

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/4

*Lynette G. Esposito*  
**Sometimes in Winter**

the aching snowflakes  
cling like cold butterflies  
to the black fingers  
of dark barren trees  
that reach upward  
toward the storm-driven sky  
with no recourse  
but to bear  
the onslaught of  
the storm  
and the  
wind's winter hungry lips.

I sip soup standing at the window  
watching,  
wondering  
why?

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**When the Time Comes**

I will walk on frozen water  
and slide along the shoreline--  
an angel with blade-sharp skates

that cut the ice like a butcher's knife.

It ends soon this in between season  
of water-walking...

The wings one is born with wilt  
in the noon-day sun  
and melt into the lake  
as if life is so temporary,  
even an angel can drown.

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**Still Woods in Silent Winter**

The bees are somewhere sleeping  
and the hornets' nests are empty.  
I walk along the needled path alone  
again.

The overcast sky suggests snow.  
I am ready.  
It is not my first storm  
But it is strange I walk here warm  
and you are somewhere cold.