

Bill Siverly

## Winter Light

The sinking sun  
sallows the trunks of Maricara's maples  
and shines the leaves of mahonia.

The forest indifferent to beauty,  
or any human perspective, still evolves,  
whether we survive or not.

Winter light is recognition:  
We sleepwalk into oblivion,  
but we will awaken.

We will be shaken to realize  
how in one lifetime we've greased the skids  
of our own demise.

Winter light now gains toward spring.  
Snowdrops break bud like white cupids.  
Indifferent nature seduces us again.