

Winter Visionary / Kimberly Kay Yeager

Within the embrace of this druid-haunted shrine,
beneath this drooping ceiling of woolen sky, clutched
by gnarled fingers of stained skeletal wood,
I dream Winter.
Captured,
pure, intricate snowflakes,
breathed warm, dissolve
into minuscule crystal droplets.
They glimmer with the rainbow images
of all my yesterdays
and the elusive liquid shadows
of all my tomorrows.