

## Winter: A Point of View

Winter, my friend, is not the shuffleboard championship or a ride around the park on an over-sized three-wheeled cycle.

It's not a half-mute, out-of-season mockingbird limping through the sallow climes of a southern swampland.

Winter is a blazing fire of apple logs after a day of flashing skates or swooping skis or searching out the tracks of backland denizens.

Winter is the soaring flight of a gyrfalcon, hungry over the crisscrossed memories of countless furry invisibles blurring in a frozen marsh land.

Winter is a boiling flair of snow flung two houses high down a slope of thick bluegrass half-covered in old drifts, dotted with mounds of bright fieldstone, and hiding a thousand black crickets in their burrows.