

POETRY

Wintering

By Polly Howell

These are the fallow days.
My leaves long fallen, I stand naked –
stripped like the solitary tree,
shivering in my aloneness.

Frost has permeated all my cells.
Boreas – harbinger of winter,
god of the cold north wind
has rendered me crystalline.

Cut off from the world of projections,
cast into role of outsider,
this painful freeze a fortuitous gift –
such solace in rest and retreat.

Wintering creeps up unawares,
it's never a question of choice
but surrender. Embrace its icy grip,
be still – in time will come the thaw