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. Snowflakes 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 . . . .