



...february 23, 2019...

**my breath is frosted to a sun
that has no warmth for offerings
absorbed into this cold forever
like the wastelands of dream –**

**no other where or when intrudes
into the stretching snow and still
until – a sudden chickadee –
dashes past and vanishes –**

**as i watch it disappear
hope glimmers like an unborn seed
with frozen vastness nourishing
the waiting wizardry of spring.**

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