

## The Canvas of Winter

*By Lynn Cassidy*

Winter is full of silent snow,  
Falling flakes of crystal white;  
Birds have gone and rivers flow  
Beneath the ice as black as night.

Miles and miles of frozen lake;  
The moon is shining, glowing bright;  
Towering trees with snow are caked  
Like shimmering dresses made of white.

Winter's like a blank canvas  
Where painters splash colors of oil;  
Mittens and hats all donned with trust  
Colorful clothes on girls and boys.

The season paints the icy streets  
With dazzling green and red lights;  
Glowing gold icicles and blinking trees,  
Houses decked out, to neighbors' delight.

Silent expanse of frozen slopes  
Are jolted by a loud roar;  
Snowmobiles heaped with ice fishing hopes  
Are piled high with gear galore.

Winter in the wild is a silent white;  
Birds are mute, have flown away;  
The hare turns white in order to hide;  
Critters dig in, away from all prey!

Winter folks who play in the sun,  
Whiteness and silence with color defy,  
Red and blue jackets, and new skis for fun,  
Wild sunglasses for their eyes!

But when the people have gone away,  
The silence and white still remains;  
Sun sinks down but a lone man stays  
Watching the red sunset fade.