

Winter Magic



THE DAYS GROW SHORT as wintry shades,
Make known themselves to secret glades.
A scarf of mist entraps each lowly field,
Its year's work done, no more to yield.

A dawdling procession fills the sky,
As, one by one, rooks return and fly
To treetop villages, and recount their day,
In cloudy gossip, by sun's dying ray.

Furling woodsmoke pervades the air,
Sweet-scented, drifting, far and near.
A lonely cottage, thatched and warm,
With shutters closed awaits the dawn.

Through falling darkness; unseen, unheard,
Small creatures round themselves doth gird,
For warmth, or refuge, they seek and hide,
Within the snow-hushed countryside

A jingling harness, announces clear,
As slow-plodding horse and man appear,
Homeward bound, a sight so grand,
Soon lost within a winter wonderland.

