

## *February Thaw*

I can feel it as soon as I stir.  
Inside this iced dome  
there is more space, somehow.

Creek water slides under puffed white tams,  
the crows are noisy consultants,  
a willow holds gold against the sky  
and burgundy spikes from the marshes.

The trees clench their buds  
nothing relaxes.  
It is too early for promise.

Still, I listen for the run of melting,  
and the light lingers longer this day.

And now when the freezing reseals  
I will remember.

