

The Woods of Weir Hill

By John Pressman

We should not think of all quiet time as naught
When we pursue the clock at heavy pace,
For this release for us some time has bought
To feel the calm that hurried thought has chased.

To watch ducks huddle at the water's edge
And warm themselves beneath the autumn sun,
While frogs take rays upon a stony ledge,
And geese prepare themselves for winter's run.

To hear the rustle of the wind in trees,
And feel the tempest of late summer's rain
To see leaves twirling in the autumn breeze,
And from the hearth, hear sleet against the pane.

To see deer huddle underneath the pines
Where blinding snow hath covered up their tracks,
As wind on upper boughs doth weave and whine,
And squirrels fan their tails against their backs.

And then the soft white calm of downy flakes
When snow heaps up against last summer's door.
And covers mounds of leaves from autumn's rake,
Where chipmunks sleep below with winter's store.

And when the signs of spring do show their face,
And icicles do lengthen with the thaw,
And windows warm and melt off winter's lace
And squirrels beg for bread beside the door.

Then scent of skunk is borne upon the wind,
And turkeys scratch and feed on frozen grass
And sunlight filters through the ghostly pines,
Where marmots search to break their winter's fast.

Tis time to take a stroll down winter's lane,
And cross the pines that fell from nature's blow,
And gasp in wonder in this cold domain,
That crocus push their heads up through the snow.