

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

James Piatt
Sad Times

Within the verdant pastures of my mind
Scud the gray painted clouds of time
Holding sweet thoughts of the past,
They flit in and out of imagination fast,
Like small wrens, searching for a safe strand,
Youthful times of love, auburn hair, and dainty hand;
Soft conversations, pretty, graceful smiles,
Playful times sitting on warm sand,
Watching white foamed waves break upon the shore;
Why have the happy realities gone astray?
Did they leave with the years and left no more?
Why are we left with this sad today?
It whispers helplessly in our ears, to
Leave us only with a barren roar.

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The Coming of Winter

That time of year when warm days leave
When the clouds amass and rains appear
These are the times my heart doth grieve,
For cold days are damp, dark, and austere.
Without the rains, however, the earth would die
Flowers and trees would wilt away,
Without the snow children would cry,
A white Christmas would never be gay:
The rains bring spring, and a verdant scene
Colorful new flowers appear and trees have growth,
Without winter, nothing would ever be green.
I must admit, these gifts of winter I do not loath
Without winter rains, there couldn't be both,
No new greenery or even gaudy birds.