

and we wait for spring

cerulean sky
blows through
last year's
limbs of glory
bare

twisted home
remnants hang
tight on
fingers of
dormant arms

sky high wraith
quivers imperceptible
wisps
of string
forgotten birthplace

burnt orange
weightless shades
mixed in
olive winter's
camouflage.

remaining leaves
feathered, concentric
overlap reveals
rainbow of brown hues
dry and crisp

now silent
anticipation
waits to face the
dry warm breath
to green again.

a winter
of patience
endured
the cycle
complete.