

Ice Storm

when the ice storm came
branches glazed and bent
to the ground, not so much
in prayer as in
submission

if you didn't think
about the breaking
if you closed your ears
to the snapping branches
you could say it's just
the way it is – and doesn't
everything break eventually

the world has stopped before

but the forest remembered and reached
down below the frozen ache
down beneath the snow and soil
where roots breathe

and that breath traveled up trunks
kindled heat in the heartwood
stretched all the way to the buds
until each tree hummed

spring always comes

listen, we are the trees
our grasping hands are roots
entwined, our feet walk paths
laid down by ancestors

and ice is heavy but
it will not break us
we haven't closed our ears
we remember the freedom songs
we carry the heat of our rising voices
and set the rivers flowing as we
flood the streets in love

-Katie Spring