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Winter to Spring

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WINTER TO SPRING

Winter has come again to haunt me.
Its cold cruel, and heartless ways hold the key,
That locks sorrow to my heart and soul.
It teaches me to be silent and control,
My inner remorse and resentment there.
To those whom nature has made so dear.

As snow cannot conceal the winter gloom,
Neither can false sweetness hide inner doom.
The quiet heart cannot be made to tell,
The sorrowful aching when we fail.
But Spring shall be born to earth once again.
And dreary darkened minds no more will sin.

Vicki Marks