

FOURTH PRIZE WINNER

Icy Transformation

Barren tree limbs shadow the highway,
Tremble and stir in the frosty air,
Reach out in vain for summer's day
Pleasure, but snow and sleet are everywhere.

Empty tree hands, imploring the sky,
Rustle and creak when the freezing rain
Coats them with ice, making them cry;
Droplets shimmer like pearls on a chain.

Wooden tree fingers, covered in jewels,
Quiver and quake in a sudden breeze,
Grasping each other, like dazzled fools
Dancing, clasp one another, magical trees!

Icy tree digits decked out in winter
Glisten and gleam, as the setting sun
Sets them ablaze in fast-frozen fire,
Sparkle, then dim, when the day is done.

Dagmar Wirch

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by The Poetry Institute of Canada 2009