

Winter

And so it arrives; first snow.

Recurring every year, but always brings me such a childish sense of magic.

I know your presence.

And you walk with grace, leaving footprints made beneath invisible cloak.

You stride beside me, making my winter warm.

You are the singularity in each snowflake and yet also the plainness of the frozen grass.

The woodpecker spells our names on the trunks of the trees.

Echoes like a mantra in my mind.

And you bring me calmness, assuring me that the seasons will go on.

And so will I.

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