

High Park

And now the birches bare their clean white bones
To frosty air;
And evergreens have bowed their burly shoulders
Under smoky epaulets.

Under the little silver bridge
The stream cuts through a narrow groove;
Green is the water ... greener still the ice
A jewel on the velvet of the hill.

Over the slopes the skiers go
Like flying birds against the snow.
Their shadows follow as they pass
Like phantom ships in phantom glass.

Twilight hovers;
Over all the snows
Flow coloured shadows,
Change, and turn, and tie from flame to violet;
A crisp small moon climbs briskly up the sky
To light the blue, and one determined star
Swings into space.

Softly the dark, on panther feet
Creeps in and out among the trees;
And idly homeward down the trail
Go silhouettes on ghostly skis.

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