

LIKE A HALO - II

Dead brown leaves
one or two
pressed thin
against the wet cement
like the ghost of a soul
barely visible
in the shallow pool of melting ice
salt crystals scattered
like a halo.

The sun is sketchy
warm but weak
The frenzy
before a holiday
Is not palpable since
I won't celebrate
instead
standing aside
just wait.

- Diane Sophrin
Vermont (12.26.19)