

Emptiness of Snow

White blur through trees framing gelid air
an eerie stillness that belies the truth of what
will happen next

Slick snow clings to, covers the soil's cold cheek.
And what of clinging when desire becomes
a thick brown unguent

When we get attached to whether the snow
will fall all day, to who we are or
who we aren't

Look! It's turned to rain; murky slush now coats
blemished roads; nude branches jut into drab mist
inconstant nature sighs.