

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.