

## Ice Music

ice melt ice lace ice  
breaking up upstream  
coming down from up  
north in variegated  
quilts of floes  
no instant's act this  
crumbling an entire  
season sends broken  
continents our way  
once-miles-wide chunks break  
and bob or push up  
against the shore in  
spun sugar turrets  
they rise fall glistening  
dissolving ice lace  
ice music I seem  
to hear a tremolo  
in the trees  
but it's March no leaves  
no breeze just the score  
for the scene  
before me silvery  
glissandos rising  
from a streaming swarm  
of glinting  
creatures herded  
by the current  
in a living touching  
clinking singing surge