

## Winter



**I met her at the half-turn of the stair**

**where shadows meet,**

**and caught the fullness of her breath**

**before she was aware.**

**Sculpted to stillness in the window-light**

**she stood, and folds**

**of frosted dawn falling about her brittle form**

**covered her quite.**

**I moved, she fled, and on the closing pane,  
drifting her hand,  
printed curling fronds of ice,  
fern chrystalline.**

**I met her at the half-turn of the stair  
this winter-maid, with snowflakes in her hair.**

*Mary McKeone rscj*

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