



Calendar of Poetry
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Tiny Snow Flowers

Snow-ladies

A Friendly Breeze

Clouds

The Sun is Back

Sunshine

Sky of Blue

Heat Wave

Rain

Autumn Foliage

Flurries

Deep Freeze

Tiny Snow-flowers

Snowflakes are waltzing in the sky like beads from Heaven!
We stood there, my daughter and I, marveling at these tiny,
Transparent carved jewels! Yes, for the first time we were
Able to closely observe their forms, which elicited cries
Of joy and wonder from us. We always thought that flurries
Were just shapeless, white, powdery substances swirling
In the air that settled on houses, trees, shrubs, cars,
Pedestrians' clothes, then, finally, on the ground; their
Structure is truly amazing and so diverse:
They look like crystal flowers standing out on the dark
Velvet background of our coats! Do we dare to hold them in
Our hands? As we attempt to follow their lacy contours with
An inquisitive finger, immediately melting, they disappear!
As if we were witnessing a scientific discovery,
We experienced a great enthusiasm... The unique
Production of the Divine Artisan is truly incomparable!



January

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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Snow-ladies

If you ever meet two snow-ladies laughing
And shivering, it's us, my daughter and me:
With our noses assuming the appearance of red carrots,
Our hats are sitting atop frosty heads, and
Our scarves are surrounding chilly faces...
Our gloves are covering frigid hands,
Unable to carry our heavy bags or to get
Our ID cards out for the bus! Yes, it's us!
Despite the endless layers of clothing, we are
Still frozen to the core: we tremble as we walk
Or while waiting at the bus stop!
We are so bundled up that people
Cannot help noticing. Cold is a mild word;
Freezing is more like it! We only start melting
Once we step into our home and steep in
The comforting warmth we need so much...



February

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A Friendly Breeze

A soft breeze is blowing today, animating
The warm and static atmosphere; dynamic
And invigorating, it pushes branches and leaves
To dance in the air; it also blows my scarf away,
And my hair flies into my eyes! I feel that I am
Walking faster, pushed by the breeze, energized
By its movement as if it were a magic fuel:
Soft, enchanting, comforting, caressing, propelling
Autumn's golden leaves into a harmonious tango
In which the wind and the trees participate.
The leaves whisper in the breeze, creating
A soft music to accompany their graceful ballet...



March

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Clouds

In a luminous sky of Wedgwood blue,
Clouds hang over houses and trees;
The dictionary calls them stratus or cumulus;
I call them cotton balls or cotton shreds.
Breaking the monotony of uninterrupted blue,
They add a peaceful dimension to its depth.
Their mountainous silhouettes shield the sun,
Gathering in one spot, scattering in the next,
Just as the most elaborate embroidery does.
They glide gracefully on the azure background,
Their lacy contours adorning the blue sky;
They resemble planes, animals, and sometimes ships.
At times dense and at others feathery, their aspect is
Both mysterious and enchanting; clouds are
Soft pillows for Angels as they pray;
They indicate the gateway to Dreamworld,
Where the gentleness of dreams flourishes
And a magical enchantment reigns.
I, too, dream of floating among the clouds!



April

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The Sun is Back

The Sun is back! Warming up the Earth,
Brightening the flowers and the trees,
Encouraging the soul, generating smiles,
Defrosting hearts and minds...

The Sun is back, and every object takes on
A new dimension: more visible, more evident,
Actually bathed in golden sunlight.
Now I can see shades and shadows;
Now I can see the world as a radiant
Entity, lit by a celestial glow, a special candle,
A river of light flowing over creatures and things,
A waterfall of sun rays cascading from the sky,
Chasing the darkness away...
Making the sea transparent, the leaves shinier,
The birds happier, people more dynamic,
Cars brighter, and buildings more obvious!
Is the Sun going to retreat again? Absolutely!
Otherwise, how could we differentiate
Between sunshine and darkness?



May

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
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Sunshine

Lighting up the landscape, the sun shines
In the garden, in the street; flowers and trees
Are bathed in sunlight; birds and butterflies
Celebrate the revival of spring; a blue sky is
A peaceful background for a blooming nature;
Green leaves and flowers alternate, creating
A colorful minuet pleasing to the eye,
Charming to the mind, and inspiring
A vivid imagination.
Nature is but one huge painting,
Where beauty, continuously,
Whispers, hums, and shivers.
A cool breeze surrounds this lovely scenery.
In my heart as well, a radiant sunshine sings
A glorious song of hope and achievement!



June

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Sky of Blue

A cloudless azure sky
Is hanging over my head.
A clear sky, lit by the sun,
As deep as the ocean.
It is also hanging over the trees,
Over the buildings on the hills;
My gaze reflects its clarity
As well as its ethereal quality.
Am I going to sink into that
Sky of blue, where, at night,
The moon and stars navigate
On imperceptible dark waves?
The celestial Dome is a mystifying
Space to which my soul gravitates
Up and down, between Earth and sky,
Pretending to be a bird or a butterfly...



July

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Heat Wave

Tense or irritable; the sun has this remarkable
Result on people: it is relaxing!

Sun rays have a cleansing effect on the psyche:

It helps you get rid of stress. After all, doctors

Know what they are talking about when they

Recommend walking. I find myself creating errands

So my problems would disperse along the way,

Like Tom Thumb, who scattered his bread

Crumbs along his path in the forest,

To avoid losing his way. Unlike him, I will never

Attempt to retrieve my problems, hoping they'll

Disappear, away from me, never to be found again.

I experience a peaceful feeling of calmness, serenity,

And soothing tranquility produced by the sun...



August

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Rain

A continuous stream keeps pouring from the sky;
The trees and vegetation are satiated: the earth
Is no longer parched, and leaves are no longer dry.
Nature is celebrating its constant rejuvenation;
It will be cleansed from every particle of dust;
The leaves will glisten once the sunshine is back;
The flowers, the plants get their share of moisture;
The pond is recharging its water content; cars are also
Getting a bonus wash: pure raindrops from Heaven!
The sky is grey; the sun has a leave of absence; one huge
Cloud seems to cover the earth, and tirelessly, relentlessly,
The raindrops keep falling down, drenching everything
In their passage: stones and buildings are washed; once
The sun starts shining again, everything will be bright and
Spotless! We should thank the rain for such a complete
Polishing project, although it is bad for books and shoes.



September

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Autumn Foliage

Leaves on the trees, leaves on the ground,
Leaves covering cars parked under the trees,
It's like perceiving Nature in Technicolor:

Amber and reddish-brown among the green!

The charmed gaze follows the rich colors of autumn,

Replacing summer's emerald veil: Nature adorned

With golden jewels smiling at me, eliciting joy and

Admiration before the artistic power of its Creator;

The uncomfortable warmth is gone:

The biting cold is not yet here.

A few weeks of delight before

The immaculate snow takes over...



October

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Flurries

Snow hasn't made up its mind yet:

It is not consistent but rather hesitant.

Like butterflies, flurries swirl in the cold air;

They waltz for a while before settling

On the ground and disappearing into thin air.

Their very survival is still in question:

Where is the thick carpet of snow covering the streets?

Where is the shiny white powder dusting the branches?

The silent, persistent, steady flow, piling up on buildings?

In the early stages of winter, snow hasn't materialized yet!

It's still in a state of non-existence!

Sometimes you see traces of snow on the sidewalk

Or slippery accumulations of ice, refusing annihilation

And insisting on making their presence a reality until

They become an overwhelming majority as the winter

Party of cold and snow establishes its absolute rule

Over people and things... I love snow, even if it turns

Me, unmistakably, into a snow woman!



November

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Deep Freeze

Snow-covered hill, snow-covered plants,
Snow-covered lawns and sidewalks!
My heart, my blood, and my tears are frozen!
But I know the secret for defrosting them!
My pen will melt the ice-trapped feelings and emotions;
Tears will flow freely like droplets of water in the sea;
Blood will start rushing anew through my arteries and veins;
My heart will start beating and pounding with every word,
Every sentence my pen traces on
The pages of this notebook,
Capturing a poem of Joy, Life, and Love, forever...
The blood will become ink...
The tears will become words...
The page will become a country...
Life will start taking shape,
Pushing Death away, far away...



December

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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