

Mid-February

by Deryck N. Robertson

Sunlight grows imperceptibly
and whispers softly as my dull mind wakes from
the spring dreams that have taken flight
through still starry skies and snowy meadows

Orion's winter hunting trip is done
and he begins his long walk through the heavens
to be remembered on sultry August nights

Avian travellers have begun to warm the mornings
melting hearts with lilting melodies
of love and cheer
as juniper berries falling to the ground
are quickly consumed by fluttering robins and waxwings

These are the days of mid-February
of freezing stormy nights
and bright unfolding days
that prompt maples to begin their yearly stirrings
of joy