

Touches of Winter | Amy Barnes

The first touch of Winter's chill descends upon my bones,
tightening 'round my mandible and steadling feeling from my toes.
It's an inking of what's yet to come, though no snow obscures the ground,
Telltale signs of shriveled leaves are swept together in fragile mounds.

The second touch my eyes behold, as night consumes the day,
Dusk and dawn have now allied to trade hues of pink for gray.
A damp and melancholic gloom dims and darkens sight;
Hot months and long shadows vanish, swallowed up by night.

The third touch comes closer still and taps softly on my heart,
It's not yet the sting of bitter cold, but it pulls my seams apart.
Time now paints with chilling strokes; sorrows our attention seek.
Soul and body flock to firelight, craving warmth amidst the bleak.

The fourth touch my spirit feels, and this is the one most dear to me.
It long outlasts the winter months and deepens a longing for eternity.
I wonder that Creator, Ancient of Days, beyond the curtain obscured,
Deigned to put on flesh like ours so that men could see the Word.