

Sunrise

By Kristine Y. Snow

The Sun rises in the East
While, in the West,
She is still a figment
Of the Moon's imagination.

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The Chill

By Kristine Y. Snow

I travel out one gray, misty morning
The fog surrounding me
With its chilly tendrils,
Holding me close,
Tying me to the path I am on.
Suddenly I see the sun
Off in the distance
Breaking through the mist
Where it shines on a stand of white birch
Illuminating them.
They glow like a beacon in the night.
I travel on and finally the sun finds me
For just a brief moment.
Things become clearer, more distinct,
Before the sun disappears again
As suddenly as it arrived.

The sun did little to dispel
The chill of the morning
But it did much to warm the chill
Which surrounds my heart.

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