

Clark Anne, White Silence

Outside taking tiny steps
putting pressure on the ice
watch the whiteness spread
then disappear when I move on
careful
cautious steps in heavy boots

walking on ahead
you pause to catch a moment
see winter wrap the world
in a veil of white silence

this place -
where the earth gives the illusion
it has stopped turning

Inside
warmth fires the colours
cracked
wood
turning burning orange
sparks off light
shining in our eyes