

## Sonnet 3 (The Cold Is Here)

Crash Test Dummies

The cold is here, the woods are full of snow  
The river with its crusted banks of ice  
Bespeak of winter drownings long ago  
The chest pressed tightly, as though in a vise

The birds have flown away to warmer climes  
The mammals in their caves to hibernate  
The summer seems a lost and gentle time  
When grass grew up against the swinging gate

The children's cheeks have turned a rosy red  
The wealthy are beside their fires, warm  
And then there's he who is without a bed  
In which to lay and ride the raging storm

And in the graveyard, cold old bones do lie  
And far above, the stars light up the sky