

sounds of cold

By Melissa Farnsworth

walking with my dad
on a chill day
in crystal autumn
the cold is stinging
the wind whips at my hair
and bites my nose
all around
tall grasses bend elegantly
in the wind
and small plants tumble
around my ankles
high above me
a choir of trees is singing
with the running wind
a seasoned conductor
first singing shrilly
now whispering icy secrets
the brilliant leaves
red orange gold
quiver bravely against an
ice blue sky
and I can hear the cold

