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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.