**For Sarah, on a Winter Morning**

Fredric Hildebrand

Sun low above the naked

aspens, the frozen river.

An eagle searches a sliver

of open water. Blue sky

pure and whole. New snow

a white light upon the ground.

Suddenly, Lenten church bells

over the icy land.

I turtle deeper into the collar

of my coat, try to forget

the suffering, waste and loss

in the world. Peace flows in.

This is a poem I will read to you.

No deaths or diagnoses, no

disappointments in love.

A moment of beauty,

everywhere around me.