

# Stand

Did I mention the snow?

This time of year it can fall for days  
piling up on the roof, the aluminum lawn furniture,  
the young fawns in the meadow;  
on everything that dares make a stand:  
white weight on the limbs  
of pine, of aspen, of little brown  
girls in tawny dresses with leggings  
beneath, feet deep as roots. This year  
the temperatures fall well below  
zero, and even the skin of the aspen  
freezes. Brown limbs, white  
limbs, strip sometimes from their spiraled  
bodies, fall into the drifts, forgotten  
even when the season recedes, forgotten  
until another stand is made, another rising, another  
copse of brown limbs feels the white  
weight and fights once again to survive.