

The Ice

The radio warned of rain.
And then the world suddenly turned
all glass.
We gasped
at this new beauty, so strange,
unexpected, unreal.
But the broken trees,
the grim, deepening cold were real.
No escape, no fantasies.
I mused,
It comes when you are busy,
and life just stops.
It's that simple.
The next day the sun shines.

AA Burrows

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