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.