

DORMANCY

Through blackened vines the winds cry wistfully,
Wrapped closely in a winding sheet of snow
The weary world lies locked in dreamless sleep.
Upon the sun-dial time moves sad and slow;
And where red rose leaves once were lightly strewn,
Only long, lonely shadows come and go.
Where lies the rosy bloom of early Spring?
What lingers now of Summer's golden reign?
And Autumn's gorgeous garments one by one
Have vanished where? And where the wondrous stain
That touched the rugged hills with living fire?
What magic and rekindle them again?

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