



Winter Cold

~ Ann Orel

Frost-fringed leaves lie on the ground,
Icy drops on trees are found.
Smoke-like plumes form when we
breathe,
Migrating birds take V-shaped leave.

Glittering rime - masks tufted grass,
Where footprints blacken as we pass.

Luminous glow from cold iceblink,
Reflects the heaven's morning pink.
Leafless branches towering high,
Point pencil-like into the sky.

Onion skins are thick this year,
Signs the winter atmosphere
Will be harsh - chilly - in our bones,
Spiders start to enter homes.

Days are now becoming shorter,
Evening fogs rise from the water,
Frost, snow, ice - the masterminds,
Craft their world for all mankind.

We favour firesides, warmly glowing,
In wintertime when life is slowing.
To ourselves we sanguinely remind -
"When Winter comes, can Spring be far
behind?"

(last line adapted from Shelley's
Ode to the West Wind)