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.