My Winter Tree

There is a certain beauty held within My tree throughout the snowy winter months. The sap has left its once proud summer bough. The leaves of past goings-on have dropped, yellow beneath frosty earth and fall of snow. It would seem to the uninformed that all useful life departed, as the days of autumn ascended, and My winter wind arose to blow.

Strength too departed with the waning sun; My naked stem now touched by sting of winter's snort. Gone are the layers and coverings; it stands bare and reproachful to eye that cannot see My hand at work within its snow flaked bark.

It withers at My touch, barely comprehending the moving of deep magic in the river of its soul.

How long the winter months of northern clime, how bitter are the nights alone, with clear crystal night and stark blue star. As companions in silent remonstrance they pass the dreary hour, until the Daystar rises in the eastern sky.

