

Razzle Dazzle

We have slipped
into the depth of winter,
marked by the increased pressure
from a Northern influence.

The last storm,
an all day affair,
left the exposed faces
encrusted with snow.
Sometime only on one side,
sometimes covering the entire crown.
Each blade, each twig, each curled leaf,
all a razzle dazzle
in the late morning after sun.

Diamonds: a poor metaphor
in light of such beauty.

There's a faint warmth in a leeward pocket;
its air preciously still and brittle
with only the chickadee and creek
to voice reassuring continuance
between events and seasons.

A winter robin startles him
from his reverie and sets him
to wondering why he stayed
when so many of his kind
headed south for warmer climes.

Looking around, he smiles.
Breathing deeply, he knows.

