

hoar frost

cold brings clarity
and purpose
frost calls for hushed tones
exempting the birds
who sing like church bells
calling us to prayer

cold makes visible
the invisible
my breath
beckoning me forward
footprints etched
in the frost behind

all of life
in sharp focus
icy needles protruding
from every blade of grass
leaves adorned
with diamonds
ice crunching
underfoot

it's as though
time stopped
ice staking its claim
on every living thing

except under trees
where the land
remains untouched
even the flimsiest of cover
affords shelter
from the creeping cold

if we were kind
and wise like trees
what thaws might we unleash
imagine the power
of a stranger's smile
the touch of a hand
warm on weary skin