

Winter Poetry

It's hard to think of anything
But Christmas in December
There's so much to look forward to
And so much to remember.
-unknown-

I heard a bird sing
In the dark of December
A magical thing
And sweet to remember.

"We are nearer to Spring
Than we were in September,"
I heard a bird sing
In the dark of December.
-Oliver Herford-

Ummm, the smell of Christmas is everywhere I go,
Evergreens and holly, and pretty mistletoe,
Gingerbread and cookies, and fresh pumpkin pie.
Smoke is in the chimney, curling to the sky.
-unknown-

The melancholy days are come
The saddest of the year
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
-unknown-

January

The days are short, The sun a spark
Hung thin between the dark and dark.

Fat snowy footsteps track the floor.
Milk bottles burst outside the door.

The river is a frozen place
Held still beneath the trees of lace.

The sky is low, the wind is gray.
The radiator purrs all day.
-John Updike-

Winter

The birds are gone, the world is white,
The winds are wild, they chill and bite;
The ground is thick with slush and sleet,
And I can barely feel my feet.

-unknown-

February Twilight

I stood beside a hill
Smooth with new-laid snow,
A single star looked out
From the cold evening glow.

There was not other creature
That saw what I could see -
I stood and watched the evening star
As long as it watched me.

-Sara Teasdale-

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-

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
-Robert Frost-

The Wolf Cry

The Artic moon hangs overhead;
The wide white silence lies below.
A starveling pine stand lone and gaunt,
Black-penciled on the snow.

Weird as the moan of sobbing winds,
A lone long call floats up from the trail;
And the naked soul of the frozen North
Trembles in the wail.
-Lew Sarett-

When All the World is Full of Snow

I never know
Just where to go,
When all the world
Is full of snow.

I do not want
To make a track,
Not even
To the shed and back.

I only want
To watch and wait,
While snow moths settle
On the gate,

And swarming frost flakes
Fill the trees
With billions
Of albino bees.

I only want
Myself to be
As silent as
A winter tree,

To hear the swirling
Stillness grow,
When all the world
Is full of snow.
-N.M. Bodecker-

First Snow

Snow makes whiteness where it falls.
The bushes look like popcorn-balls.
And places where I always play,
Look like somewhere else today.
-Marie Louise Allen-

The Snowflake

Before I melt,
Come, look at me!
This lovely icy filigree!
Of a great forest
In one night
I make a wilderness
Of white:
By skyey cold
Of crystals made,
All softly, on
Your finger laid,
I pause, that you
My beauty see:
Breathe, and I vanish
Instantly.
-Walter de la Mare-

Beyond Winter

Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift
The warm rosebuds below.
-Ralph Waldo Emerson-

When

In February there are days,
Blue, and nearly warm,
When horses switch their tails and ducks
Go quacking through the farm.
When everything turns round to feel
The sun upon it s back-
When winter lifts a little bit
And spring peeks through the crack.
-Dorothy Aldis-