

Winter's Reason

By Glenn Currier

The weather man's been tracking
The arctic front's furious path.
The east has taken a whacking
by old man Winter's wrath.

They're digging and scraping
layers of snow and ice
but there seems to be no escaping
the grip of this hard winter's vice.

I have been looking in vain
for the Jonquil's lively amber
that breaks Master Winter's reign
and gently abates his anger.

The last bag of bird seed is gone
the cardinal, dove, and sparrow
are longing for the hopeful dawn
of the spring's stirring marrow.

But for now let us use this time
to reflect and sink into our souls
find something deep or sublime
unravel our divine hidden scrolls.

Maybe we can discover the reason
Mother Nature has granted
this dark and cloudy season
and what seeds she has planted.

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