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WINTER STORM

by Georgia C. Lowenberg

The unrelenting winter storm,
The tinkling ice on window pane,
A Western Oklahoma wind
Drives ravaged leaves and freezing
rain.

The brutal cold that seized this land, The timid dawn as gray as stone, The weary, bleary, daytime hours, This tortured night I spend alone.

The splendored glow of ember beds, Where brightly flickered firelight, Intoxicating pine smoke wisps To waft, to wane, on wings of night.

This house endures the weather's wrath,

The scourge of seasons, age, and strife.

It shelters me—comforts me— Abiding refuge, strength for life.

I sense—not hear—the migrant geese, Their frenzied flight to saner climes, The coyotes' haunted lullaby To pierce my dreams of visioned times:

A spring replete with songbird trill, The heady, rose-sweet summer air, The harvest's glory, fields of gold,

Alas! Again, dread winter's snare. ■

