

Winter White

Snow becomes the glue
that binds the earth to our lives.
Forest becomes a collection
of brides wrapped in white.
Formal gowns, sleeves full length
down the arms, a white expanse
of pleats shimmer all the way to the floor.
Deep veils rustle in the highest tree forks
between chin and shoulder.
Forest canopy forms a sweep of hair
balanced above the ceremony.
Pines lose their green to the cling of white,
low limbs flowing into a full-length gown.
Music of the wind rises,
every bride frozen in place.
No one wants to melt into wet tears.

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