

LISA NORMAN

WINTER WHISPERS

Winter whispers of stars caressing her weary hemispheres
as the cowherds tiptoe along midnight blues;
turning to nature
she
finds the paddocks empty,
your
patience a guiding bark.

Winter whispers bluebirds whistling
songs of wisdom, and when she's perching
under the darkest cloud, her hopes
fading
into watercolours she picks a beautiful daffodil she's danced
around for twenty-one scents, her canvas frays seeing
your fulfilled frame.

Winter whispers *she can try to hide* although her moon has
a mind of its own; but your sun *will find her* hiding in your crops
of kindness sown with tiny hearts.

Winter whispers cheekily from the feisty flames rendering
a sugary discontent in black coals, a playful
kitten prints words of
forgiveness
in spilt milk, licking up her misplaced passion that
dreams are made of.

Winter whispers about the morning frost
stealing
radiant kisses from the sun glistening her no-longer-give-a-damn
ripples, she'll never witness lightning striking down
for you are as soft as lambs' ears and as tender as a leg of lamb.

Winter whispers from inside puddles of hope
as her little hand still ticks
anxiously,
but she extends her big hand out to you for help,
allowing time to melt away.

Winter whispers *you never falter* nor does aloe vera or a blanket of love
stitched in her peaces, her migraines continue to pound on your verandahs,
and
glass panes still fog up when you're not around but there's a rusty smirk
teasing her curiosity to wander the hallways of her soul.

Winter whispers fairies life secrets from the Winter Wonderland
unlocking doors to success using golden keys,
pieces of you left in her heart—
Just live it
with a sneaky surprise—
Enid's a cheeky allsort.