

A LATE WINTER DAY

Patrick J. Simons 2026

A grim February day,
Leaden skies,
A heavy wet cold
That penetrates
Body and soul,
The world defined by
Dirty snow and slush,
Spring taunts from
Out beyond our reach,
Memories of sunny
Days fill the mind,
Images of long lost
People and places
Never to be revisited
Flood the senses,
Moments frozen in time,
Their haunting presence
Demanding recognition,
A sense of overwhelming
Loss made worse by
The dirty phase of winter,
Though it seems unlikely
On this grim day,
Spring will come again
As it always does,
But for the moment it
Is impossibly far away.