



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.



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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Date Created

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