

## SNOW

The irony is:  
I am a prophet.

I see  
my foot step over yours,  
toes coming,  
heels going.  
The white snow  
crisp with prints  
is all we have  
to show,  
to keep track.

I know  
the glimmering girl  
will die first,  
lose her ice scales,  
shed her skin,  
shine new,  
blue glowing.  
And you will come  
silver, shining,  
looking,  
to see  
a pale reptile  
sleeping on a rock.

The shore sand blank  
is all we have.  
Our footsteps  
blow  
clear in the wind.

We have walked these paths  
longer than I remember.  
We have passed each other  
surely  
more than once.

**Hilary Thompson**

the pale vegetables  
in the cabbage patch  
may sit quietly

but I say that—  
sunflowers speed through light years  
burn in anguish & drop  
into the secret garden

while the complacent cabbage  
sits quietly  
I have whirled through galaxies  
of molten amber  
and seen the violet lamps  
grow dim and seared my eyelids  
under the dazzle of white candle heat

and the complacent cabbage  
sits quietly

**Patricia Ewing**

