

SNOW

'Snow's Up!' Ratty would say,
Wind In The Willows winter day,
Christmas Card scene across some fields
With yellowy sun and ice yields,
Soft under foot bright terrain,
Settling on hedgerows down the lane.

A bleak midwinter, a choir boy sings
Yuletide bells in distance ring,
Climb over stiles, walk up the hill,
Temperature frozen from cruel wind chill,
Tree branches hang like stalactites
Astronomers prepare for transparent nights.

Watching the flakes glide on their way
Will it last till Christmas Day?
Expectant faces, sledding on slopes,
Warm tidings and festive hopes,
Snuggled up nice and sleeping tight,
Silently laying, powder white.