

## Winter Garden

At the window I open my face to the mid-winter sun  
The screen pulses a white starving waif  
My fingers type the words that fill the air with weight  
Thoughts dance into the cold pellets of rain  
Across the river, my beloved cuts open a bleeding orange  
On the Mississippi, dogs and skiers move with a heart-wrenching grace

The river is half frozen half open  
Under the ice the fish roam with the spirits of raven  
Ariel cries his heart out for his lost I-phone  
I'm ordered to take Vitamin D to heal a twelve-year old keiloid  
All the good things can tip over to toxin and venom  
The necessary evils to fight our hidden demon

You call from the frozen ground of zero  
Across the bend I watch the rivers meet and curve  
Our paths criss and cross  
Which spark has ignited the fire of the universe?  
But who would know  
The currents under the icy mirror  
Follow their own course of blessing and curse

Who said memory has no soul?  
See how it extends its roots, bone to bone  
flesh to flesh, even when the tree  
Is sunken into the snow? In the tepee  
Of white pines we unleash our wings  
A silent vow flies to the call of a woodpecker  
No more wandering, a lotus under the ice  
In the river of the great mid-west