

It Is During That Season

It is during that season
when a bottle of water left in the car
is frozen solid by morning.
You and I take a walk in the forest
heavy with white crystals
gathered overnight.
No human has yet left
a footprint. We cannot
walk hand in hand, but mitten
mates well with glove as we listen
to the sounds made by frogs
hibernating beneath the ice,
birds absent for the winter,
of snow drifting from tree branch
to ground in a gentle dusting:
the perfect music
to accompany our thoughts.

Steve Bloom
December 2005