

Winter

By twilark

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Â "White" the voice of winter murmurs,
Merry snowflakes flirt and fight,
Twist and twirl like madcap moonbeams,
Star bright, gleaming, weaving, white.

Light soon slips to silent shadow,
Shades of dusk to deepest night,
Snowflakes fall now darker, dimmer,
Spectres all of winter. White.

StoryImp Advertisement

