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## When Creeks Run Again

Bridget Kingston  
*College of DuPage*

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## Beneath The Frozen Shroud

Shannon Creeks Run

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.