

The Ghost of the winter

The ghost of the winter

Saps life as he creeps

Freezes a bench:

But is never heard.

The ghost of the winter

Snaps branches as he darts

Hides behind frosted glass:

But is never heard.

The ghost of the winter

Throws rain as he hovers

Dancing poppies fall asleep:

But is never heard.

Whispers of wind brush across my face

Lights flicker as he floats

Draws icicles on the roof:

That were never there.

Cries ring out

Too loud, too bold, too hard to be true.

Glides over a stone hard lake

Sings his terrifying songs

Traces a face:

That isn't mine.

And cuts out all power,

All life,

In

The

Country.