

Manitoba winter

Busk turns the wind from the
deep north flowing
Blowing its snow like a white
chargers mane
Piling its drifts in many a corner
Then lifting and changing their shape
yet again

Cold drops the frost and the branches
are splitting
the sharp cracking snap in the forests
deep gloom
Quiet by the fireside the farm folks
are sitting
watching the shadows crowd into
the room.

Then tales are retold and lose not
in retelling
of hardship and life in those
earlier days
of age and of youth so frequently
rebellling
at having to copy the old folks
own ways.

Then fun and much laughter from
many an age
comes with the stories from the
elderly grey
who sit in his arm chair so fit
for a sage
And regales the listener from past
on the way.

In memory of knut Matt Heath.