

A New View on an Old North Land

Rhoda Marie Xavier

Moonlight gleams across the snow.
Wolves are howling, the fire is low.
This is the north, my native home.
No matter how far away I roam.
The crunch of snow beneath the feet
The flash of red across the creek,
A cardinal flies to find the seeds,
That feed him in the winter trees.
Chattering high above the ground,
Squirrels and chipmunks mingle sounds.
I breathe in deep, the northern air,
It fills my lungs, so pure, so rare.
Listening now, I hear a howl,
Not of a wolf, a bear or fowl.
A roar fills my ears so loud and harsh,
As my heart realizes a dream that's lost.
Reality hits and I sit and stare,
At a city street and murky air.
For a while I thought that I was there,
But it was only a dream of yesteryear.