



*(Photo: Cockspur-Haw, Open Prairie, North America)*

## To Winter

O time of winter so scarcely sung  
when streets are wet or cold  
when the snow has driven away the green  
and holds blossoms in their buds

you do not know -- time of winter -- the joy  
the sadness which comes with spring  
but plain and naked are your virtues  
and you have not more than you give

what makes us -- time of winter -- sigh  
when -- so rich -- the spring comes  
perhaps that we dread your departure  
or that you disguise your nakedness

many hearts feel more comfortable with  
your rain -- time of winter -- your wind  
you with your cold clear stars  
promise not more than you love

*Jan Hanlo*

*(tr. from the Dutch by Cliff Crego)*