

## **And winter came**

**There was a distant fanfare, of strong winds  
and car horns from frustrated commuters  
travelling in a world of perma-darkness,  
the twilight of the year had come.**

**The park, no longer swaddled in golden leaves  
transformed into a Lowry line drawing  
of boughs and trunks and twigs,  
silhouetted against an often-angry sky.**

**Yes, there were good days, when the sun rose  
but the mercury never bothered the scale,  
these were bracing moments of crunching walks  
and dogs that knew only frantic dashes,  
our wild wood, alive all year, no down time.**

**We commemorated, remembered then raised a glass,  
wassailing and celebrating a distant sun,  
the equinox begun with much merriment,  
an open fire and the lullaby of hope,  
all accompanied by a boiling pot of stew  
and the smiles of friends, old and new,  
already buds appear, the promise of new life  
as I stow my pen, for the closing of the year.**