

# A WINTER'S TALE

by Dahni

© 2014, all rights reserved

Once upon a very long ago time  
and yes, this story is set in rhyme  
yes, far, far away a long time ago  
when there wasn't yet, the time of snow

Far, far from all the neighborhoods  
deep and dark in the conifer woods  
this is where this story first began to tell  
when there, a single drop of water fell

High atop the tallest tree  
it fell down upon, a bended knee  
and he awoke from, a long sound sleep  
to the sound of a muffled and pitiful weep

And there upon that hallowed place  
a single sobbing teardrop was found in grace

"Why are you crying little drop?

Why so sad my little sop?"

Oh please kind sir, I can speak  
and my state is very bleak  
I fell from way up in yonder sky  
I'm lost and lost my kin so high

**W**<sup>❄️</sup>e were traveling together, within the clouds  
my friends and family and all the raindrop crowds  
and I saw through the mist a sight I ne'er had seen  
and fell through a hole to the top of this ever, green  
and kept falling sir, you see  
until I landed upon your knee

**F**<sup>❄️</sup>ear not little friend and in faith, do not waiver  
you see, you have done, for me this favor  
I was asleep, but I slept too long  
and heard I not, the winter's song  
when wind swirls and dances in this place  
happy and ready, to bestow winter's grace

**B**<sup>❄️</sup>ut it waits for me to orchestrate  
and send it on, to make it truly great  
kissed with twists; swirls and curls  
blissed in the midst of twirls and whirls

**F**<sup>❄️</sup>or all things are not, without their reason  
and all things to their proper season  
and this stillness upon all the earth  
is a time of rest, but still with mirth

**T**<sup>❄️</sup>he sun she too, is on a much, needed holiday  
when it seems her light, is in a hideaway  
and days are shorter and nights so long  
it is, the winter's, solstice song

**A**<sup>❄️</sup>nd the wind  
I must send  
with a special dust to beckon sleep  
far and wide; high and deep

And with this music, you too I'll send  
and return you to, your kin my friend  
fear not my little friend, all is not lost  
You have my word, the word of Jack Frost

"But sir, how can I go, I've fallen from the sky  
and there is no river for me to flow and fly  
and how in all the raindrops, will I recognize my kin?"

But Jack just smiled, with a knowing grin.

And he kissed the little drop with an icy mist  
and the drop changed, turned white and began to twist

"No two shall ever be alike," said Jack

"With this frozen dust, I send you back  
and all your friends and kin will shout with glee  
and change like you, when they look upon thee

And Jack, with a flick of his wrist  
caused the drop to float and twist  
spreading thin, into crystalline ice  
fractal beauty, so unique and nice  
and sent along with him the wind  
and said,

"Now off to your kin I send!"

And the drop rose and danced and sparkled bright  
and thanked Jack, for his grace this night  
and the wind whirled and off they all went  
to all the world where the frost was sent

And if you are ever, on your own  
Know this, you are never alone  
Loving is living  
and living is for giving

And this is where, *A Winter's Tale* ends  
this gift I leave you with, dear friends  
For on that first early Winter's morn  
was when the snowflakes, first were born

This the story of my youth  
holds within it, a grain of truth  
to remind us that like each snowflake so mystique  
beautiful, unforgotten, and so loved we are, unique  
and God kissed the rain and wind  
and turned it white, his present to send  
that every eye may see and every heart may know  
the peace of stillness and the joy of snow

A handwritten signature in black ink. The word "Darius" is written in a cursive style, with a small heart symbol above the letter 'i'. Below the name are several large, sweeping, overlapping loops that form a decorative flourish.

The eve of Christmas Eve  
December 23, 2014