

JANUARY 1, 2018

With the snow comes the sudden flush
of sumac and winterberry,
the last of the rosehips a memorial
to summer's extravagant bloom.

With the cold come the ice feathers,
slowly fusing the lake shut,
under the sharp sting of stars,
through a lace of winter trees.

Our world, not so much transformed,
as remembered. Held in place.
Displayed. Creek ice the colour
of smoke, because the water has frozen
while it was still on the move.