

**Another Winter, Nothing Changes**

*On time and life passing under unchanging constellations.*

*David Bowie died 10/01/2016*

Winter beard, fades grey to white  
Fading eyes that watched lonely comets come and go  
Look towards Cassiopeia, one last time

Streetlit naked oak, fingers the passing shy clouds  
Cupping the glissando moon  
Sliding limb to limb, over glistening boughs

Another midwinter's night sky, marking time  
Arrogant Orion, rising again, never wavers  
Aldebaran's bull, ever checking the Hunter's pride

Sirius, brightest star, slips above the Henge's horizon  
Fixed in the still point of a turn  
The Pagan's solstice passes the moment on

Bowie's been gone ten short years long  
A pinup black star fell from the careless heavens  
And the planet tilts elliptic, spinning on and on

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**The World has turned to Winter**

Winter's blowing across the ocean  
We're heading for a long, deep freeze  
Agents of ICE raining down on mortals  
Preying on everybody's fears

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**Boxing Day Red Kites**

Lit by sunlight in an ink blue sky, they  
chose that moment as we climbed  
the iron age hillfort of Danebury Ring,  
struggling against slapping wind –  
to soar above us effortlessly:  
a majestic flaunting couple –  
rusty chested with fan-forked tails,  
dark-fingered wide wings spread.  
Gazing upwards we savoured  
magical seconds of jittering splendour  
in a vast, unreachable sky.

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**January Muntjac Sonata**

Strident barking roused me from sleep,  
lured me to the window in the early hours –  
to see you, majestic lord, there at the centre  
of the garden – your stage-balcony, lit  
by the supermoon from a cloudless sky –  
taut body, head tossed back, antlers piercing  
the air – to screech in splendour streams  
of silver breath – a new year message:  
Slice through barriers – chant your own song.

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**CALENDAR**

A Measure of all our Days,  
So we must spend it in different ways,  
It marks the days, and weeks which make a Month,  
There are 12 of these in a year.

Is it important, well yes you say,  
How would we know when to work and Play,  
The months are unequal,  
As we know 365 days in one year,  
Most months have 31 days,  
But there are only 30 days in June and September,  
Poor February only 28,  
A good thing too, let us hurtle towards Spring,  
When the good times Begin.

Spring is green and leafy,  
Full of warmer sunshine rays,  
And longer days,  
Sees new life and gentler ways.

Summer a brighter sun, less rain,  
When schools break up, and families play,  
They reimagine themselves on holidays.

Autumn a weaker golden mellow sun,  
Leaves on trees turn colour, Harvests are got in,  
There are new terms and new beginnings,  
So many possibilities to explore .

Winter is Cold, short grey days, and longer nights,  
When Christmas Celebrations cheer us,  
Families unite and friends drop in,  
Oh there it is another year gone by.

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## Months of the year

### January

A pristine page of unmarked snow,  
A world made quiet, hushed, and slow.  
The air is sharp, the old year done,  
The patient waiting has begun.  
A crystal start, a clean, cold sheet,  
Where dreams and future calendars meet.

### February

A month of waiting, lean and thin,  
Bone-cold without, and frost within.  
Yet in the woods, if you stand still,  
A stubborn, rooting, secret will  
Sends up one aconite, gold-bright,  
A fleck of green in fading light.

### March

The quarrel of the world is here:  
A day of sun, a week of fear  
When winds contend and skies are torn  
Between the winter and the thorn.  
But in the quarrel, hear the note,  
The first, clear, optimistic throat  
Of one small bird who stakes his claim  
And sings the fledgling season's name.

### April

The skeptic sun, the trusting rain,  
A partnership of green and pain.  
The daffodil in brazen yellow,  
The tentative and pale primrose fellow.  
The scent of soil, the mud, the birth,  
The reckless laughter of the earth.

### May

A sudden, uncontained delight,  
A green explosion, day and night.  
The world is drunk on its own growing,  
A frantic, fragrant, blooming, blowing.  
The air is thick with promise made,  
In dappled light and deepening shade.

### June

The pinnacle, the sun's high throne,  
A lush and lazy, full-blown zone.  
The roses ache, the bees are loud,  
The day is swaddled in a cloud  
Of clover-scent and cut-grass heat—  
A ripe and almost perfect beat.

### July

The month of gold, of dust, of haze,  
Of long, uncharted, burning days.  
The pond is warm, the book is read,  
A drowsy thought hangs overhead.  
The world is rich, and slow, and deep,  
A secret that the sun will keep.

### August

A subtle shift, a different light,  
A hint of shortening in the night.  
The bounty of the vine and tree  
Is heavy now, and almost free.  
A mellowing, a golden ache,  
Before the season starts to break.

### September

The scholar month, with thoughtful air,  
Takes inventory everywhere.  
A russet logic, crisp and clear,  
A summing up of all the year.  
The grapes are purple, fields are shorn,  
And gentle dusks are sooner born.

### October

A reckless, flaming, final word,  
The most exultant cry yet heard.  
The maple burns, the air is wine,  
A brief, magnificent design.  
A flare of glory, bright and brief,  
Before the settling of the leaf.

### November

The great reduction, earth laid bare,  
A stark and democratic air.  
The bones of trees, the granite hill,  
A world subdued and solemn, still.  
A month for memory and dust,  
For inward eye and solemn trust.

### December

The circle closes, dark and deep,  
While all the world is hushed in sleep.  
But in the heart, a spark, a light,  
Against the vast and silent night.  
A story told, a fire's glow,  
And kindness in the falling snow.