

“Warmth in Winter Years”

Evangeline T.

Brickell Academy/Old Donation School grade 8

Misty light filtering through trees,
Sun trapped within tilted eyes,
Heartbeats skipping across fallen leaves,
A quiet melody in disguise.

As bright as daybreak and ancient as hell,
As loud as thunder and the songbird’s knell,
The sweetest sound can be softly heard
Of how warmth is fleeting and love absurd.

But still they skip across river stones,
Wind tickling hair and cloth,
Tossing flowers and pinecones,
Chasing life like flame to a moth.

Yet when everything’s so bleak,
It is the mortals and the mice who manage to speak.
“For is it not love, for myself, or the world,
Who keeps colour alive, and petals curled?”

And is it not the ugly and the strange and the cruel,
Who will help lead us to the waters of this placid pool?”

So each year the song begins again,
Of whispering branches and birds,
Of deafening footsteps and pouring rain,
And melodies strung into words.

But is it not danger that fuels the desire,
To learn and indulge with each liar,
To reach one’s hands up and welcome the sun,
Though the warmth it gives may be none?

And is it not warmth, or kindness, or hope,
That allows each day to go by?
For when each of us reaches the end of our rope,
The best we can do is to try.