Art







RE – Thursday





Winter



When the geese are flying south
And the sky is grey, my dears,
Close your eyes and lift your nose;
Listen with your careful ears.

Feel the winter coming on;
Hear it in the crackling trees;
Note the crisping, quivering wind
Sharply snapping at their leaves.

Feel it on the windowpanes—
Chilly glass on fingertips—
Mark the biting of the air,
Heated breath on numbing lips.

See it in the early eves,
In the glowing sunset where
Shadows of the naked trees
Rattle in the biting air.

Watch the nuthatch and the wren;
They know it is time once more
To abandon careful nests,
As they've done each year before.

Let the frost rest on your face;
Sense a shiver on your skin.
See how pretty nature is
When she ushers winter in.

The Guardian

