

ICE FAIRIES

Ice coats everything.
Road, tree, weed, twig
bend under the load.
They all sparkle with unearthly beauty,
a treacherous fairy land,
seductive and strange
and slick underfoot.
So enchanted by the sight above,
I slip on the unseen below
and fall hard,
remembering too late
the mischievous humor of fairies.
I hear their laughter
in the tiny crackling
of windblown, ice-covered branches.

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