

So Winter Will Be
by Sadie Tebeau

A hush falls upon the land when the calendars turn to the cold months
The blow of the wind will turn your skin to ice
To perhaps symbolize the inevitable death all we know will face
The hum of undressed and shivering trees will rattle your window
Keep you awake at night
The volume of the world seems to be turned down low
The stillness of the falling snow
Accompanied only by the occasional cry of a glimpse of red glory
And so winter will be
We will encase the glowing white in dirt of the earlier seasons
The blood not staining our hands
Only changing them in color
Imaginary figures plastered profusely on the fronts of every vast steel structure
For eyes to be laid upon
Their huffs of black clouds will be dismissed only by
The ever so slight crinkle of a nose of a bypasser
The life surrounding will cower in fear
And so winter will be
Beyond the lands of the greedy
Is a place you should see
A place this time next year I hope you'll be
Where the wind lives in harmony with the freezing ground
Snow feels more a blanket
Rather than a salted pile of slush
The cries of the red glories more a song
A song the land echoes throughout the atmosphere
The snow falls quiet
Beauty is easier to visually prove
All the words combined could not capture the sight
The undisturbed calmness of the world
Not yet reached by the needy
What is there is what is enough
Solidarity and hope is whom guides those willing to follow
I hope you'll join me when your vision clears
When the mounds of cement and stacks of money seem less of what there is to live for
When you are willing to appreciate
The beauty the change of season brings
When the sadness you constantly feel lets go of your weary body
When you see the sun's glow as you look down
As much you do when you stare into the sky
When the reflective blankets of pearly white illuminate your face
The same way I've learned to let it brighten mine
And so winter will be
With welcomed winds and comfortable colds
With gratitude for what is given
For not the worry of yearning for the next season

And so winter will be
Where you meet me