

All day the day white, white:
snow on the ground clouds in the sky

and I am flying, flying over
the frozen stems stalks blades

the watercourses the paths ants
beat from house to store and back

beating, beating, carrying seeds
above their heads leaves of grass

bodies of friends and enemies
the weight of their burden hard to imagine

in flight between white and blue
wings stiff as steel runners

cutting lazy figure eights
in the smooth surface of the ice.