

Awakening

It's early. Coldness cloys, lies heavy on the way.
Night loiters, fractious, pushing dawn away.
Frozen air held tight in winter's iron fist.
Pond water, mirror still and hung with mist,
Yet glints with icy shards, the work of night's grim hand.
Must we walk forever in this cold and silent land.

A bird's first sleepy twitter penetrates my mind.
Again it pipes, expectant, questing for its kind.
Then, over eastern hills stretch sun's first welcome ray.
A cacophony of song bursts forth and night gives way to day.
Our winter too has slipped away. I now can face my fears.
I can't replace their deepest loss but I can dry their tears.

Misfortune

Misfortune can be pretty tough.
The path of life is often rough.
So heft your bundle, stride along.
You'll learn a lot that keeps you strong.
Sometimes you're lonely, need a friend.
But you'll survive it in the end.

Loss

To come to terms with what can't be.
To grasp the stern reality.
It took me quite a while to see.
Now here is my philosophy.
My happiness is down to me.

by Gill