

Frostscene

In this stillness
One expects the eye to move.

So much here is hard and cold,
Wrought/ untold between
us.

If we could touch
That this silver- silence could thaw,
Straight out to the tips of our
Fingers, that this branch
Could bear its spring of sap,
Unexpected, liquid in
intent.

If we could speak
That our words could break
As flowers from stone declared,
That quickened sense
Impulsed in light . . .

But in this stillness
One expects the eye to move.

So much here is hard and cold,
Wrought/ untold between
us.

David Jaffin