

Departure and Return

By F. King

Wrapt in an invisible blanket of snow
She walked in silence through the small town.
And though for most it was the month of June,
And though for most it was a summer's day,
The lady strolled through gentle avenues of snow.

Plunged in an icy swirl of wintry, rifled lace,
And washed by a sun that knew no time,
She smiled as others sought the lime-tree shade,
And smiled as others wished for February,
Settling content in thought-provoking drifts.

Now winter is a silent, lonely time for dreamers,
Dark summer nights and limetrees often snare,
And as the roses turned to asters in the gardens,
And when the streaming wheat was absent from the field,
She brushed aside the snow-bird and the evergreen.

But seeing that her summer had arrived too late,
And sensing that her season was too incomplete,
She walked again in silent showers of silver flakes,
And wandered lost through lanes of flaming leaves
That flared and died before the chill approach.