

A photograph of a stream with fallen tree branches in a wooded area. The water is brown and reflects the surrounding trees. The branches are bare and tangled, some leaning over the water. The background is a dense forest of bare trees, suggesting a winter or late autumn setting.

...january 16, 2011...

**call me from my winter heart  
my bones are steel  
my blood is ice  
and avenues of cloud and snow  
crystallize my eyes in frost –**

**the day – the hour – i do not know  
the where of who  
or what of when  
that freezes skin and lines my face  
in icicle rememberings –**

**almost – i sense a hidden i  
frozen ice beneath the snow –  
waiting –  
like a chrysalis  
that wraps some future butterfly.**

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