

Blood Ruby, Some Winters

The thaw comes gnawing
Up the hillside.
Trees cling like vines
To the morning light.
Me in my window,
A glassy gray sky.
It creeps inside
To where the sleeping lie.

Some winters,
They linger.
They heave their frost
Till summer.
Some winters,
They keep us
Locked under ice.

Some winters,
They haunt us.
They fill our lives
With shadows.
Some winters,
They leave us
Barely alive.

Some winters,
They crush us.
They tear us
Bare and broken.
Some winters,
We need them,
This bitter fight
That only the soul survives.

The crows are calling
Across the long miles.
Lend me your flight;
Be my lonely guides.
We'll rise like letters,
Ink across the light,
Always a sign
Of the stubbornness of life.

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They linger.
They heave their frost
Till summer.
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They keep us
Locked under ice.

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Lyrics 2001 Cynthia Conrad