

The trees are bare amidst sheets of flying snow
the ground sleeps beneath its blanket of white
spring lies locked within the breast of winter
yet, a bird with red feathers flits about
looking for seeds that remain beneath the crusty drifts.
It flits here and there, so intent on its task
its' song remains locked within its breast.
The white and grey soldiers that
stand guard on the roof of my house
where formerly the sun shone,
warm themselves in the
smoke from the chimney as it rises in the cold air
I call out to the spring,
yet, it does not come,
I call out to that bird
yet it does not sing me to sleep,
I call out to my youth
but it has fled like a wisp of smoke,
Is winter's face so hard and unrelenting
must my happiness remain locked
behind a wall of ice when
when one smile from her lips would chase its chill
and one warm word from her mouth, melt all