

Jeff Guess

WINTER SCENE

A shapeless swarm of midges
against a sallow sun

above the prostrate cypress
winter deep
a few maple leaves left
skeletonised
to the fret of green and gold
scrape and rustle
at four o'clock

sky is thin ice
fragile duck-egg blue

a shapeless swarm of midges
against a sallow sun
moves in their formless pattern
in arbitrary or secret purpose

small sable bubbles
in the frozen air
that neither rise nor fall
but stir in a frenzy
of subtle carbonated ease

below
a crisp detritus of brown leaves
in their untidy custom
while the day waits
as all days do
for the resolution of darkness.

