

## Winter

Winter teases us with her coy, moist, cool breath  
Inviting us to frolic in her snowy flakes and dunes;  
We are captured by her freezing, icy grip  
While confined to the crystal dungeon of her season.

Suddenly, she mischievously sends a warm sultry kiss  
Thawing our hearts and melting the frigid arms engulfing us all;  
She awakens us with her warm, gloriously sunny, blustery play  
All while reminding us of her past – forbidding and icy cold days.

Tiring of our happy, playful ways, she blows her frigid breath  
Cloaking us under the darkened days of a white-out-storm;  
On, and on, and on it goes until her season nears its end  
Then with one last heavy, deep breath she slowly fades away.

Marie Lowe ©  
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