

the winterling

by ROSE FIRESTONE

part one: blessing

the winterling appears in the window
with faith born unspoken it sails
through the mountains of glory it weathered
through the oceans of time it impales

the winterling appears in the shadow
of time that immortals have passed
through the silhouetted ghosts of tomorrow
in the rivers that time overcast

the winterling bends in the meadow
to kiss the snowflake where it lay in the mound
sending chills of unspoken desire
through the limbs of untroubled sounds

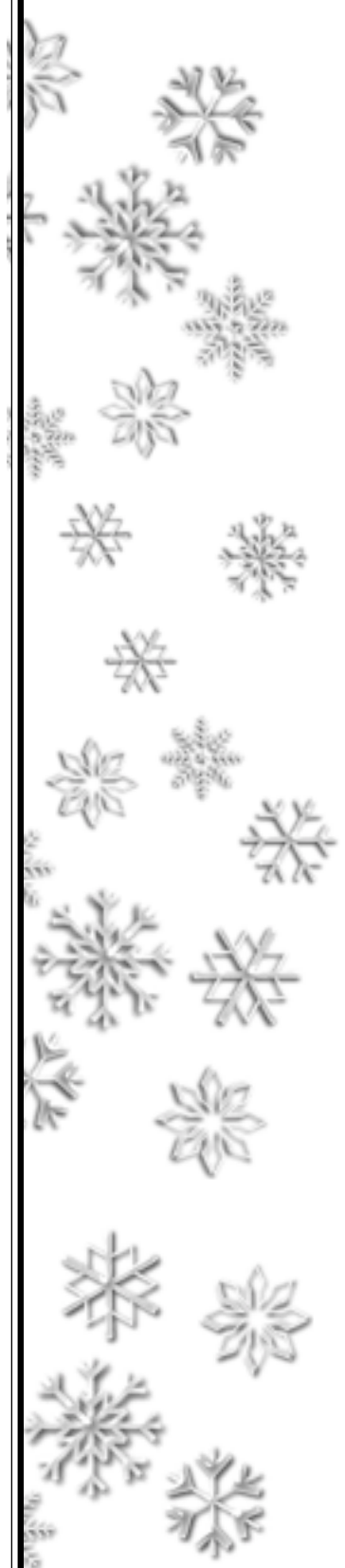
putting on the coat of white
blending in the snow
no use searching for the footprints
for none will come and none will go

waiting for the chill to turn bitter
for the grey skies to blend with the mood
full moon peaks in the distance
a feeling quite quiet and removed

the winterling tip-toes on a snowflake
the winterling snaps chill in your heart
the winterling sends shivers of pleasure
through the fires that sparks cannot part

breathe the crisp moist mood of the season
let it sharpen your senses to dream
for the winterling searches forever
the reasons the tower bells ring

heard far far away in the distance
the haunting of winterling's song
listen now to trees silent calling
the arrival of winter is long



part two: passage

whispers through the evening
till sunlight breaks the day
the winterling is coming
to take the stars away

the visions from the gentle moon
release the hidden light
tarry now the snowbird
soar gracious in your flight

as clouds engulf the morning sky
and frigid peaks the noon
the chaotic flakes are falling
falling way too soon

the winterling is pounding
with nature full in tow
with the deafening sounds of silence
in the woods that once would glow

deep falling precious miracle
with icy fingers stretched
entwine the mood of elegance
before the day is sketched

long lasting bitter melodies
will capture falling grace
along with dying embers
that leave with no disgrace

haphazard idle failings
with winds that pierce the soul
explode in vicious harmony
what the winterling doth know

that rage is full of fury
and fury full of pain
the winterling is here now
to sing the song again

part three: memory

what secrets does the winterling have
tucked deep inside its home
piled high with memory
a feeling all its own

braided with emotion
tied in a bow of gold
the season of the winterling
is a flower to unfold

caress the blooming petals
rippled with the dew
the winterling is calling
it's calling now for you

listen to the winterling
as it echoes in your heart
hear the blessed melody
and the mystery will start

take hold of the treasured balance
and keep it close at hand
in the distance time is calling
and running out of sand

beware the mystic daydream
as it captures nature's rhyme
while sending in the winterling
through passages of time

look back through rage and fury
look back through hope and love
send in the clowns of passion
through darkness fit the glove

the winterling's retreating
to the place where it began
reach forward to tomorrow
to life with nature's hand



Rose Firestone lives in Cary and is a teaching assistant in Wake County Public Schools. She has been writing for over 44 years, mostly on women's issues, and hopes to publish a book someday. Her poem "the boys of that distant summer" appeared in the November 2003 Urban Hiker.

part four: encore

and as the winterling's retreating
to the place where it began
spring reflections gather
new life from natures hand

dancing with the moonbeam
from where it came this night
reflections gather glory
once hidden far from sight

the mystic mask of memories
with scents of floral dew
are brimming now with lavender
as spring begins anew

picking up the bud of rose
gathered free of thorn
a child finds the answer
in the place where hope was born

warmed by dancing embers
from the fiery blaze within
spring reflections murmur
the song from natures rim

the golden seed of winter
once laid beneath the snow
now rests in greener pastures
far from the rage in tow

and in that seed of winter
found deep within its shell
you'll find yourself emerging
as shadows lift the spell

and with yourself emerging
you'll lift your arms and sing
to the glory of the season
and that of winterling

