

The Snow

by Greg Stein

The snow graces the trees, the hills,
and the paths that these legs walk.

So cold, yet beautiful -
A quiet calm, a blanket of pure white.

Hidden are the potentials for the new,
the inspiration of spring to come soon enough.

There is a stillness in this land now.
It draws me inward,
where I seek to find that stillness too.

There is easy, there is hard,
There is pleasure, there is pain,
But the stillness is beyond all that
It is perfect peace, like the beautiful
White blanket of snow...

That melts away at just the right moment,
Welcoming life, welcoming growth, again.