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Jon Remmerde

I Shoveled

a path through new-fallen snow
to our backyard
cleared the feed ground,
scattered cracked corn
sunflower seeds,
winter wheat,
for birds.

Now I sit by my back window
watch
write.
Birds peck up seeds,
grateful for sustenance
in winter.

Birds fly to the feed ground.

God gives me
food for my thoughts.
power for my writing.

My thoughts come together.
Poems coalesce.

Birds eat seeds sown for this day
and fly to shelter from falling snow.

I write
overflow with reflected creativity.
Gratitude fills my pages.

I receive for this day
visions of birds
flying above snow
eating the food
I have given them.
I receive
a poem
creativity

Snow begins to fall again

I write another poem
slowly
as soft as falling snow
fills my mind
like seeds
to fill the day with warmth
with growth
with energy to live through
the five degree night
until sun shines again
in early morning.

I shovel new snow aside
put out seeds for the birds
of this new day.