

Winter Ghazal

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Winter's the season when things start to leave.
The trees become bare, showing no more leaves.

Cold enters the air, we feel it inside us.
That is the warmth which is choosing to leave.

The air becomes dry, and skin becomes cracked.
We curl in our blankets. Through pages we leaf.

All of this due to the tilt of the Earth,
The sun, for more hours than it stays, it leaves.

The abandoning isn't just nature. Us too.
Think of the lakes and the pools we all leave.

You ought not affear, **though,** **as nothing** is gone.
All things, to return, at some point must leave.