

Time

Midwife Winter

WINTER! Shroud for glories that have been:
An ashen path to stretch to Spring unsprung.
The nothing months that lead from gold to green
And weep, grey-faced, for that which died so young.

The year died whistling at the autumn fall –
A few short months were its allotted spell:
A happy upstart's now beneath its pall,
And leaden skies bid lachrymose farewell.

A day, snow-sheeted, sparkles tinsel-bright.
Word-clouds rise beneath a top-dressed bough,
As catch-breath morning follows frosty night.
White fields, crisp-laundered, cool the landscape's brow.

A shroud? This is a soft baptismal gown
That's made with care and safely soon will bring
At new-born year, so lovingly laid down,
Still-sleeping nature to the font of spring.
