

## WINTER

The weary world lies locked in dreamless sleep,  
And snow-flakes drift, where rose leaves once were strewn,  
Dense are the shadows that long vigil keep,  
Where blossoms rioted in early June,  
The wire-grass sighs and lifts in dumb appeal  
Its frozen spires unto the sunless noon.

By Beth Slater Whitson

**From:** Metropolitan Magazine  
Vol. \_\_, No. \_\_, Pg. 772  
April, 1907

AND

**From:** Singing Wires: A Book of Poems – Page 22  
Bruce Humphries Publishing – Boston  
Copyright 1958 – LOC Catalog No. 58-6821