



Poetry Collection

Winter Warmth

It is cold – bitter cold – see the frost on the pane,
and the ice-bound brook and the deep-drifted lane;
hear the tree branches moan as the north winds blow.
See the whip and the whirl of the wind-driven snow.
Oh, the mirth and the music of the summer's glad song
have been all but forgotten as the cold grows strong.

But...

Though the season grows bitter and the winter is here,
there is warmth, there is beauty, there is right good cheer
in the circle of the lamplight with the loved ones nigh,
And the fire all a-crackle as the flames leap high.
We've a well-filled cellar – all the harvest is in;
there is hay in the hayloft, there is grain in the bin,
and we know in the stables all the beasts have been fed.
The cud-chewing cattle on their oat straw beds,
and the pigeons in the rafters settle down for the night,
the hens on the nests – all is well, all is right.

Though the season grows bitter and the winter is present,
we have warmth, we have beauty, and we have many reasons
to be grateful.

Yes,

we have dear loving friends and family to warm our hearts and soul...

CLYDE GOSNELL