by dark the frost began to crisp its strangle on
the boughs and fences

morning
every twig is bright

refuses any explanation for its shine

a reason why the limbs' disease should disappear
encased in ice

last night
the light stopped inches from
your face

one beam was incomplete
and lack was all
it took to see this fracture
as a need for light

pressed close enough to know each fiber of its shape
played out this dawn across the thawing stretch of vein

the tumble on beneath
the slap of droplets at
each branch that aches to chime
along the eastbound path