

Torpantau Ice **By Sarah Flint**

Cold bitten
We start
Clumsy and clever
Up iced stream path.

Snow catches stars
On the hill
And bruising shadows
Follow us

To where
Deep chill nights have frozen
Flow and fall.
Spiked feet grind and grasp sheet ice.

Silence pressed between
Fathom deep sky and snow
shatters.
Talon blades scrape

And crystal tiers Fracture.
Sharp rain on my face.
I see chalk trails above
A white wave horizon.