

On a Morning After New Snow and a Winter of Healing Inside

Emma Lou Thayne

Out there in the yard
winter drips silver
and bombardiers through branches its excesses
of yesterday. White.

White mounding and leveling, puffing up
on rocks and seats and sills, fluffing edgeless
Over walks

To take on the sun that shimmers it to
attention, my attention cutting it through
With skis turning it to wands that track
my flight as I track that bird there
In the animate silence of breathing

White.

White is right for veiling what
is vibrant as it is unseen.

And ripe.
Hibernation or migration would skip this dance
with white. How pale to sleep or wake to only
gold or green.