

IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE

Writer's Corner

By Jonelda Bowers Sells

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IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE

In the year that's just beginning
There are some things I'd like to do;
Things I'm certain would bring me pleasure
And brighten the days that I pass through

I'd like to walk through the untouched snow,
And drink my fill of the pure delight
Afforded by God when its intricate beauty
Uplifts my soul to a greater height.

I'd like to open my heart full wide
To the song that summertime sings;
And garner a storefold in fullest measure
To remember eternally the joy that it brings.

And I wish when autumn is on a rampage
Running thither and you with the flame;
That I could hold hands with the Sculptor;
Well aware that almighty is his name!



JANUARY'S EVERYWHERE

Silent snowflakes sifting down
To settle limbs so stark and bare,
Painting pictures that confirm
January's everywhere.

The somber cedar's wearing
Its blanket from the sky;
While deep among its branches
Tiny, sleeping creatures lie.

The mountain and the meadow
To winter seem resigned
And make a perfect mural
Though merged and undefined.

The streams are wearing dainty lace
About their broken edge;
Icicles hang at random
From every mountain ledge.

The cabin's almost hidden
Except for smoke that turns
To swirl in windward fashion
Where hearth sides brightly burn.

Yes, lovely January



Is spread across the land,
And great is God Almighty
Who spills it from His hand!

MY WINTER'S BOOK – WIND SWEPT SAGE

Was winter's book my own to write,
To tell of all its mysteries...
And paint with words its varied scenes
And all the charm it holds for me –
'Twould be a book of wind-swept hills,
Where evergreens spread wide...
And rolling meadows white with snow;
A residue from winter's tide.

I'd tell the world how very much
I love to drink of winter's chill...
And how a silver half-moon's light
Gleams on a frozen midnight hill.
But there would be, without a doubt
Printed plain on every page,
A tale of winter's richest store;
Fields of lovely wind-swept sage!



WINTER'S NIGHT

Oh winter night, I love the gleam
Of silver stars on high...
With earth-borne rays that magically
Float from a velvet sky;
Oh winter night, I love the winds
That rattle on the pane...
Of windows where I'm sheltered, warm
Against the freezing rain.

Oh winter night, I love the night
Of snowflakes wildly spilled...
Caught by the glow of hearth or moon
Mounded you on the sill.

Oh winter's night, I love a breath
Of midnight cold and crisp...
And too, I love Him who provides
These moments of pure bliss!



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