

Winters Convict

The streets are no longer recognisable; by the snow turned white,
And all the stars seem to look so much brighter tonight,
The houses are like gingerbread; frosted in a glistening ice,
And all the children are snuggled up in their beds as quiet as mice,
They dream of Christmas morning,
Knowing the thrills that are dawning,
They are restless in their beds,
As wishes of presents fill up their heads.

As the anticipated sun begins to rise,
From the cover of the shadows a lonely vixen cries,
At a small red breasted robin who remains perched upon his fence,
Watching with a beady eye as the cat runs up the pine tree; decorated with baubles dense,
The parents are rudely woken,
By the children who have excitedly spoken,
As all at once they rush down the stairs,
To look under the tree and see which gifts are theirs.

The houses are all sparkling with a brilliant show of lights,
But they are not the only ones who had restless nights,
The paupers sit in the streets with nowhere to go,
They close their eyes and dream of other places without the snow,
The finely dusted paw prints lead to a den,
Something that would have sheltered him then,
But in the dark his lost eyes gleam,
It is a haunting life for this pup it seems.

Down in the cottages they know of none,
They realise not of what is gone,
They think only of what it is they can gain,
And never wonder how many the winter has slain.

Over the hills; in the middle of the sky the suns beams are meek,
Scuttering across the frozen road for scraps of food a mouse does seek,
No grass or flowers are in sight; all drowned by the snow,
It tampers with the course of life; only nature would know,
The branches on the trees bow down with the weight,
And the livestock on the hills cannot see straight,
Through the windows Christmas is all there is to see,
The excitement and joy of the celebration has been set free.

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On the kitchen table sits a magnificent meal,
So much the snow covered thrush sits on the sill to see what's the big deal,
By the fence stands a small white doe brought out by the smells of fresh veggies and mead,
With a twitch, twitch of her nose and a flick of her ear she looks back to see her one surviving weed,
The children sit with new toys by the fire,
Playing and laughing and loving to all their desire,
They feast at the table asking for seconds and thirds and then Christmas pud,
They were making up for those who hadn't eaten if you would.

Outside the boughs swayed but do you really know what goes on in the tree tops,
A mother bird tries to fend for her chicks, but with the weather taking its toll she may as well stop,
And down in her burrow the little white doe tries desperately to save her weakening kits,
As children run about obliviously in warm hats and scarves and mits,
They cry out 'Come play',
For the poor man on the street; making his day,
But for the puppy without a home he cowered away,
From the balls of snow flying at his face; what more is there to say?

Down in the cottages they know not of lost,
They do not realise that this brilliant time of year came at a cost,
They think only of the memories they can make,
But never wonder how many the winter can take.

As the sky begins to darken; all the lights once again switch on,
The houses are filled with a bubbling laughter but they do not realise it is a con,
There is no need for street lamps this evening,
Though the darkness can be deceiving,
One wrong move and it is all over,
At this time of year you'd have to wish for a four leafed clover,
Because what with the snow and ice and dark chaos can quickly take place,
It is like life and death are having a very dangerous race.

Yet still they sit listening to Christmas stories and playing games,
Heating their frostbitten bodies by the flames,
But if they lean too far that is it: they are no longer chuckling and having fun,
And they never will be until fate had decide it were done,
The cat brushes against their legs and watches as they slam down their fist,
Same case with the badger who now disappears into the oncoming mist,
When the parents decide enough is enough and lead their children to their rooms,
In the distance a loud noise ricochets rings out and booms.

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But they do not question it and lay down to sleep,
If they had looked out the window they would have seen the river running crimson deep,
But they didn't even think twice as they closed their eyes,
Along with the starving pauper who knows that living beings all must die,
Just as then a late walker tells him he must move, all his pleas declined,
He has to leave his shelter, food and warmth behind,
After all this time the dog had set himself on his side, by the hunter rendered blind,
He had lost his pride and lost his life but most of all both had lost all hope and trust in mankind.

Down in the cottages they knew not of it,
They did not realise that not all made a profit,
And if given a chance they would never predict,
Of the daunting winters convict.