

# Winter Dies

*N. Andrew Spackman*

The full third moon of passing  
winter rears up  
against an x-ray white orchard.  
There are tree skeletons.  
And puddles like black eye sockets.

My naked feet sink in snow.  
They break through  
the crust like a skull.  
Underneath, mud swallows my toes.  
Bruised eyes open where I step.