

## **The Spirit of Winter**

I am colder than the bones of the mountains,  
and my skeleton is made of iron and ice.

My voice sings with storms of snow,  
and my mouth blows with a stinging wind.

My hands hold the earth in a tight grip,  
and my fingers tingle every shivering body.

I can make rivers stop flowing with my words,  
and I can tell the frantic forest to be still.

Every living creature hides from me  
and prays for the day I go away.

I am an omnivore because I eat everything  
with my shiny, white teeth.

When I am here, you can only survive  
if you snuggle and sleep and suffer.

From Matthew James Friday, via Edutopia