

Winter on Weir Hill

The full moon,
reaching down and touching the water with a glistening shine,
little wrinkles forming in the water every time
tears of a crooked tree fall from an icy, drooping branch.

Dead silence,
except for the blades of grass,
whispering secrets to each other
under the untouched blanket of snow.

The little invisible patterns on each gliding snowflake
resemble things we do not yet understand;
the fish, silently, gently, moving,
start to fall asleep in the dark depths of the lake.

A mitten, perhaps forgotten,
just lies there, waiting;
I stand there shivering, my hands in my pockets,
watching the sight.

- Ian Bernard, age 10