

## Winter Aubade

New snow falls stealthily during the night,  
then stops.

I wake to undisturbed virgin whiteness,  
a wind-free morning.

Nothing moves.

Snow has laid a thick cover on brambles and blades,  
like a dimpled mattress  
inviting me to rest,  
to surrender to the peace.

As sun rises, shadows branch out;  
arms sketched in skeletal silhouette  
pull me gently into a forest  
of snow-clumped evergreens.

I hesitate, my human footprints sure to blight  
Nature's perfect panorama,  
my disturbance a sacrilege.

But I know this sacred hush is an invitation  
I am not meant to refuse.

Soon fresh snow will cover all trace  
that I have passed this way.