



Why is the winter gone?

It's been too warm

But it still feels wrong

When no snow falls with the storm

I haven't heard the swallow sing

But the roads have turned to mud

I haven't seen the robin's wing

With bosom red as blood

Yet underneath the brown and gray

Past and behind the skeleton tree

In the mossy beds where bear cubs lay

There's a spring that sets the forest free

Fresh blades of grass like needles of a fir

Smile, and gleam where the snowflakes once were.

EOWYN WEISS

Pike, NH

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