



POEM TOWN BRADFORD

Windows of Winter

A table, wooden legs shortened for my leaning elbows,
Considered my nerve center, in view of cawing crows,
And three bird feeders, a humongous maple,
With the prolific Burning Bush a growing staple.

We can never forget the wide and endless Waits River,
Seen through the leafless canopy, murmur and shiver.
There are two wooden rain-catchers, strung delightfully,
From the front stoop's roof. . . most carefully.
Juxtaposed with chimes of sweet tinkling songs,
As icicles drip, and beads sparkle, a goddess belongs.

Then the road interferes during my window reverie,
There is an endless array of machines. . . Can it be?

To the left, the State Route, swift and bitter.
To the right- serenity, birds, the white Winter.
Two windows, two contemplations- too much, too soon.
Do not worry, the peace balances the mixed tune.

Yin and yang seem to follow my travels over times.
As Road and River squeeze their conflicting rhymes.
'Tis my fate and circumstance to gloriously be,
Of all places, Bradford Center, Vermont, Yessiree!



Mike Emley
Bradford Center, VT

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