



# Mary Ann



CROSS a field winter holds,  
In quiet drifts hidden folds,  
Diamond dust in morning light –  
Deer at road's edge wonder might.

EARTH her family/long lasting friends,  
Sees past where the pathway bends –  
Candlelight dinners/infinite curious,  
Joyous caprice to burning serious.

I n the window more than flurries,  
Cupid's arrow in no hurry –  
Sees the world through Mother's eyes,  
Loves like autumn don't ask why.

A n hour late/near the border,  
In every chaos they say there's order –  
Patience needed to pay the cost,  
Find our treasures never lost.