

## New Canvas

12/29/2000

White winds break the darkness  
Covering the autumn with a clean canvas  
No colors tempting sense of sight  
All things washed and clean

Birds dance in the snow framed by white  
Little paths, reminders of there visit  
Water frozen in time with a prism of color  
Trees bent by the wait of the winter

Protected from the cold I yearn for its touch  
I walk barefoot onto the white blanket of winter  
For a split second I can't decide if the snow is hot or cold  
What colors will my day choose to paint on this new canvas?

Robert Rogers