**Frozen Gifts**

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Late October moonlight exposes
Graffiti by Jack Frost
Spider webs of white on fallen leaves
Sparkling renditions of constellations

Thin sheet of ice across a puddle
Faintly criss-crossed by Art Deco lines
Tapped delicately by the toe of a boot
Fractures into miniature ice flows

The edges of a hollow left by an absent stone
Where geometric bars of white have started to form
A crunchy cluster of frost crystals
Weaving a circle around a crater

Sleet-glazed branches blaze
Prisms splintering the morning light
Please wind, play your music gently
On these stiff and fragile chimes

Fingerling icicles shine delicately
Young and fresh, they taste of fantasy
But mature, they are elephant legs
Threatening to drop thick poundage
Sudden thaw sends icebergs slipping
   Down the metal roof onto the steps
   Blocked front door foreshadowing
   Larger pile-ups beside the river

A once smooth snowbank is now black crusted
         Jagged, eroding crystals
         Melting into damp spring
         The skeleton of winter bowing out

         The run-off has frozen
         Little wavelets now lie still
         Shining across the road
         A shame to mar their surface with sand