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THE WILD PLACES

When all the screens bring agony and pain
And every news flash speaks greed and gain
And on every side is a screeching refrain
I flee to the wild places once again

Soft and silent lies the clean white snow
On the hovering branches and streams below
The muted sun glows behind the grey clouds
Blanketing the earth in a soothing shroud

For one sweet moment I feel respite
Sweet nature fills my eyes with light
The hooded trees my friends of old
Enfold me in their secret hold

Above me a chickadee flutters into view
And I am calmed and fed anew
So as the sun begins to wane
I flee to the wild places once again