February





The land is dark, the clouds hang low; Night seeps and runs like rain. No end in sight. Yet light will break – I know, I know – And colours bloom again.

The earth is frozen deep below. Sleep has an iron will. Death drills so deep, Yet worm and mole – I know, I know – will burrow hole and hill.

The world is mute, a single crow caws harsh against the day.
Hope bars the doors.
Yet through the dark – I know, I know – the lark is on its way.

The water silent, soft as snow.
Frost holds all life at bay.
Today is lost.
Yet ice will flow – I know, I know –
And spring will swing and play.