

On a Winter's Day

By Marilyn Reeves

Thin twig fingers weave lacy patterns
Against the early morning sky.
Frozen stalactites drape the eaves
And naked boughs of sleeping trees
Like crystal chandeliers
Formed by the drip, drip, dripping
Of a million frozen tears.

The silent earth is hidden now
'Neath layers of soft white,
And we awake to greet the snow
That has fallen overnight.

To the top of the world
On a chariot you ride
On this bright, white winter's day.
Your skis are wings and you take flight
Sliding, gliding all the way
Down the majestic mountain's side –
Master of all you survey.

Children laughing, tumbling,
Making angels in the snow.
One boy cries, 'I know, I know!
Let's build a snowman instead!
We need coal for his eyes
An apple for his mouth,
And an old hat for his head.'

Oh, here comes Jimmy riding on his sled.
They pile on board and all slide down,
Climb back up, to slide back down,
Over and over again.

Returning home at the end of the day
Cold and tired from play,
They stand by the fire as they peel away
Heavy coats and mittens and boots.
Then come to the table for cups of hot cocoa
And bowl after bowl of hot chicken soup.

Then they climb into bed,
Piled high with Grandma's old quilts.
And outside their window
The moon shines down
On a blanket of white, soft as felt.

And dreams fill their heads
As they snuggle in bed,
And hope that tomorrow
They can go out and play
On another bright, white winter's day.