It's an ice storm
it's so much wet,
and so much slush,
and so much slip and slide.

It's a rumbling or a crackling
in the forest; the broken branches
lie like tombstones
under the trees.

It's a violence;
it's a sugar-coated peace.
It's an ice storm.
It's the Potter's glaze.

Falling Star
Liz Schoberg

Streak of star death
across the night sky.
The pulse jumps.
The skin grows cold.
It's as if the body sees
that terminal similarity.