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Beneath The Frozen Shroud

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Beneath The Frozen Shroud Michael McInerney

A wasteland is waiting.
In an otherworldly silence,
The graveyard weeps
Its crystalline winter tears.

Life is but a memory here:
Like a newborn thrust
Into an empty, ageless sleep
That time has long ago forgotten.

Lifetimes and civilizations end
But Mother Earth's still churning.
Her lips kiss the timeless tundra.

If a star were to fall to Earth,
Would anybody find it
Beneath the frozen shroud?

When Creeks Run Again

Bridget Kingston

It is utterly unironic that snow damped the April
ground. You died, even as hope licked our skin
and sunlight offered its promise of a ripe tomorrow.

I knew this day was coming. I knew
it when I emerged from my pillowy down to find
other sunlight, shepherding tufts of snow
down to mock the budding trees.

There's a certain weight as the air works its way up
from frozen to thawed. April is the pregnant
pause before an exhale. Which is why it's not shocking,

it's not shocking at all
that I woke up to find your hollow
body abandoned
in my chest. I knew the risk
of the cold coming into re-
arrange the light, but with birth
comes death. I'll bury you when
ice thaws, when
 snow softens, when
 creeks run again with crystal spring water.