

Winter Light

December, 2007

The cold has frosted all the trees, every limb and branch and twig dressed in crystal. Early morning moonlight outlines everything in silver, a ghostly luminescence. The sun begins to pour over the peaks, streaming through the silvered birches, gilding them with pinks and palest gold.



Almost before the dawn fades out, the lowering sun washes the trees with rose and deep gold, growing redder and more golden until the light fades away. The day is short, and I have spent all of it outside with the dogs and the light.

