



The pause

The snow is going now from the fields, the last pale echelons maneuvering, retreating to the trees,
The grass advances behind it, pulsing green, new ground to seize.

The trees, no longer stark sticks, sport their small curled leaves, swelling fruit buds still faint,
But filled with portent, promise and power, patiently they wait.

The sky's daily deepening blue assures us as nothing else could,
It's bright blanket giving us confidence that once again life will come to pass as it should.

Now, in this quiet interval, as we are accustomed to doing we pause, here where we belong,
Straining to hear the soft sigh of spring, listening for its hopeful song.

Walt Cottrell
West Newbury, VT



Sponsored by
BRADFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY
21 South Main St.
Bradford, VT
802-222-4536
bradfordvtlibrary.org