

Sun on Hoarfrost

In this short season
between the lively water
and the petrification of the winter's ice
the ghosts of summer

Creep from the dark of the night-frosted bay
and rising
slip up the hill

And gather in their close embrace
every weed, each fence wire, the posts, grass stalks,
tree trunks, leaves- fallen and hanging-
rocks, twigs, and pods

Possessing each
with a crystal coat that glistens
palely in the newborn light

Until, ephemeral, these errant spirits
dissolve into the mists
of memories
of summer dews

Elizabeth Steen
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