

Winter Playground

By Sarah Flint

The Celtic Weather God has
Cracked his whip
Over a landscape once green-flooded
And smothered black crag
With soft snow.
A bowl of thick sky
Hangs over monochrome mountains.
In the wild wind
And stony silence
A crow calls.
Microdots of red and blue
Struggle through powdery depths
Of a tabloid world
Looking for new playgrounds
In the once-dark folds of the land.
In this place of
Blizzard blindness
Waterfalls are mesmerised,
Stopped short in a long night
Of treacherous cold.
They grip the gullies,
Quietly peaceful in their suspense.
From within their hard fingers
A sapphire glow pierces through the
Obscuring spindrift and shifting cloud.

Winter jewels.