

A Ride in Winter

Winter fell at last in mid-December, making even routine two-wheeled journeys daunting in fresh snowy lanes, but ever plucky we set off, as breeze-borne flurry blew softly, settled snugly, flake on flake. Cycling in we drew a breath and marvelled scenes of crisp wonderland. We paused awhile... feathers of ice frosted the briars to make diamonds that enriched our minds as I held you close when we rode this path untravelled, gifted to us on a blessed country mile.

