



Winter Clouds

The front blew in later than foretold,
The forecast gusty and getting cold,
Upon awakening it was still a bit warm,
Still time to go out without body harm.

And then the cedars began to know,
Their tops together tossed to and fro,
The wind just beginning to show its strength,
Direct from the north country – quite a length.

We venture out into the weather,
Garland and I walking along together,
The cedar trunks beginning to groan
The wind now howling with a long low moan.

“Howl wind howl, tell me all about it,
Speak your truth, you visiting spirit,
Do as you will on this forested land,
Go part the trees with your giant hand.”

“Hello winter sky with your special look,
That comes straight from a mystery book,
Your clouds all gray and drained of warmth,
No clues when clouds flow in from the north.”

Winter’s sky’s never confused with spring or fall,
With their thunderboomers loud and tall,
Or summer’s sky with its fleece-coated mass,
No, winter’s sky pulls me deep into the morass.

The clouds roll through with the northern force,

Straight to my soul, straight from the source,
The north wind knows my valleys and hills,
It promises cold nights rather than thrills.

I know that winter's sky won't last,
Here's hoping that spring will come on fast,
For my soul's had enough of winter's touch,
I want to be free of this cold dank hutch.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here the winter sky
Moans for you.