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POEM  
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Winter is a frozen waterfall stopping for cardinals to flash color against gleaming perfection.

Winter *dreams of dancing through the air. It*  
Is *a swirling cloud of snowflakes,*  
A *twirling tempest of ice,*  
Frozen *in the heart of a*  
Waterfall, *not*  
Stopping *to let the ice make room*  
For *a waltz to lift*  
Cardinals *on wings of song,*  
To *burst with flowers. In a*  
Flash, *crimson.*  
Color *fights*  
Against *the*  
Gleaming *ice, molded into*  
Perfection.

Perfection *is the highest mountain top. Eagles with*  
Gleaming *feathers shine*  
Against *the dull*  
Color *of rock, while the sky paints a*  
Flash *against the plain grays and browns.*  
To *me this represents perfection in all its glory. I watch in awe while*  
Cardinals *swoop here and there. Their wings make a path*  
For *vibrant orange, delicate pink, rebellious crimson, and purples more beautiful than you can imagine.*  
Stopping *to settle across the glittering peak, where perfection rushes in a crashing*  
Waterfall *waiting patiently for someone to unlock its*  
Frozen *heart, which holds*  
A *secret-a precious secret-that sounds in a whisper. It*  
Is *the secret of beauty in*  
Winter.

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