

Winter Meditations

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

For you Mother on your 83rd birthday

Lots of love,

From Dominic

Acknowledgement

Inspired by all of my favourite poets

About the author

I am a personal tutor and published poet.

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Magical Moonlight In Winter: (Sonnet)

Magical moonlight inspires poetry,
Music and art in strange, primeval ways.
It guides in transcribing the night's vast dreams.
It caresses with its soft, golden rays.
It reveals silvery secrets and signs
Of the stars. It also blesses the earth,
Wherever it radiates, glows or shines.
O it shows us what life is truly worth!
Magical moonlight teaches us to see
With clear, fresh eyes. It stirs the heart and mind.
It beautifies myriad prosaic scenes.
Reality's too much for humankind.
Henceforth, we require other subtle modes
Of Being. Winged joys soar above dark woes.

In Mid-Winter: (The Headland, Hartlepool, December 2025)

In mid-winter, the Headland is a haunted place:
Where spectral longings hover like wounded angels;
Where soft silence lies as deep as December snow;
Where loneliness hangs, and lingers, like icicles;
Where nothing happens that has not happened before;
Where crude, grey-black sea foam licks a pebbled shore;
Where feral gulls glide over frosted, granite cliffs;
Where straggled strands of green seaweed cling to rock pools;
Where encrusted, fearful limpets are tightly locked;
Where cracked, coloured shells are crammed with whispered secrets;
Where bitter winds blow and howl like mad, long-lost souls,;
Where macabre crabs scuttle over old fish bones;
Where life limps along, despite the town's Christmas throng;
Where there are no flashing lights or seasonal cheers;
Only slow echoes of ancient murmurs and moans;
Where mundane clouds drift in ever darkening skies;
Where pollution turns pure water to inky blue;
Where discarded plastic mocks frayed, once golden, sands;
Where summer's dreams are buried under cold, hard stones;
Where spectral longings hover like broken angels;
Where Time itself seems frozen. And yet, I perceive
Delicate forms foreshadowing spring's awakening,
As little flowers of sumptuous violet, white
And flesh pink gently stir in salty, withered earth.

Advent Is: (December, 2025)

Advent is a season for stillness and
Quiet discernment, when we understand
Deeply, the notion of active waiting
For Him. And then, our hearts can truly sing.
O He will come to us as ragged child,
And help us to bless, all things that are mild!
He will come to us, and like a flower
Arise from cold earth, with subtle power.

Advent is a sacred time when we find
Sanctuary, away from pressure signs,
And appreciate what life is truly
Worth; sharing our dreams with our families
And friends. It's a time when we gently bask
In the warm glow of firesides. When our tasks
Are over for the day, we can repose,
And consider winter's first, precious rose.

This Christmas Tree: (Late December, 2025)

This Christmas tree fills the Advent season With endless joy and merriment among Family members who gather, to spend Quality time together, as one voice. This Christmas tree, in all its glory, sends Out a message that world peace is a choice: From Ukraine, Sudan to the Middle East, Everyone should share in the common feast. This Christmas tree is a reference point Of hope in an epoch so out of joint. It abounds with tinsel dreams, dazzling lights; Colourful baubles, toy soldiers, angels Candy canes, reindeer, elves and snow white mice. It's rich novelty that lasts the ages. In figurative terms, it restores child- Like sight. It seems to warm icy nights, And punctuate life's poetic pages; It melts frozen hearts. As the wind rages Outside, it's satisfying to drink mulled wine By a log fire, and imbibe, the sweet scent Of pine needles. Magical things may lie, Under the tree, in the form of presents. Soon, they will be opened via keen eyes Of utter delight, wonder and surprise.

Christmas Eve: (December 2025)

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Christmas Eve is the bringer of good tidings.
It is when our hearts melt and Love consoles.
It is the emblem of many splendoured things:
It resides in Yule logs burning slowly on quaint firesides.
It is ancient ritual transmogrifying brash modern life.
It is the sound of sweet grace in carols & hymns.
It is the joy that lies dormant the rest of the year.
It is wondrous, winged imagination running riot.
It is enchanting things drifting in the crisp air.
It is delight in brightly coloured lights embellising wintry streets.
It is the dream- like scent of pine needles in spacious rooms.
It is trees liberally covered with dazzling decorations.
It flows in silvery tinsel & cards & stars & baubles.
It is stockings filled with oranges, coins & candy canes.
It is the mad dash to wrap precious presents.
It is the reading of winter poetry with friends & family.
It is the baking of mouth-watering mince pies in homely ovens.
It is the snow white wonder in children's eyes.
It is a library filled with light & silence.
It is a veritable cornucopia of TV offerings.
It is the rich taste of vintage, blood red wine.
It is imbibing tankards of real ale in comfy, rustic taberns.
It is the feel of sublime kisses under dark green miseltoe.
It is the December moon's magical, golden glow.
It glides with the sleigh of old Saint Nicholas.
It rattles like reindeer's hooves on rooftops.
It hovers with noble angels in frozen skies at midnight.
It contains the whispered words of divine providence.
It is found in miracles unfolding moment by moment.
It is the reciting of prayers by soft candlelight.
It is the anticipation of the gift of His birth.
It is when our hearts melt and Love consoles.

The Beauty Of Winter Light

In mid-winter, the light is seemingly dream- like.
Its red and rose pink hues beautify the landscape.
It transmogrifies snow into bright flakes of white.
And upon streams and rivers, its resplendent rays,
Punctuate rippling waves and accentuate azure
Blue aspects. Although the weather is cold and bleak,
It's comforting to know, that where the light is pure,
Hope springs eternal even across dismal streets.

New Year Prayer: (January 3rd , 2026)

The snow falls with a
supernatural slowness
over the village.

The old cobbled streets are cold
& crisp & silent.

News reports highlight foreign
wars, but here at least
there is a sense of stillness at
the edge of chaos.

The West may point its bony
fingers at the East,
but vain imperial schemes
are now the stuff of
yesteryear. Yet, lies still breed
all kinds of monsters.

Primed narratives of airbrushed
propaganda pour
out of our screens, yet many
don't seem to notice.

Look where the bombs fall; ancient
towns turn to rubble.

Blizzards seem to numb the mind
We need to forget
current troubles for a while,
at least, or go mad.

Soon a white world will emerge
to silence the noise
of rampant Modernity,
which pollutes life's
pure pools immeasurably.

We can then reflect;
reconsider our options.
in dream- like time: where

brittle boundaries dissolve.

As we warm our hands
by log fires, we all huddle
together and pray,
that Love can prosper again;
without distractions.

Notice the tender beauty
of a holly wreath
surrounded by contrasting
white crystals of ice.

Chiming church bells appear to
suggest that life still
has purpose on earth, despite
secular discourse,
which often sows seeds of doubt.

We cling to rituals
as they provide prized structures
and patterns in a
rootless age that is frightened
of its own shadow.

Streaming visions seep through cracks
in contrived designs.

We must keep moving forward
despite miasmal
mists of our 'out of joint' Time;
for they are fleeting.

We must keep playing soothing songs
that ease winter's gloom.

We must keep lighting candles,
in homes and chapels.

We need world peace this New Year.

The Church In Winter: (Sonnet)

The church in winter is sanctuary
For those who are often bereft of hope.
It lies behind gnarled, black, skeletal trees
And snow-laden ground. At the very close
Of day, its soft lights gently glow. It seems,
Although we suffer daily, we can be
Redeemed. It's not merely the stuff of dreams.
Prayers can work wonders. Indeed, it feels
Good to know that when winter hits us hard,
There are such places of warmth and love,
That hold us flawed beings in deep regard.
O We know true blessings come from above!
And like seeds, under snow, slowly stirring,
Our hearts and minds will always dream of spring.

Epiphany: (January 6th, 2026)

Although they did not know his name, they sought
Him in the bleak darkness of wintry night.
It defied all the wisdom they'd been taught,
Yet they were drawn to a mystical light.
With pilgrims' keen eyes, they transcribed the stars.
They followed the Light until they found Him.
They offered gold, frankincense and myrrh.
To the new born King of Kings without sin.
They wondered how such bright glory dwelt there.
In a humble stable on hallowed ground.
Yet through it all, He slept without a sound.
They realised their riches weren't so rare,
Not compared to divine innocence's grace.
That blessed night, they perceived heaven on earth.

Nordic Mountains: (January 10th, 2023)

As another winter day slowly awakens,
I am witness to the beauty of the mountains:
Embellished by hues of white and gold. Sunlight climbs
The shoulders of their peaks. It reveals their rich signs
And symbols, as ancient faces, stand tall and bold.
I see a masterpiece that stirs my heart and soul.
The whispering pines reach upwards towards the sky.
Their frosted dreams offer a glimpse of the sublime.

The Hunters In The Snow: (Inspired By Pieter Bruegel The Elder's Painting, 1565)

The hunters in the snow are returning
Home. They are very weary and in
Need of warmth, food and drink. They trudge along
With their black dogs having only caught one
Fox. All around them is a coat of white.
In the grey distance, mountains with Alpine
Like peaks penetrate the bleak, winter skies.
They're juxtaposed with a church and the rise
Of smoke from chimneys. The scene is dream- like.
Midground, the quaint village bursts into life.
On a frozen pond people are skating,
Curling and playing. Humanity brings
Meaning to Nature's bitter, yet scenic
Landscape. Simple joys defy suffering.

The Abbey In The Oakwood: (Inspired By Caspar David Friedrich's Painting, 1809-10)

The following scene may seem very bleak,
But it captures the human quest to dream:
Monks bury a coffin at a ruined
Gothic abbey. It signifies the end
Of mortal life. Yet, hope and faith remain
In the promise of heaven's hallowed ways.
The procession moves amidst ancient, gnarled
Oak trees which tower above it. Life's hard;
Yet there is a faint light that never dies,
Which some cling to, and it glows in their eyes.

The Road To Giverny In Winter: (Inspired by Claude Monet's Painting, 1885)

Claude Monet's picturesque village of Giverny
Is immortalised in his paintings. O he weaves
Such wonder and magic in a rose pink sunset,
with warm highlights, poking through winter's chilling threat!
The pathway is rendered in shades of blue and white.
Visible brushstrokes of brown and green emphasise
The fleeting nature of seasonal bushes, grass
And pine trees. Throughout the ages, this scene will last,
In the hearts and minds, of all who have the pleasure
To contemplate it. For it's a classic treasure.

I Await...

I await springtime,
and the spreading of fresh dreams,
over weathered earth.

Winter's malignant spell
has frozen life's flow.

I anticipate the hour
of the leveret
and the lamb on verdant hills;
when trees finally
flourish with vibrant flesh pink
and milk white blossoms.

In springtime, the light returns
and transmogrifies
things. Young lovers hold hands. They
walk through bright streets and
avenues, like dreamers, in
madrigal measure.

Even in old bones, the pith
is stirred; a deeper
purpose is then rekindled.

So, I await the
warm miracle, that starts to
stir under snow in
late winter, when the birds' sweet
singing is rare: the
slow, wondrous unfolding of
beauty within a
little, green bud in that primed
season of rebirth;
exemplified by Easter.

Night Rain

Night rain seems to possess surreal beauty.
The glow of car lights punctuate its presence.
In late December, on cold, bustling streets,
It captures winter's dark, eerie essence.
Even now, in January, it is
Relentless. Yet, each silvery drop holds
A certain odd splendour to those of us
With curious eyes. Night rain stirs the soul.

Musings About Mortality

The wren's fragile bones
rot in winter's frosted field.
Its heart was broken
by bitter storms and blizzards.
O life is marred by
the suffering of precious,
little things! Mercy,
Beauty and Grace are so rare
in a hostile world.
If only Love, and its soft
caresses, would heal
and unite scattered fragments
of Being in Time.
I still search for answers to
burning questions, that
seem like, a lifetime's labour.
The philosopher's
stone is buried underground.

Praised Be The Light

" And the darkness could not extinguish the Light." (The Gospel of John: Chapter 1)

Praised be the consoling light that protects:
the light of sanctuary from the darkest, unknown fear;
the light, that glows for those, who meditate in the midnight hour.

Blessed be the singing light that beautifies:
the light that fractures through figurative stained glass panes;
the light that punctuates the pure womb of blue; of sky and sea

Praised be the profound light that guides:
the light that inspires the genius of creators;
the light which is invisible to mortal vision.

Blessed be the warm light that unites:
the light of grace; of silent communion
the light which dissolves the boundaries between us.

Synesthesia: (Sonnet)

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I want to hear the singing of pure light
That soothes the lamentations of angels.
I want to see wild dreams of butterflies
That spread out across summer's greenest realms.
I want to taste fresh colours of April
And feel the fragility of rainbows,
When I'm reposed and my mind is still.
O I want to embrace the inner glow
Of visions and then guide the slow arrows
Of Time! I want to imbibe the fragrance
Of flowered Grace, so Being's seeds can grow.
And I want to know how vital gods dance
To create their miracles from chaos.
With that said, poetry's my joy and cross.

Sundazed & Snowblind: (Inspired by the Cocteau Twins)

Sundazed & snowblind,
in that eerie twilight hour,
I witnessed teeming visions
pouring from pure blue, inner skies.
The great lake of life was crystal clear.
The forests were verdant
and the wise oak trees were broad and tall.
Ribbed and veined,
their leaves were gold tinted.
And through it all,
the elfin rhymes were elegant:
music to my mortal ears.
Those enchanted things
would later inform my etchings.
Yet, I'm now filled with sadness
As I can no longer grasp, such ideals.

Pristine Designs...

Pristine designs hide reality's scars.
Some adore the sleek beauty of sports cars,
Gucci's contrived, customised luxuries,
Or anything that fuels their fantasies.
Some like to imbibe the microwaved air
Of malls and forget about mortal cares.
Some prefer to browse items online,
In the hope of finding, something sublime.
Some like to dine in fancy restaurants,
That are embellished by, fake plastic plants.
Whilst others, shop for fine Mulberry bags
In cathedrals of commerce. Yet nothing lasts,
In consumer driven societies;
Where everyone believes that they are free.
Many fear the shrieking of nothingness,
In a crude world, that has ceased to be blessed.
Still, fleeting dreams can be actualised,
If one has the money. And those who prize
The hollow idol's golden eyes are you
And I. Illusions often merge with truths.

The Woodland's Secrets At Night In Springtime

When at last, tender diurnal light dies
And distorted, spectral shadows lengthen,
Steadily, a profound stillness arrives
Cloaked in a velvet gown. Song birds settle
In meagre nests of twigs and thistledown.
And fresh flowers close their drowsy petals.
One can only hear lullabies of sound.
It's a time of sweet repose so subtle,
Where in the wild woodland nooks and crannies,
Minuscule, surreal creatures gently stir,
In leafy murmurs of spring's healing breeze.
O they dart between bush and conifer.
Under a harvest of stars! Certain owls
And bats take self-assured flight on noiseless,
Beating wings. They're softly nurtured and crowned
By mysterious, moon-lit caresses.

My spellbound pen is inclined to transcribe
The deeper beauty of this potent night;
And the secret realms where dreams are woven;
Which our ordinary senses suspend.

Childhood...(Inspired By Dylan Thomas)

Childhood is a time
when innocent eyes scan all
aspects of the world
and perceive its intrinsic beauty.

Childhood is a time
that moves us from plain, pebbled
shores to distant isles
of bliss. On vision's sailboats,
we drift across seas
of vast possibilities.

Childhood is a time
when miracles are woven
by shafts of dream- like
sunlight in the crib of spring.

Childhood is a time
of blue and green consciousness
of rivers, hills and fields
and lush, lucid lullabies.

Childhood is a time
when this life slowly unfolds
its myriad textures like
a lotus flower,
blessed with Eastern promises.

Childhood is a time
filled with wonder and oneness.
Contrived boundaries dissolve
in azure oceans of harmony.
Childhood was a time

when the stars shone like diamonds
in the evening skies.

Guardian angels kept us
snug in pillow'd sleep.

O childhood was a time of
soft summer breezes,
when we dwelt in the treehouse
of sweet enchantment!

Now it seems so far away.

O childhood was the
first flash of verdant Eden
before Time's darkening
and the Fall's bitter coming!
Childhood was a time
that stretched days and hours
into infinity. Yet
now all we know are limits.