

FREEZE

Spruces crack at thirty below.
Sheet ice booms
as I slog along the trail

dragging you with me,
heavier on my back
than emergency supplies.

What can't be dropped
forces me to halt.
Stoop. Breathe.

Father, you aren't gone
with the ashes I shook
into August wind.

Hard light
crackles on my lashes,
rimes my lips.

The hills close around
you rigid face,
eyes freeze on mine –

desperate with words
you can no longer
say.

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