

Pastorale

First light. It's time to roll out of bed.
Home, a small but charming log cabin
Has a wood stove and two full cords of
Dry hard-wood to burn. I look outside.
Eight inches of snow fell overnight.
My feet tingle anticipating
The feel of cross-country skis on snow,
Cold air nipping at my nose and cheeks
As I glide along pristine white trails.
Fluffy snow mounds on hemlock boughs look like
Clusters of tiny cumulous clouds.
A flock of rowdy crows "Caw" an alarm
And chase a red-tailed hawk too near their roost.
I'm blessed wit beauty all around me.