

A WINTER'S TALE

by Dahni

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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^{❄️}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^{❄️}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^{❄️}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^{❄️}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^{❄️}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^{❄️}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 'i'. Below the name are several large, overlapping loops and flourishes.

The eve of Christmas Eve
December 23, 2014