

Unexpected Cold

A polar vortex slams our gardens.

Snow is piled all around.

Footprints tell of faunal passing

On the cold, dark winter ground.

Impressions in the snow below us

Tell of many deer at rest.

Will this winter thin their numbers

Leaving just the very best?

Sounds of birds invest the mornings

With their cheery how-de-dos.

Even with a frosty forecast

They dispel the winter blues.

In the distance hear the chainsaws

Chipping sawdust on the snow.

Smell of oak invades the senses

And memories flow from long ago.

By David Sharpe