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Down At The Farm

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a warm scene in cold times

DOWN AT THE FARM

By Fran Merrill

The snow begins at daybreak
powdering house and barn and
meadow--muffling morning sounds
chilling morning air.
My very breath is visible
as I step out into the white cold.

Later, when I come from the barn
the pine is ermine-clad;
the cellar is a white frosted cake,
and my window is etched by the Great Artist.

The snow comes faster now,
the flakes dancing, swirling,
circling, searching,
and finding my uncovered head,
include me in their avalanche,
and I'm lost in an alabaster world.

FRAN MERRILL, a prize-winning poet from Shawnee, is a member of Shawnee Writers and the OWFI.



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