

Fire and Frost

Kathleen Cerveny

Jack Frost rimes the windows with his glaze.
I scrape a portal clear within one pane.
The maple sets its fiery crown ablaze.

My book of spells falls open to the page
for summoning of passions that have waned.
Jack Frost blooms your name in feathered glaze

across the pane. Now, quivered maple waves
its fiery wands above the rutted lane.
The window's stained with maple's fractured blaze.

In scarlet tinted dreams I search for ways
to see beyond tomorrow, past the pane
that blooms again with Jack Frost's feathered glaze.

The rutted lane that carried you away
puts on a coat of dying coals—remains
of maple's crown, its dying blaze.

Each day I scrape the window clear and gaze
out to the lane that carried you away.
Each night my window's rimed and newly glazed.
The maple's crown has lost its fiery blaze.