

Winter

by Ronda Angel

Icicles hang off the fence,
like the edge of a lace
tablecloth. The snow,
a hand-knit blanket,
covers the ground.
Snowflakes have free reign
in the air as they twirl
and swirl and loop over cars,
mailboxes, woolen hats,
clapping mittens.
The wind, crisp and sharp,
comes and goes like an
uncertain guest, hoping
to be invited in. Gray sky,
a bulky sweater of moisture,
turns darker as night
creeps over the fairy-white branches.

