



Mary Oliver
notable modern poet
icing on the cake

Jan Geoghegan

Ice skating at dawn
I turn up my fleece collar
But the birds still sing

Cynthia Santostefano-Sharr

baby its cold outside
do I really care how cold
yes, by golly I do.

Gloria Jainchill

winter storm whips
white on flat land
ducks swim ice free.

Peter Ulisse

Frozen rain water
Reflecting the sparkling sun
Glides under my boots

Caroline Lodewick

Crystals glistening
Catching the sun and its rays
Kaleidoscopic

Lynn Faria

Sunset -- winter trees
in spring breeze -- broccoli heads
swim in melted cheese

— **James R. Scrtimgeour**

Crystal ice forming
on the rocks in the river
a doe stops to drink

David Boston

*fuzzed branches, stiff twigs
bristles glued every which way
the sky's pipe cleaners*

Ellen Hirning Schmidt

(Previously in *The Avocet*)

ice storm
cups of cocoa passed around . . .
sake too!

Marita Gargiulo

Lyric Savant: A Collection of Haiku
and Senryu, bottle rockets press 2022



Icicled branches
hard crystal gleams sparkling
sunshine seduces all

Tony Fusco

I lived as a fish –
mute, silver-eyed, in torpor
waiting under ice

Amy Graver

Christmas Eve at CVS

As I cross the lot,
church bells tolling “Silent Night.”
Consumers, rejoice!

-Charlie Ewers

winter candle snuffed
acid curls encircle prayers
spiraling to light

Mary Kuck

gracefully gliding
across the glistening ice
senses on alert

Patti Fusco

Waterfall freezes
Unnatural, one would think.
Gravity on ice

Amy D'Orio

Cupid's Bow

Right under your nose
The path to infinity
Starts with just a kiss.

-Kelly Jo Carlson

A California
Scrub Jay loose of stifling smoke
surveys from his perch,

Stephen Corbeil

winter winds brittle branches
dead wood runes drawn on blown snow
unknowable fates

Ed Ahern

glaciers lumber, slide
like cold tears not fully shed
Arctic waterfalls

Karl Traichel

is burdened with transitions
don't annoy her
she will turn you to ice

Maddy Lapidés

Snowflakes fall gently
Placid lake rigid stillness
Crystalline beauty

Starr Ertel



Split tree face down on
ice-rimed pond. Alone, I walk.
Tree, water, both quiet.

Claire S. Warner

Hard, clear, polished stone.
An icicle grows slowly.
Cold stab of winter.

Edward Alan Lent

first snowfall
tree fingers comb the sky
beauty and the beast

-Lynne Ford

slowed heartbeat and breath
in water almost frozen
the curve of a fin

- Deborah Howard

window frost appears
as if
wanting a spot by the fire

Doreen R. Oshinskie

If you can hear a snowflake fall,
And taste the sting of winter's breath,
As sepiatone bleeds on fields of gray,
Hold the hush ... kindle the spirit.

Ethan Dorio

morning
after the ice storm
all is light

Alisa Parcels

stalactites take aim
below the eaves in winter
if they fire they die

Marla Sterling