

Piancavallo, Italy
Barcis

13 December 1998
Frozen stars

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Winter sky like a gray gloved hand
cradles a single crow in flight,
bobbing like a torn kite
on waves of the wind.

Trees tall and naked above
the frozen pale ground
die in frosted silence.

Breaths suspended like glass.
Tiny icicles forming and
disappearing all at once.
Unseen.

Childish fingers. Red and raw.
Wrapped around a splendid
ball of white. A small
piece of it all.

And it all melts away
beneath the weak sun.
Leaving the ache of cut
skin in bitter cold.

(Midnight on the bridge over Barcis. Oh, starry...)