**Winter of Self**

*March 1, 2014*

Birch. Spruce. Aspen.

All Lye.

In Quiet White Repose.

Frozen.

Fast In Their Winter Sleep.

So I May Too Slumber.

To Conscious World Demur.

Suspended. Inert. Immured.

One May Suppose.

As Cold. Hoary North Winds Breath Blows. Snow Fall Deep.

Of Life So Too.

So Wrap My Soul.

With Frost Blanket.

Ice Sheet.

Of Perchance. Never. No.

December Equinox. Shadows Deep.

As Though.

My Ice Bound River Of Self.

Be Jammed.

Blocked. Locked.

Ne'er To Flow.

In Grip Of Dark Trail What Ne'er For Now Will Know.

But Bitter Gelid Blanca Prison.

So Captured. Fell.

Below. Dreaded Spell.

Of Fifty Plus Below.

Bright Fowl Of Mind And Heart.

Long Gone South.

Long Flown Away.

Sun Of My Hope Bare Breaks.

But Nightfall Starts.

Naught But Most Meager Rays.