

SONNET ON WINTER

O let me not stand in this snow too long,
Lest being cold, my heart shall sooner freeze
Into complete oblivion of the trees
That toss in yearning for the poignant song
Of summer, for the melancholy note
Of music from the now-silent bush,
Frost-covered, where before, the plaintive thrush
Emitted tones of sadness from a throat
So prone to love of life it could not last,
But wilted under cold of winter's touch –
It seems the ones who cherish life too much
Are those that find its beauty sooner past –
O, let me not stand in this snow too long
Lest even I grow silent in my song.