

Mysterious Tracks

By: Stephen Christensen

A winter's eve brought elfin tracks that fade into the icy fog.

The shape and size and shallow depth reveal the author is no dog.

Nor do they match the cat or bird, I know their traces all too well.

And rabbit with his cottontail, leaves a path that one can tell.

What sprite or spectre then composed the footprints in the snow?

December weaves a mystery, perhaps I'll never know.