

Winter Sonnet

The silver hush of snowy winter eve
When snow and ice have halted all that moves
We huddle round the crackling iron stove
Between bouts of shoveling , to relieve

Our numb fingers and our frozen toes.
We shovel so that we can go somewhere
And return, despite the sleety air,
Through last light, before moonlight glows,

Ghosting shrubs. The boney fingered trees
Haunt the drive and sketch the landscape weird.
The monster plow scrapes down and up, third-gear'd
Against the steep. And now escape is eased.

Brochures of balmy trees and beaches beckon.
We might make it to the airport now, I reckon.