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Gerard's Winter

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Nothing is as majestic and terrible as winter-When old men freeze and the land is filled with frost, fallow and forsaken;
Beauty and ease rings in the icicles but ice isolates by a splinter
and the bitter cold bites and the lights go out early and come late-descending on the sphere which shudders;
Knowing not where to go--underneath the burly weight
with withered flowers and trees--Groaning as brothers
bereft of leaves and sitting in hate for one more day
without reason, rhyme, or sense
sprung into unforgiving snow. Whence?
From the One who gives and takes away,
Who will surely redeem with spring some other day.