

The End

of winter—a greenhouse of shadows
—sap in the tapping bucket

runny gold, then froze white,
thin skin of it

ground in your palm
—air under shore ice

whizzed ermine brown, bubbles balter
slatey with cold

—ground gone steel
where leaves clung

—under the maple
bluebell green,

dead mustard weed,
each root end

a gloss on darkness
—lacuna of shadow,

salt lines foam
then wrest down river,

nubivagant, reflected
—roof melt in the pipe

run to the shore, once froze sheer
where leaves embank

now run gold, shadow of green,
lacuna of shadow—of winter, the end