

A Winters Night

Here is a spirit who's days are long gone,
A lady that floats on and on;
A merry moon is a sign
That she is in a garden in yours or mine.
Her ghost floats above pearl snow,
But so gracefully and slow.
The garden is her home
I know that because she never moans;

Floating across the snow like mist but left no footprint,
No hint.

The chill of her heart releases onto me;
And my lungs wave like the freezing sea,
A faint sound of a chick tweeting, shivering
But the Mama bird wasn't listening.
Rouses the clock in the valley far;
And the garden waits for the morning star.

Written by Chloe Shipway