

### LEAVES ON ICE - III

Lost words  
serves me right  
choose your platform  
I wrote

Out there in the hustle  
frozen hand shooting  
eye thawing  
words waking

Now all's lost and  
found easy  
limitless playing  
working words

Leaves on ice  
are fixed  
waiting for the true thaw  
waiting stepping

Backward forward  
back and forth again  
pacing placing spacing  
eye peeled

Poised above  
life's minutae  
expanding into sweet irrelevance  
Leaves on ice.

- Diane Sophrin  
Vermont (3.16.23)