

WARMTH

Ah! A friendly glow of a fire in the hearth,
Coming in from the snow, having cleared the path.
A crackle of pine on the slow-burning oak;
An explosion of sparks and a thin wisp of smoke.
Like stars in the sky, the sparks hang at the back,
A small flame of blue flickers up from a crack.
The heat is intense from the well-seasoned logs.
I'm not close enough: "Out the way you two dogs!"
I kneel on the rug, push the logs together,
Fan with the bellows, creaking of old leather.
"Leave it alone, dear. It's been burning all day."
I know she's quite right but I just love to play.
I sink in my chair with a book on my knee
And wrap both my hands round a big mug of tea.
The dogs look at me; it's as if they can talk.
Brown eyes are pleading, "It is time for our walk."