

Winter Rules Within

There are times when
winter rules within,
wind blows, birds hide,
sap draws down unseen

Nothing will get done,
nor should it
Thinking won't help
Just feel and follow
the sap down
to its' secret place
where rejuvenation
is too fast a word

Glacial, the speed
that changes most deeply,
will settle you in
Welcome it's work,
the slow brooding flow,
when winter rules within