

# Winter

By Barbara Vance

When the geese are flying south  
And the sky is grey, my dears,  
Close your eyes, and lift your nose;  
Listen with your careful ears.  
Feel the winter coming on,  
Hear it in the crackling trees;  
Note the crisping, quivering wind  
Sharply snapping at their leaves.  
Feel it on the windowpanes –  
Chilly glass on fingertips –  
Mark the biting of the air,  
Heated breath on numbing lips.  
See it in the early eves,  
In the glowing sunset where  
Shadows of the naked trees  
Rattle in the biting air.  
Watch the nuthatch and the wren;  
They know it is time once more  
To abandon careful nests,  
As they've done each year before.  
Let it rest upon your face,  
Let it reach and pull you in.  
See how pretty nature is  
When she ushers winter in.