

Threads of Time

Through the windowpane, the world is white,
A canvas of snow in the afternoon light.
Inside, warmth lingers, stories unfold,
Great-grandparents watching life retold.

Babies bundled, their first snow dance,
Wide eyes gazing in a spellbound trance.
Tiny hands reaching, their wonder so pure,
A moment of magic, a joy that endures.

Down the hill, a sled takes flight,
A shriek of surprise turns to pure delight.
Precious laughter, so wild and free,
And echoes of joy create a melody.

My children now grandparents, their love taking flight,
Guiding small hands again through the frosted white.
And their children's children, a legacy spun,
Generations playing under the winter's sun.

Tears trace paths down weathered cheeks,
As gratitude rises, the heart softly speaks:
How precious the chapters, the lives interlaced,
Each one a gift, none to be replaced.

Time moves onward, its rhythm unchanged,
Yet here I sit, thrice removed, rearranged.
Connected by threads of my family line,
Engaged in the beauty of moments that shine.

To witness, to wonder, to simply be,
A quiet part of this vast family tree.
Through every season, every new start,
I find myself home in the depths of my heart.

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