That moment

We think that spring, summer, and fall

are filled with such beauty.

And they are

with color approaching at every turn.

But winter in stark contrasts

of bare trees and stalks

catches our breath in ways,

cause us to pause and ponder.

Thin fingers of dark branches

point skyward first to touch the snow.

A single brown leaf spirals

effortlessly around a bronze stem.

Shallow puddles burst

in feathery patterns of ice.

A solitary gray birch holds secrets

until its sap releases the bark in spring.

And that moment of miraculous movement

when a quarrel of brown sparrows swoops and dives as one.

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