

Elm in Winter

Your glass arms lifted
into blue sky,
steady, frozen,
you stand in the drift,
knee deep,
closed eyes
sleep in your bark,
children's boots paw and trample
round your ragged stem,
hanging vibram traces on you,
gnawing your darkness,

and ask your heart
to pump, your fingers
to ring in the wind,
for dark voices from your still cracks:
that winter remain forever,
the moon fall down,
snowmen dance in the sun
and you,
flickering bouquets of glaze,
gather their laughter,
to unfold this icy place.

—*Liliane Welch*