

## February

When winter lingers with bone-chilled fingers  
and the plastic Santas cut sad figures  
on streets lonely, snowy and empty:  
It's too easy to see such elongated misery  
and the souls of men yearning to see  
a world not white, even at night  
but bathed in sun so warm and bright.

The promises of spring are hard to carry  
even by the strongest minds, in February.

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December 29<sup>th</sup>  
MMIV