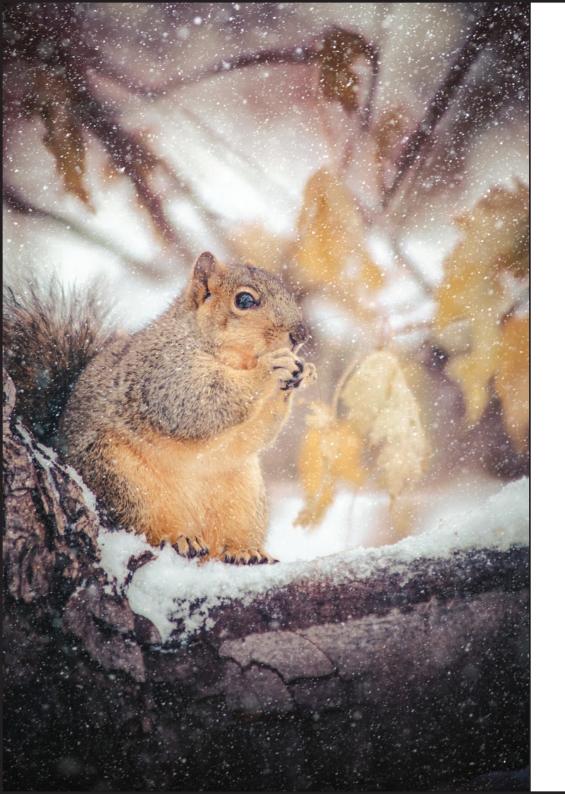
Winter Night

Blow, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There's a bedroom in a tree,
Where, snug as a snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

(Excerpt from the poem)

by Mary F Butts





## WINTER

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