Poetry: Pictographs

Nancy Donegan
Snow fell for days, the long white albs of trees, and saplings ice locked to earth. Some of us took axes, shovels, to chink our way through, assuring ourselves the road was as far as we would go. After we cleared the barn the old ones called us back. We waved our arms and smiled. There were fans of light beyond the snow blocked woods. When we look behind, nightfires belong to strangers. We don't talk of home, snow blind and bitten we keep digging. No one remembers when the words ran out.

by Nancy Donegan