

ICE

Winter wind imprisons me again.

Ice restrains my branches.

Death holds its choking breath upon me
its weight snapping a branch to the ground.

A frigid blast bends brittle limbs.

I can't survive. From within a warm voice
tells me, don't give in. Be still and listen.

I feel the slow release of moisture rise.

The wind calms. Pale sun glitters on glassy boughs until crackling ice falls to the ground. Light
drove out death's darkness. Free again I know
evil's grip will stay if I forget to pray.

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