

No Longer Cold

The wind blows cold across the field.

I raise my hands as though to shield

myself from what it brings...

the numbness, and the tear that stings.

It does no good to drop my head;

The chill will reach inside instead.

*I stand there, bowing to the wind,
wond'ring whether help you'll send.*

When suddenly, arms around me bind.

In sudden, loving warmth I find

myself... and looking up into your face,

No longer cold I find this place.