



Pause For Poetry:  
Michael Hawkes /53

## Description

## Winterlane

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

December 22, 2022

During previous winters,  
Regardless of the weather,  
A Red Cardinal would come  
And call the lane together  
To admire its vibrant color  
With a loud and chipper song.

Now, if you swear that I've imagined  
Such a feisty feathered splendor  
There is nothing but a memory  
To show that you are wrong.

There will be times along the lane  
Throughout the winters coming  
When memory will not linger  
And such phantoms will be gone.

Then you may remember  
Theses fables from an elder  
And wonder at the blank spots  
Where Cardinals belong.



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22/10/22 – Hawkes

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**Michael Hawkes** is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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