

Spring, Night, Ice Storm

Every few minutes a groan fills the street
And another great branch crashes to the ground
With the sound of a thousand windows breaking,
Dragged by the weight of its crystal skin.
This is life made brittle by unbearable beauty.

Tomorrow morning we'll walk among fallen trees,
But the wind will be warm again. Overhead,
The survivors will be shivering themselves free
And thaw will be indistinguishable from rain.

Puddles will mirror a million fallen buds
As if to say: all these attempts were vain.