

A FROSTY EVENING

Outside the snow is falling
And the winter wind is blowing
The trees stand bare and skeletal
Discarded leaves trapped deep in ice
While hooded figures shiver
And tug their scarves up tight.

Inside is bright and warm and welcome
The fire crackling in the hearth
The thick plush carpet underfoot.
Couches, divans and La-Z-Boys await
To help shake off the working day
But I shall not partake as yet
For there are bills to pay and
Clothes to wash, and other sundry things
And when I'm done I know I'll find
Other chores and household tasks to do
It will be hours yet till I can rest
Before I lay before the fire
Before I lay back and retire.