

# Snowy Mountains

A POEM OF WINTER LOVE



Golden lights sway through the pine  
Making the snow sparkle and shine  
The sky fades into soft night  
And the snow is silver in moonlight.

The pine sway in gentle a breeze  
Starlight flooding through the trees  
Warm mocha in a cup  
More please, fill it up.

Mittens, soft and warm  
Though they may be overworn  
Birds chirp in such delight  
Though chilled by the winter night

I find myself a lovely tree.  
Reaching far higher than me  
I climb up, sit, oh such bliss.  
Can't we forever be like this?