

## WINTER SONG

She went into the quiet night,  
And soft she heard the sounds of sleeping nature:  
The rustling weeds above the snow,  
A gentle murmur as the snowflakes blow  
From clouds that dim the winter moonlight.

She heard a car beyond the hill,  
And from the cattle barns, a rhythmic lowing,  
The mournful howl of a neighbor's hound;  
And, through her own breathing (it, too, a sound),  
Her footsteps, soft on snow, and still.

To find a peaceful, sleeping world,  
She left the evening's chores and children's clamor:  
Returning, solaced by moonlight,  
She found her house surrendered to the night,  
Her tight thought-banners all unfurled.

—CARLA HARRIS