

Winter Warmth

A spiral of smoke slowly rises
Inside the chalet is full of surprises
Warmth from the stove of radiant heat
Friendship flows with smiles that greet
Temperature discussed by those who are there
What type of wax? What should I wear?
The trails been groomed? Which should I take?
The storm has passed without getting a flake
So goes the chatter as the skis are prepared
Adjustment of gear some must be repaired
Hot drinks if desired from the young to the old
And such a good feeling coming in from the cold
An assortment of friends of race creed or colour
When you enter in you become sister or brother
Now I must confess a moment of truth
That I have discovered the fountain of youth.