

The winter of our lives

In the deep mid-winter, we hunker down
Sleep comes naturally, night without sound.
Outside the wild wind blows,
Snow piles up, Its lustre glows.

But now the fire reflects the heated coals,
Like a mirror reaching, inside our souls.
It burns with hope, like a shooting star,
Mesmerising, glowing, dreaming, afar.

Looking through the window, a white mantle awaits.
Pristine, a perfect overcoat serrates
The branches into frozen knives.
Birds shiver, desperate to survive.

Back inside, at the local bar,
I reflect on my life, as it is, so far.
If it ends now, then so be it,
I have no control, no candles lit.

I share my life with you.
The tape is running on side two.
Yes, the sand is running out quickly now.
Soon light will leave and darkness will prowl.

Until then, we must savour the sights and sounds,
Of nature, fields, and woods above ground.
Love family, friends, and special beasts.
Prepare for ourselves to be released.