

'MY VIOLETS' and other Poetry

Writer's Corner

By Jonelda Bowers Sells

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MY VIOLETS

When winter's storm and fury rages,
Turning through it's icy stages;
The violets upon my shelf
Are beacons for my inner self.

Shades of pink and purple blend
And from the slender stems unbend
To raise their glow upon my sill
And warm my heart from winter's chill.

When I am weighed down with care...
When my burdens are so hard to bear...
I thank you, Lord, that in the gloom
You bid my violets bloom and bloom!



WINTER'S SUNSET

In the evening's latest hour
When the winter's sun hung low;
Far across the distant mountains
Sending out a crimson glow;
I beheld the day's entombment...
How reluctantly it died;
Saw its crimson fingers reaching,
Lingering on the wintered sky.

When my soul is winging homeward
And my winter's day is done...
Let me leave some inspiration,
Let my influence linger on...
When my final sun is setting
And my earthly day must die..
Let me leave some crimson fingers
Pointing up to God on high.

In my evening's latest hour,
When my winter's sun hangs low
On the distant, dark horizon
Let me leave a crimson glow!



FEBRUARY WIND

I heard the softest whisper
Where silence should have been;
It rapped against the window
Then took its leave again.

It came up through the grasses
That were wintered, brown and dry
Only touching now and then
Uplifting tufts to stand awry.

And then it took its journey
Down through the tulip bed
Removing blades and rubble
Where frost had left them dead.

It skipped out through the woodland
And lifted leaves up high;
They could not hold their places
Beneath its urgent pry.

It raised up through the branches
And made the tree tops bend;
Beginning as a whisper
'Twas now February wind!



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