

WINTER IN MAY VALLEY

Leona Choy

Chill wind whines in a minor key
feeling with frigid fingers
for gaps' neath the window sill
blowing icy breath through every crack
and heralding a blizzard that lurks
in the somber grey stretch of sky.
Winter advances with threatening certainty.

As if to toll a frantic warning bell
the gust grabs at the oak tops
shaking nearly naked branches
showering the ground beneath
with a final flurry of faded leaves.
Sniffing the scent of winter
small creatures scurry about
furtively preparing shelters
vying with bruuowing insects
to stockpile their larders
in the seasonal struggle for survival.
Pond life retreats to deepest waters
setting vital signs on hold till spring.
The gale subsides, its decree dispatched.
Dusk descends on The Valley.
Hush shrouds the silhouetted landscape.

The first flakes of silent snow soon merge
into sifting, swirling powdered sugar
swiftly whipping pointed peaks of frozen grass
into stiff meringue on neighboring field and hill
until a satin coverlet obliterates the familiar.

Accept my invitation, friend
to welcome the appointed storm
by enjoying the polar panorama together
before the warmth of my crackling hearth.
Join me in retreat behind our Jack - Frost windows
to view the outdoor bluster silently
in the snug pleasure and treasure of good company
as we toast our toes and drink a toast
to the impending snows and celebrate together
the manifest cycle of seasons
in the shenandoah Valley.



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