

Winter

Winter –

*where life ebbs into death,
sinking down as the days shorten.*

*I die to my covering foliage,
now decaying and outgrown.*

The clear, stark outlines of my actual form are revealed.

*In the meeting of this stark reality
with the crisp clarity of light
and the startlingly cold air,
breath ignites the passion
out of which*

Spring may be born.

Nefra Canning