

HOLDING ONTO WINTER

Jacie Ragan

This evening when the ice is in the eaves
and barbed wire fences glint with toothy smiles,
when only oaks are left still holding leaves,
and mice and rabbits sleep in brushy piles
of fallen limbs, when air is crisp and chill,
then ugliness is covered by the snow,
the silent song of moonlight swells until
you'd like to freeze and keep this bright tableau.

But fences sag, and moonlight fades away,
branches fall to earth, and leaves descend,
snowdrifts melt, while mice and rabbits stray
or make a meal for hawks, and oak trees bend.
The still of evening cracks at break of day.
All beauty disappears, all seasons end.

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