

Where Someplace Now a Downy

*The moon shines bright upon the snow
That softly, slowly drifts
And forms a hill upon my sill,
With starlight in the distance.*

*Between the sill and stars I see
A downy at his tree,
Who soon will sleep and later dream
Of spring when he can be*

*Beside his love among the green,
Where morning lights her crown—
For now the moon of midnight climbs
And sinks in silence down.*

*When dawn unfolds a ruby sky
And frees the sun to roam,
The downy wakes, shakes off the cold
And tries to warm his home.*

*He steps into the morning mist
And senses being seen
And tilts his head to show his red—
But coldly blows the breeze.*



First published in the journal Sparks of Callopie, Jan 2023
Read more, and buy his chapbook, **Nature, Love, and Solitude**, at JaradBushnellPoetry.com

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