



Ode to Winter

I wonder as I wander
on a cold winter's eve -
the calendar turns and turns
and once again the fairyland delights.

There, the ice footprints -
some creature in the moonlight.
Does it joy as I do in the
Filigreed branches, once green, then brown,
now all sparkly white under the stars?

Does it notice the ribboned garlands
I've twined around the lamp posts?
Does it perhaps hear the carolers
roaming in merriment from house to house?

Does it revel in that tree indoors through the window,
festooned with brightness and shiny baubles?

I wonder as I wander,
past that jolly snowman with his scarf
at the sheer continuous beauty
of this magical time of year.

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