

## Barren

Barren and snowy white  
The ground is deserted  
In the midst of winter  
The outside comes to life again  
As a furry little squirrel  
On all fours grasps the bark  
Of a large old tree  
I watch carefully his movements  
As he climbs smoothly down  
Running down to his playmate  
They jump over each other  
Chasing around for a while  
Amusing me constantly  
Then one crosses the street carefully  
As the other one goes to his destination  
Digging in the earth for his food  
The scenery is barren again  
Gone are they now  
Life is barren without sharing

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