



REBIRTH

Winter's grief surrounds my heart
with a thousand icicled spears
While the piercing wind rages within
to crystallize my tears.

Love no longer warms my soul
enshrouded deep in frost
Alone I sit at a blighted hearth
to mourn and grieve my loss.

Outside I glimpse a budding tree
and hear a mockingbird sing
Memories revive a glow
I recall another spring.

And now I know that Spring returns
in nature, death to deny
My love is surely born again
to live and so must I.

Anonymous