

# Lights and Shadows

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Volume 11 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 11

Article 13

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1966

## Sonnet II (On Winter)

Laura Dishongh

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### Recommended Citation

Dishongh, L. (1966). Sonnet II (On Winter). *Lights and Shadows*, 11 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol11/iss1/13>

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SONNET II (ON WINTER)

Winter, how dark and icy are your days.  
How sullen do you make your appearance.  
Why do you make yourself a blackened shade  
And of the sweet flowers make such clearance?  
Why do your growling winds break suddenly?  
Oh, why is it your whisper is so cold?  
Bleak days with hazy clouds shiver darkly  
Making me forget rich summers of old.  
I have watched thee come and go many times,  
And wished that I would not see thee return.  
For when you come my spirits oft decline,  
And only for the summer warmth I yearn.  
So icy winds about my feet may blow,  
But I will laugh at you, for you must go.

Laura Dishongh