

Poetry— This Is The Reason

Such a pretty day!
Sun casts slanting shadows
All across the way—
Crackling crisp December
air—
Glaciers fill up all the
hollows
Creek-grown, layer after
layer—

(And my love is everywhere)

Such a lovely day!
Swarms of tiny birds in
search of feed:
Lofty tops are full of
cones and seed—
Branches of the white-bark-
ed birch
Stretching out in silent
prayer—

(And my love is everywhere)

Face of earth a smiling
trust
Open to the blessings of
the season
And beneath her wintry
crust
Beats her steady pulse.
This is the reason,

Why the clean December air,
Hollows filled and birch
in prayer,
Veering birds without a care,
And my love are
everywhere..

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By RUTH KILCHER