

A WINTER SECRET

The crisp leaves rattle in the trees
announcing that the seasons pass.
Late autumn colors are subdued
as first flakes fall on drying grass.

We walk and brave a colder breeze
whose power turns our breath to steam,
where winter's icy interlude
makes springtime seem a distant dream.

Yet they are full of eagerness
and agitate to go outside.
Resigned, inside my heart I know
their eagerness won't be denied.

I take the leash with cheerfulness
and tell this secret as we go:
Experience lets me confide
that every Scottie loves the snow.

by Lee Netzler