

IT'S DECEMBER NOW...



It's December now, and gone are the spectacular shades of Autumn
And the pungent smell of rotting berries in the crunchy carpet of leaves

Gone, too are the last vestiges of newness in a blossom or a blade of
grass

All blanketed now in chilly white fluff, putting to rest every living
thing

Whose home is outdoors, to slumber and reawaken in the dawn of Spring
It's now, when sitting at a desk, or walking down a corridor or lying in
a bed

That sweet memories dance across our minds, with little heed to routine
day

They dart and hide and make us chuckle as they reappear in our mind's
eye

A hint of smile on our faces, the telltale clue that a good time was
remembered

And not even the difficulties of a painful day can claim control over
thoughts

As memory clasps hands with imagination in a magic, liberating
partnership

Allowing us to escape the dull, dark prisons of our stark, confining
realities

Our spirits soar on high with happy thoughts that give us momentary
respite

Remembering someone's kindness, another's love, a friend's gentle
comforting

Taking pleasure in the moment - sweet music, laughter, a child's
beguiling smile

The joy of Christmas, having loved ones close, and remembering those who
aren't

Sharing special moments with friends, rekindling friendships by card and
call

These gifts will sustain us till Winter skips town and Spring returns to
play