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The Grey of Winter Long

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THE GREY OF WINTER LONG

Carl L. Sandquist

I gaze out from my misted window square,
and watch the greying day of winter long.
The place where happy children came to play,
and ran and laughed and sang their childrens' song.

Now they are gone as is the summer fair.
They took with them the egg yolk days so warm,
and left behind grey clouds that ice storms tear,
and slippery cobbles, courting crippling harm.

I wait now for the springtime's virgin warmth,
And life asleep recalled beneath the sod.
Tulip bugles sounding forth new birth,
The glory of their song echoing God.

Why then am I despondent on this day
when on the pavement silver raindrops play?