

Winter Crystal

By Kathleen Edgemon

Snow flakes falling on the ground,
A white wonderland all around.
Twigs are peeping through the snow,
And the large bushes seem so low.

Evergreen trees laden and blown
While other trees, stripped to then bone.
Stand naked and shivering in the wind,
Awaiting the time when spring can lend.

The warm sun to sprout the trees,
And bring forth glorious, tiny leaves.
Green grass to replace brown stubble,
Colorful flowers, instead of rubble.

Warm, soothing springtime breeze,
Compared to the blustering freeze.
So until the awaited time has come,
To see the blossoms of the plum.

We will watch speechless and amazed,
When chiseled icicles are ablaze.
As the sun rays lovely colors show,
Ice from the roof, hanging in a row.