

# WINTER'S TALE

*Marc Forster*

A dark journey to work?  
Humming, electrical words  
Sing flat for the absent birds;  
A bright square in the murk

Expands to a still, rose, sky  
Unconnected to Love;  
Dry-eyed angels above;  
A wilting rose where we lie.

A crystal heaven of pure  
Angelic greetings so cold?  
Only the last birds are bold;  
Words wrapped in black wings endure.

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