

*State Route 301, New York*

by dark the frost began to crisp its strangle on  
the boughs and fences

morning

every twig is bright

refuses any explanation for its shine

a reason why the limbs' disease should disappear  
encased in ice

last night

the light stopped inches from  
your face

one beam was incomplete

and lack was all

it took to see this fracture

as a need for light

pressed close enough to know each fiber of its shape  
played out this dawn across the thawing stretch of vein

the tumble on beneath

the slap of droplets at

each branch that aches to chime

along the eastbound path