

## SONG OF WINTER

BY ANDREW SMITH

The cold winds of February blow  
Through the sleeping trees.  
The slumbering giants hear the songs  
Sung through the winter breeze.

The gray clouds blanket all the sky  
In the halting, chilling veil,  
And the winter song sings through it all  
In it's otherworldly wail.

All can feel, but fewer know  
The frozen melody  
From hidden sky to silent earth  
And across the icy sea.

But soon the breathing sky will warm,  
And soon the trees will wake.  
The song will fade to memory,  
And all its splendor take.

