

The Winter Sky

by Gerry Biram

How different the skies appear in the winter! The white, puffy floaters of summer are replaced by long gray stratus clouds, somber, cold-looking, flat against a pale blue sky. The sky, itself, looks different. It is cold, distant, unfriendly, pale and bleak. The silhouette of stark, barren trees against the ashen sky are a constant reminder that the season of winter is full upon us. A flock of Canada Geese flies high across the leaden dome above, crying as they float in V-shaped uniformity. Their dark shapes contrast sharply with the pallid tone of gray above in the late afternoon.

Even the sun is not so friendly as it appears later each morning and then seeks to escape the winter scene by sinking below the horizon earlier each day to let the dark and cold of night steal across the land. When going out at night, one can see the frosty gray of breath when it meets the cold. There are rare treats in store for those who might be fortunate enough to see the displays of northern lights that sometimes fill the sky with red, yellow, and green shafts and streamers of shifting color that perform amazing dances from their blackened stage, the sky.

Now we earthlings await for snow that turns the sky to whirling white as the crystals pile up on earth below. We can hibernate inside on coldest days and watch the changing winter scenes outside. When the snow no longer falls and the earth is covered with its blanket of feathery flakes, the sun bursts forth and turns the earth to a shimmering world of diamonds glittering in icy brilliance.