

Cold Snap

Frost has scattered diamonds all around.

They glitter, where the winter sun strikes the pavement

The tops of walls and cars are dusted with icing sugar

Grass verges have become carpets of silver spikes with here and there
sprays of white lace leaves

They sparkle like a horde of stolen jewellery

The bird bath is a skating rink, but no skaters come

Only disappointed, thirsty birds

Delicate fringes of hoar frost line the slender lattice of a wire fence

And a sheen of ice skims the surface of a muddy puddle

Turning it into a gleaming bronze disc

Some plants are not cheered by all this Arctic beauty

They bow their heads, longing for the warmth of Spring

Even the green gloss of the holly tree is veiled by a frosty gauze

Like an ice queen hung about with scarlet jewels

The pale grey foliage of the sage and lavender hide their rich scent

From the unfriendly chill, but they will be back

And a regiment of snowdrops marches forward

Their green spears pointing the way ahead

For they are the advance guard of what is to come

