

Crash Test Dummies

"Sonnet 3"

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The cold is here, the woods are full of snow
The river with its crusted banks of ice
Bespeak of winter drownings long ago
The chest pressed tightly, as though in a vise

The birds have flown away to warmer climes
The mammals in their caves to hibernate
The summer seems a lost and gentle time
When grass grew up against the swinging gate

The children's cheeks have turned a rosy red
The wealthy are beside their fires, warm
And then there's he who is without a bed
In which to lay and ride the raging storm

And in the graveyard, cold old bones do lie
And far above, the stars light up the sky

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