



## Perspective

The morning world looks pale as old flannel,  
and from here inside appears dead silent.  
I'm not sure why this should feel like a gift.  
It rouses my inner paganism,  
if that's the word I'm looking for at all.  
The stove keeps things warm all through the winter,  
even the windows in some small measure,  
and so when a flake of snow drifts sidelong  
against the glass it dies in the instant.

A pan with ashes to dump in my hand,  
I stand unmoving. It feels like a rite.  
Outdoors, caught short by the cold, our crab tree  
shows fruit that didn't get time to ripen.  
I could forge a metaphor if I chose,  
*memento mori* or something like that,  
but I balk at the notion, forced and trite.  
Just past our ridge lies the long wide river.  
Under ice, it rolls right on as ever.

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