

Frost

i

some kind of smokiness
still in the air
and December fell
as falling frost fell
from out of the mouths of cooling-towers

their plume a luscious whiteness
against the ice-blue sky
whiting the down-wind downs
and fall-out fields
to look a bit like Christmas

children drove sleds
down reluctant slopes
built a snowman at the bottom
dressed him in coal lumps
dead twigs
a cough

ii

the frost that fell
from the towers' plume
fell gently
almost warmly
as ghosts might be

ghosts of long-ago un-named things
released at last from geologic purgatory -
after so many snowballs -
to make a joyous snow

children
their blood so warm and heavenly
built a snowman
made him smile

iii

the children's breath
in plumes
fell ghost-like
up to a winter-soon night of sky

their feet
where they crossed the homely rug
let fall the little frosts

and in the dimming fields
left a snowman
inhaling
all the light