

WINTER

Fran Hart

Spring is dormant, residing beneath winter's
cold, cruel blanket.

Winter is the death of all life.

It kills all beauty and chokes the radiant
sun.

Snow is nature's excuse for a white, winter
lie, saying all is for none.

It glistens like diamond crystals but
is a facade made only to deceive.

Snow flakes are the angels weeping for a
long lost spring.

All hope is not lost, though the birds do
not sing and life comes to a halt,
when winter sheds her sorrows over the
world