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**FAIRIES IN THE GARDEN**

By SOFIA ISMAEL



*Mother, fairies are in the garden!
At the garden gate is a blue harebell
Which they have rung and rung,
Like heralds' horns, their entrance tell.*

*Last night I saw them from my
window,
Each with a small, flickering lamp
to tend;
They merrily danced on leaf and leaf,
To the music of the moaning wind.*

*The oleander bent at their fairy touch;
The lovely ferns their fronds all
curled
Now tremble happily in the breeze,
for they
With silver bands by magic hands
unrolled.*

*At break of morn each leaf and bloom
Shines with many tiny, liquid pearls:
Are these the fairies' gems left behind?
or may,
Shed at parting, they be the fairies'
tears?*

*Mother, fairies are in the garden!
Now look at that blue harebell
As it sways in the moonlight; the
fairies
Are ringing it, their entrance tell!*