Low Tide; December Walk

Tom Sexton

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Low Tide

March. My mind with its winter bent ignores the willow catkins, moves over a ridge of red-flanged birch, then holds two figures on the shore, the sharp recoil of falling ice. Clouds fat with reflected light cruise like sulfur-bellied northern pike.

December Walk

Only the thick ringed trees appear above the snow; marrow-white, bone-dark, one more ashen day begins.

Our words float before us, in fine syllabic nets of frost, discordant notes in a nocturne for shrews.