

Time
Winter Squirrel

WHEN autumn's gales have stripped the black-boned tree,
When misty morning shrouds December's dawn,
When grey dismay has knelled the new-born morn,
A stilly deadness cloaks the world I see.

But now, unchained, a sudden energy is free:
A squirt of squirrel's undulating form
Explodes as if of water-pistol born,
And liquid-like it flows within the tree.

It ripple-echoes contours of the bough,
A tiny dynamo of fluid fur,
A palpitating splash of life instead
Of all the nothingness that's here — so how
Dare I be charmed, yet churlishly demur
And think that it's a shame that it's not red?
