
I Visit in Winter

by Sandy Ross, Word's Worth © 2018

The maple tree has lost its hair
Its tufts of red or gold near bare.
Limbs creak each sway. How seasons flew!
Each knot's a tie to all who grew
Within its warm embrace and shade.
Roots reach in love to yesterdays.

The winter greets the forest now.
The elder branches take their bows
For life's a stage. This third act holds
(With Sunday-supper stories told)
Our interest and attentive care –
Remembrance for when we'll be there.

Our friendship came eleventh hour.
Your wisdom looms. How you tower.
Stood tall through all, you've earned the right.
You know that time will turn to night;
We're promised not tomorrow's sky.
I kiss the bark at each 'goodbye'.

Like keepsake memoirs, moments shared
Enrich our visits, souls laid bare.
Breath from one expands the other.
Breezes bind us. Nature. Mother.
No fear of dark; it follows day.
And sunset maples mark my way.

