

Winter Leaves

Winter air is thin
and sharp, ground hard
as cement. Sky
clarifies, domain
of crystalline blue
swallowing sphere
of Earth. Clouds
appear as wispy
versions of
their summer selves,
clinging to ceiling
like cobwebs. Trees
turn ears to legends
echoing in rings.
Blood conserved
for warm arms of spring,
coats change from
green to gold to
desiccated brown.
Thoughts grow clear
as the sharp, thin air.
Breathing is pain,
needled lungs yowling
that there is a time
to flourish, a time
to leave.
Leave: it's what
we all must do.