

Wintertide: by Brittany Jean

Up high in the hinterland, I met a fine fellow
With holly in his antlers and bells along his back
Although, my deer, he dashed away far north with somewhere else to go
He said, “We’ll meet again”, and I have never doubted that

At wintertide the forest comes alive
The crystal trees will sing
If we’re listening... listening close
All the wild, free creatures—they are kindly
And they’ll speak to you and me
If we’re listening... listening close

Theron a young red fox—one who’s never seen the snow
He played in all my footprints and stole my mittens too
Soon—too soon he did return them, soon he left me all alone
It wasn’t long before I missed his mischief and my shoe

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Reminded by the moon, “It’s time—there are those who wish you home”
The mumblings of an owl keep me company
Gliding over Colder River, I lost him in shadow, flying low
This ramble now a poem that was written just for me

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The crystal trees will sing
If we’re listening... listening close
All the wild, free creatures—they are kindly
And they’ll speak to you and me
If we’re listening...
Are you listening close?