

## WINTER DANCING

I shiver as I let him out.  
Fresh fallen snow lies on the ground.  
He pauses, then dispels all doubt,  
responding with a leap and bound.

He charges out upon the lawn  
where bursting flurries mark his run.  
Behind him winter trails are drawn  
to last until the snow is done.

It's cold; my teeth are chattering.  
My heavy coat's not warm enough.  
He's free with nothing mattering  
to spoil his dance in frozen fluff.

Of cold, I'll take a smattering,  
but him? He loves this frigid stuff.  
It's great to see him do his thing.  
My chance to dance will come next spring.

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