

Winter in Sarov

Brodie Anderson

The young ones playing in the snow,
Those tiny sleds, how fast they go.
The Russian furs that ladies wear,
Little children dressed with others care.

You cannot hear the falling snow,
But five o'clock, that rooster crows.
The pretty sleds that mothers pull,
With babies, food, they're always full.

Let someone take the snow first,
It's oh so cold but sweet for thirst.
The ladies by the crosses sing,
And high above the tower rings.

The hockey rink across the street,
For Sarov's honor they compete.
The footbridge covered up with snow,
Be careful now as you go.

So many skaters cruise the track,
The banya switches across the back,
Dark leather coats worn by the men,
An artist dream with paint and pen.

The sun so lazy in the sky,
It never rises very high,
But gives the sky a warming glow,
As winter comes to old Sarov.

Skis at the Deep Mountain slide,
While others cross the meadow glide,
Listen to the children sing,
Warmth that morning Kasha brings.