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.