

Winter, Still

Amanda Skinner

A fat, grey squirrel hangs upside-down on the bird feeder
– a brave one dangling above the two-inch crust of ice on three feet of snow.

Inside, a tiny brown mouse dies of shock next to a spider carcass
with spotted orange legs bunched up to its body on the tile floor.

The madness and darkness of winter despair is all
but gone; around the air, snowflakes leak from a heavy sky pregnant, still.

Something has opened and the earth, tilted & turned toward the light,
tastes sweeter. Flakes leak out through the chromatic air, dancing.

Last week there was no air. Snow flew, driving, strafing through branch, window,
bone. The light breaks now, the glare reveals broken limbs –

splintered, and yet, among death, we survived through this elsewhere in part
unseen. And again, snow breaks once more through the night.