

Dec. 7

The sky is bright, the wind is fresh,
The winter bites exposed flesh.
The dying ember of my song
In mid-December shines alone
In vain attempt to sing along
With conscience, petrified by hurt,
A sleeping tree, a frozen bird,
The sun, concealed by silver mist.
Awake! Get up! I must insist.
This chilly morning won't be missed
If either side can keep the tryst.