

Snow Falling on Spruce Head

I walked yesterday in dusk's twirling snow
Dropping on brown ice and plant skeletons
From our icebound cove to the post office
With only TV screens revealing life.

The mail had already left for the day
So there was no need to be out alone
Other than my compulsion to be sure
That my valentines were en route to friends

And my inner child wanting to immerse
Every part of me in nature's largesse
When ice, not people, presented danger
And even the chickadees were absent.

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