

Hoarfrost

Frozen sigh of the earth, white.
Icy lace, crafted by snow sprites.
The gift of freezing fog paints our world.

Needling branches, prickling pods, lancing dried berries.
White rime gilds fences, as if touched by fairies.
Proof that the ground breathes, even in winter.

An odd name for something so beautiful, so rare.
Clinging. A beard of ice-crystallized hair.
Spiky lattice more precious than snowflakes.

Shy of sun's light, but one last act:
Frigid bristles shimmer down upon our path.
Glittering, rustling, fading.

© 2010 Jill Spealman