

Dust of Snow

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree
Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

Robert Frost

The North Wind Doth Blow

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?

Poor thing!



He'll sit in a barn
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,

Poor thing!

*Traditional Mother Goose,
included in a Tasha Tudor
collection*



Snowflakes

Snowflakes spill from heaven's hand
Lovely and chaste like smooth white sand.

A veil of wonder laced in light
Falling gently on a winter's night.

Gracefully beauty raining down
Giving magic to the lifeless ground.

Each snowflake like a falling star
Smiling beauty that's spun afar.
Till earth is dressed in a robe of white
Unspoken poem the hush of night.

Linda A. Copp