

# WOODS IN WINTER

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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.