

## Frozen Delight, Just Because It Is

I'm taken by a thought...  
that perhaps not everything has a reason  
or even needs a reason at the moment  
Or, if it does, that I need to know what it is  
in order to exhilarate in a blessing of creation's delight

Perhaps liberty includes opportunity, apart from reason,  
for unbridled enjoyment  
for penetrative wonder  
or for ridiculous celebration  
because something at the moment just *is*...

Like the menagerie of barren bushes and grasses and trees  
and the golden fields near the curve on Pettus Road  
These gifts daring to just stand there in frozen wonder  
in the echo after dawn on this December morning  
statued and fearless against complaint  
secure in their part, having no need to be noticed...

There the frozen world pauses and reclines in crystals of ice  
radiating brilliance through fractured, melting prisms  
Careless and stately  
washing herself with drippings under the welcome sun

Delivering gently a magnetic effusion, not of death,  
but of nature in its glory at rest  
a forest of life in storage  
and not intimidated by barren days...  
able, rather, to define the splendor of solstice delights...  
the honor, like her Creator, of just *being*

Leaving to another day  
another cause  
another turning of the times to come  
To perhaps germinate, and salivate with delirium  
the increase of that, which out of the crystalline display,  
will supply her hidden parts with greener thoughts  
Of spring creeping in  
when winter has finished her wondrous rest