

From here, my perch beyond the fray,

I see the world

At least, that part which reveals itself.

Houses bright against the receding snow,

Skeletal trees reaching their bony boughs towards the freedom of the sky

empty nests, like a sleeping child, held tightly

Safe from the howling winds of winter.

The tinkling of wind chimes drown out the traffic

That drones like bees on the streets beyond,

And squirrels scamper busily amongst the emerging debris of fall.

The picnic table, weathered island in an icy pool

Sits quietly awaiting summer's return.

Another year has turned and yet here I still sit

And watch. And wait.