

## IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE

Writer's Corner

By Jonelda Bowers Sells

Herald-Citizen, Cookeville, TN: Thursday, 14 January 2010, pg. B-8

### 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!



*"Writer's Corner" accepts any family-friendly poetry, essays or narratives of 700 words or fewer from local writers. To submit materials for possible publication, e-mail arts@herald-citizen, c/o Arts Editor, 1300 Neal Street, Cookeville, TN 38501. The editor reserves the right to edit or refuse submittals.*

<http://www.ajlambert.com>

photos by Audrey J. Lambert