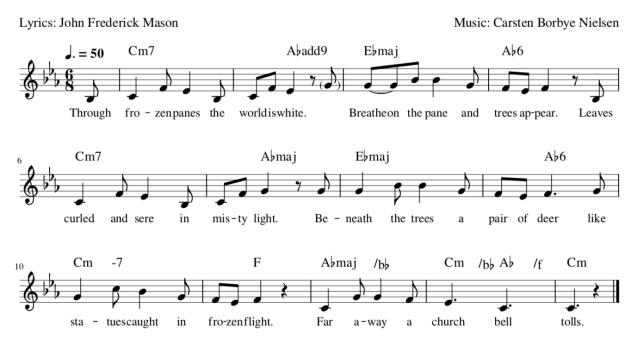
## January



Through frozen panes the world is white. Breathe on the pane and trees appear, Leaves curled and sere in misty light. Beneath the tree, a pair of deer Like statues caught in frozen flight.

Far away a church bell tolls.

Now breathe again – a marbled lake Where frosted forms on icy skates Are petrified till blood awakes. On icicles the droplets wait To fall when chains of cold will break. Far away a church bell tolls.

Another breath of warmth inside.
The silence sighs, the thaw begins.
From icicles the droplets slide.
Across the lake one skater spins
And startles deer that leap and hide.
Far away a church bell tolls.