

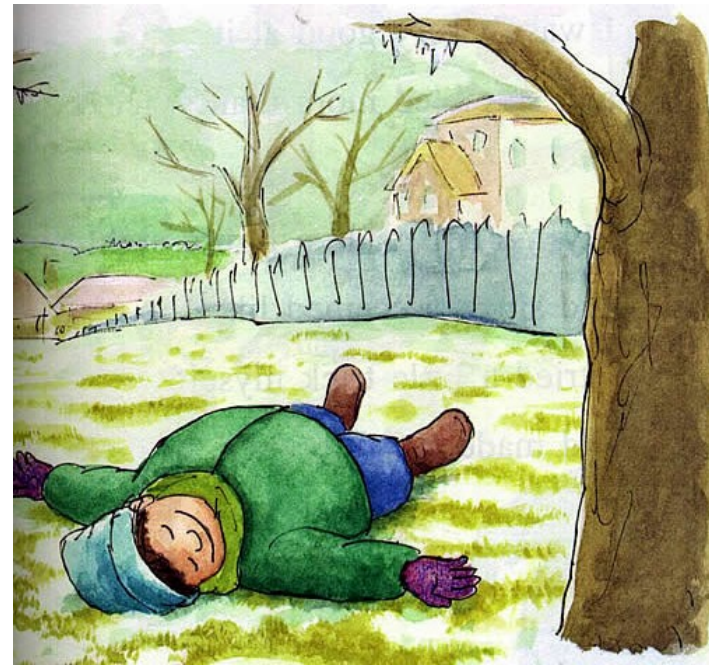
“Winter’s Come”

**Winter’s come, the trees are bare,
no leaf now whispers to the air,
they’ve dropped away, and in
their place
are filmy sheets of icy lace.**



**No songbird sings, they’ve long
since fled,
no feathered wings beat overhead,
no crickets’ click or buzz of bees
now serenades the silent trees.**

**The air is sharp and clean and cold,
the grass has turned from green
to gold,
in cozy holes beneath the ground
small creatures sleep and make
no sound.**



**Upon the frozen earth I lie
and listen to the silent sky,
winter’s come, the trees are bare,
no leaf now whispers to the air.**