



## Earth's Yawn

*Greg Gilchrist*

In the middle of a wintry season,  
on a night when the air is still, I pause  
to listen to Mother earth rest with  
contentment as she sleeps in a restful  
blanket of layered winter's wind.

Her movements are faint, yet filled  
with bitter passages of her Northern Winds  
sending bellowing pockets of arctic breezes across  
the land. Her restful calm is a prelude to days  
of her insistent commotion of seasonal events. She  
has demanded respect with loud roars; regular  
posturing; sweltering heat and drenching periods of  
liquid sunshine, while her inhabitants tarry along  
unsuspecting of her next gesture of balancing  
the planet's unwavering elements.