

## Forest Whispering "Winterbird"

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Through the falling snow  
she gracefully flies.  
A sight not to be seen  
by awoken eyes.

Every time when asleep,  
I chase her through landscapes.  
I still can hear her wings clap  
and keep running even if awake.

There is no telling how I yearn  
to fly with this wintry bird.  
She would sit next to me  
and eat from my hand.  
Together we would glide  
through the desert land.

The arrival of spring I've always hated,  
you still live in my dreams.  
Where the flowers are forever faded,  
and winter never leaves.

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