

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