

## Winter Leaves

Winter air is thin  
    and sharp, ground hard  
as cement. Sky  
    clarifies, domain  
of crystalline blue  
    swallowing sphere  
of Earth. Clouds  
    appear as wispy  
versions of  
    their summer selves,  
clinging to ceiling  
    like cobwebs. Trees  
turn ears to legends  
    echoing in rings.  
Blood conserved  
    for warm arms of spring,  
coats change from  
    green to gold to  
desiccated brown.  
    Thoughts grow clear  
as the sharp, thin air.  
    Breathing is pain,  
needled lungs yowling  
    that there is a time  
to flourish, a time  
    to leave.  
Leave: it's what  
    we all must do.