

## Angels in the Snow

Come silly Jobeleh, sweet Tana Lee.  
Come charming Benjie for a moonlight spree.

The night sky shines - autumn's last light,  
Soon frost will coat the earth in white.  
Pray sailors reach safe harbor now;  
Farmers may rest a weary brow.

The tides are changing; the sun soon will hide.  
Bears seek their caves for sleep; there's warmth inside.

We'll go house-to-housing on All Saints' Eve.  
A clown, Robin Hood, a princess - treats!

Burnt harvest moon hung low and fat.  
Knitted red mittens, three red hats.  
Smell of scorched leaves on small town streets,  
Baked pumpkin pies, nutmegy sweet.

And as dusk arrives sooner and colder,  
We'll know we've become a little bit older.

We'll slog single file through endless winter.  
Follow my boot prints past trees grown slender.

Shut in by storms, idle-day dreams -  
Spell out words in the window steam.  
Now they drowse by the fireside,  
Cuddled up close - may peace abide.

And if I see angels shaped in the snow,  
I'll look for my cherubs - where did you go?

I'll take you where hoary streams start their run.  
Sip the ice-cold water and wish for the sun.

"Sssh... Look there..." it's a newborn fawn  
Hiding near in the mist-chilled dawn.  
Shoots punching through crunchy dark earth.  
Coming soon is the world's new birth.

And when rains bathe the earth and gray days grieve,  
I'll kiss you softly, how butterflies breathe.