WOODS IN WINTER
F. R. ANGUS

Out of the snow's cold silence,
Blue-white and silver,
The brown trees rise and crowd together
To let her pass, their sister, their loved one,
Their lover,
Alone in the wood.

The silence breaks in music
On her ear,
The shadows move to subtle rhythm
On the snow, the air is wine
That feeds
Body and Soul.

Within the wilderness
Of watching trees
Bright beauty lives again for her
While golden runners of the sun
Rejoice
On tree and snow.