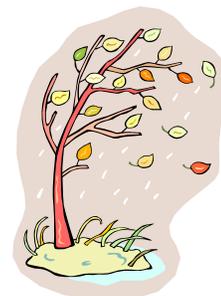


This poem was published in 1895 by Kate Simpson Hayes (1852 - 1943), the first woman journalist in Western Canada. Under the pen name "Mary Markwell," she wrote for the *Regina Leader* and the *Winnipeg Free Press*. Her first book, *Prairie Pot-Pourri*, was published in Winnipeg in 1895.

The smile of summer fainter grows and colder;  
The wild flower cowers close to drooping stem;  
The wind grows keen and wild, now waxes bolder,  
Chills the soft dew, and makes each drop a gem.  
From latticed clouds a burst of sunlit glory  
Wakes the dull fields mounded with yellow grain,  
Rivalling the wild-bird comes the herd-boy's story,  
In joyous notes re-echoing across the rolling plain.  
This storied land with all its dawning splendour,  
Touches the heart with a joy that breaks in pain,  
Awakening regret for days that are no more, and tender  
Memories of happiness that long hath silent lain.



The prairie grasses twine green fingers close,  
The wild flowers bud and bloom, then with a sigh  
Join in the west wind's frolic, first a dance  
Then a wild rush onward, and the sky  
Frowns darkling down; Summer eyes askance  
Then timidly glides by.



Swift with blinding gloss  
The snow comes like some fairy,  
Mounting the stacks and covering the way;  
Sheltering the weakly roots that sway and curve and toss  
Before the north wind coming down with sleet in battle fray.  
And in a sheen of brightest light  
'Tis winter on the prairie.

