

Winter

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [February 27, 2019](#) issue

This is the season:

Cradle of quiet,  
Trees, waiting,  
Naked on the hill,  
Branches entwined  
Like lovers holding  
Hands.

Nothing is hidden.  
A lone leaf quivers  
On the apple tree.  
Snow has yet to fall.  
Waiting, the grass  
Lies mute.

It could be death but  
Isn't. Yet. Wings  
Quicken serrated air  
As nuthatch, junco,  
Chickadee flit from  
Tree to tree, oblivious  
To the hawk circling  
Overhead, waiting,  
Like the grass, for what  
Comes next.

And it will come,  
To all of us—there's  
No exception—  
But if that frightens  
You, hold it like  
A stone beneath

The tongue until  
Fear softens, and  
You realize that  
Nothing is ever lost  
But is, instead,  
Transformed as one  
Door opens to another,  
As even now light  
Lifts the shadows,  
And, out of sight,  
Sap, wakeful, whispers  
In the apple tree.