# Ice storm

Do you not wonder

what the squirrels do

when the world is covered with glass?

The only thing I can see

that is not covered with glass

is the chimneys which breathe out

steam and smoke

up and down the street

smart sentinels of the warmth within

proud of their defiance

every twig, branch, tree trunk

is coated in a transparency

clear and bumpy

but smooth to the touch

my feet make a crackling crunch

as I shuffle in danger

down to my car,

itself a vision in sparkling transformation

branches have escaped their moorings

thrown themselves violently against the ground

the signs of their wooden trauma

spiking the air without mercy

but the air is hard

cannot care for the moods of sticks

dry and angry as it is

soon though

the ice is dripping it’s death

long spears melting from the bottom up

releasing possessive hold

on the forms of our lives

there is no wind, no movement

save the surrender

of the liberated

to gravity

a single dove

perches with cold feet

on the hydro line

my friend