



Reflection

***Winter donned herself
In a coat of brilliant white
She wove it up
And slipped it on
In the stillness of the night
As morning's Light came calling
He gently kissed her face
Chasing out the darkness
Leaving not a trace
Out on the horizon
As far as I could see
The reflection of the sun so bright
Nearly blinded me
As I sit gazing out my window
I thought on times to come
One day I'll stand arraigned in White
And I'll reflect the Son
Mike Bishop***