

## **Crow on a Fence**

*David Blackey*

It's as if all the ice  
from Time's beginning  
swept through the valley overnight,  
clenching bare trees  
with crystalline fists.

The furnace moans  
to keep my cabin above zero.  
The fireplace struggles to yield  
a six foot penumbra  
of one-sided warmth.  
Six layers of wool  
don't help a damn.  
I reach for a bottle of Solace.

Scratching frost from a pane,  
I spy a crow frozen on the rail fence,  
its face a startled rictus.  
The woodpile shivers.  
The winds yowl.  
I retreat toward the flame.

Soon I give up  
to cold power  
stepping outside  
to embrace icefog,  
thankful for my sable hat  
and ZZ Top beard.