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Cover art: The Web

**Origami Poetry Project™**

*A Winter's Tale*

*David Dragone* © 2012

**EARLY SNOWFALL IN THE COUNTRY**

A muffling white confetti  
 Against the unlit sky  
 The country snow falls  
 Unspoiled  
 As if some tired stars  
 Are falling  
 To join me in my rest.  
 Many are on my face  
 As I get up to stretch

The limbs of trees  
 Too blanketed with snow  
 To join me.  
 It does not matter  
 The trees  
 Welcome the quiet quilt  
 Of sleep.  
 I must stay awake  
 To enjoy this wintry nest.

**WINTER POND**

Fishermen pick holes through frozen lakes.  
 Skaters sculpt hieroglyphs, drawing frosty lines  
 With skate blades shaving ice-spray  
 From ankles, knees, hips, legs, all angles  
 And whirling arms too.  
 Their whole bodies blur in fog breaths  
 Reflected glides over crystal ponds  
 Mirroring their feet at the carving edge  
 Of sky and water.

Flight or drowning  
 Gambles on uncertain ice  
 And cold wind that softens no fall  
 But brushes white snow silence  
 Over the pond center's brittle.  
 Men tramp back from fishing  
 Hauling in their catch  
 Each line growing heavy  
 Batted with unspoken fears of cracking ice.  
 Fish flop around in buckets  
 Braving as much as they can  
 Back into the center  
 Of their cold brave eyes.

**WINTER SCENE AFTER THE ICE STORM**

Winter winds moved lean branches  
 Into cold clacks above backstreets  
 After the ice storm left frozen sheaths  
 Around their fingers.  
 Wind-broken  
 Branches fell and shattered  
 As sunlight angled prism-rainbows  
 Into blazing.  
 A few stubborn oak leaves  
 Blushed themselves dry and shivered  
 As they fell through the chill  
 Pinched from glassy stems.  
 You watched it all, and you watched too  
 After sunset, as wind shaved the wave tops  
 Into misty trimmings where silvered moonlight  
 Coined its silver. You saw how the sea  
 Could be on fire, and how the trees  
 Branch to branch, nerve to brittle nerve  
 Took the cold night-wind, long stripped  
 Of its leafy fall whispers  
 As winter rubbed its skin over brittle tree bones  
 Coldly clinking crystal.