

\* Poetry

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## "Cold Silence"

Along with the wind -  
Ants know Creations secrets  
They flow with nature's scent (God given)  
Desolation lays behind the traps  
Everything edible is utilized  
It's the heart of the designer  
Ants determination does not deter  
Even when the elements are bad.  
Within a Cold Silence they die  
And tumble among rustling leaves  
Still some traps survive  
Waiting for God's merciful warmth of Spring

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