**A WOMAN IN WINTER**

She walks the ditch, contented and alone,

sends up a flight of crows with every stone.

Beyond the ridge, beyond the frost-gripped fence,

the light pours down on lands of innocence.

A tree stands out against the winter snow,

a tree her mother planted years ago.

The sun flares up, and shines through bitter cold

on sudden flashing ornaments of gold.