

First Snow

By Anita Kubit

(Written in winter 2000 in North Andover, MA for granddaughter's (Anna Zimmer) first winter.)

Pale white petals of frost enchant the native wind,
While barren tree tops sway.
Lend an ear to the cry of a chestnut fawn, bewildered in the early dawn.
Sleep, sleep deep beauty.
The gentle cocoon blankets your dream.
Awake, awake old willow tree.
Cast your shadow to unmask the moon.
Sing, sing little sparrow
A spirited song to welcome east winter's first snow.