



## *On Regina's Winter*

When in the morn' I feel the biting cold,  
Piercing the vertebrae of my backbone,  
I yearn to return to the tropic zone  
Where warmth and sunshine are treasured like gold.  
And when I consider myself very bold  
For making Regina my winter home,  
I feel stronger than Pope Pius of Rome  
When for his church he wins a divine soul.  
But surely my heart will with pleasure ring,  
For summer will soon be around the bend;  
And proudly walk like a stately king  
Will I, a host to this winter "friend".  
But why should I from such a cold place flee?  
Did not God intend it a rare beauty?

—LINCOLN MOHAN.