

Untitled - Winter Stillness

by George Vukelich

This is the season of crusts upon crust;
the land lies buried in powder dust.
Wisconsin's back forties are sculptured in stone;
the land lies buried like a whitening bone.
Every last tree is a filigree –
a needlepoint lace now covers this place.
Some call this a shroud, a winding sheet,
and there is some agreement in my numbed feet.
But this is also the time of Robert Frost's crow,
beating his wings and shaking down snow.
There are cryings in this wilderness.
Voices in this stillness.
There is yet movement and life at this time of year.
I feel only sorry for those voices not here

* This poem appeared in Wisconsin Tales and Trails, Winter, 1965