

# *At Beaver Pond, Singing Whispered Songs*

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With every step  
sounds of temporary thaw  
as boughs release moisture.  
Pine needles swirl like snow.  
Short sun hangs low.

Snow shelters  
on moss-covered stumps  
beside the muddy trail  
or in any dark crevasse  
to remain crystalline.

Water lily tubes trapped  
below frozen sheets of ice  
lie suspended, dormant,  
the pads dead remnants  
of summer's glory.

Frost on standing pond trees—  
shells of vibrancy—  
becomes sunlight's steam  
as if trees exhale ancient mist,  
singing only whispered songs now.

One tree's breath expires—  
this anthropomorphic act  
a sign to all who believe  
we are entitled, deserve  
to take further steps along  
fragile winter paths.