
CAROL SMALLWOOD

ICE TRIOLET

Gusts blew gray ashes from a neighbour's drive
making me part body and part ghost,
branches snapped in crashing dives.

Gusts blew gray ashes from a neighbor's drive
shrouding utility poles in fog till five--
the drooping wires a diamond host;
gusts blew gray ashes from a neighbour's drive
making me part body and part ghost.

