

Winter Sunlight

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Though we're surrounded
by polar cold, the sun is on fire.

Slivers of silver
gather at shorelines,
frost north-facing windows
in web-like patterns,
undisturbed by beams
that challenge fresh, white snow.

Rays wander in all directions,
play across a spectral landscape,
dance on buried grasslands,
frolic atop shrouded rooftops.

I wish you the eyes to enjoy it.