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Winter's Sorcery

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Winter's Sorcery

Teri Lavelle

The coven of trees,
Blizzard-ambushed and fragmented,
Puncture
Layer-caked sky.
Snow bent,
Rain dragged,
Ice bound
The deciduous have come undone from the cold.

Up,
Beyond arthritic spindles
the leaves,
now withered locks
of spring
are torn from crone fingers
and tumble
like cackle-wheezing cankers
inky and churlish
onto winter's stony shroud
Relics of summer lush.

Just now,
A cloudy yoke of sun,
Ripped out
from the tangle of undergrowth,
flickers
in the wrath of air
that explodes above the white-blind field.