

# Winter

*Alma Kenow*

The trees swayed above an icy puddle.

Watch the squirrel eat a nut and its ears twitching.

I listen as water drips on ice.

Did you notice it like a teardrop?

Did you hear it glisten?

Vines crawled like snakes up the trees,

black crows shimmering with snow

like glitter sprinkled on their shining feathers.

Everything was equal.

