

Sunset, Four Thirty
Brittle winds
shatter against skin.
Pale sun relinquishes
late day light to night.
Bones tell the mind, living
will be harder now,
these months will endure
as if forever.

The Way Snow Drifts
in feathered ferns
unfurling
along the fieldstone wall
hover above
clouds suspended
in limbs of tall birches
along the wind at our backs
ghosting over
our footfalls.

Constellation
Winter winds stir
whorls of white
constellations in the streetlight.
inside, warmth, white wine.
Four women, our lives
expanding and contracting;
bright stars touching
as if light-years
were nothing.

After the Storm
We emerge, blinking. Sunlight
unleashes color's spectrum
from a canvas of white.
The Golden twirls with glee,
breaks into runs and tumbles –
explosions of snow!
The Shelite, chest deep in drifts,
throws his head back, barks thanks
to the sky.

Christmas Eve, The Hill

How the tall fir feathers the sky.

The trees wait
barely breathing
fragile bones trembling.

That blue could be this pale.

Acknowledgement

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Postcards From The Solstice



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