

## **Winter's Death**

The creek is swollen,

The bloated corpse of Winter.

The pure, soft snow has finally receded,  
given in to the final blow from Spring.

What remains is a fetid blanket of leaves

- memories of brightness, even on the darkest night

The rains have not yet come to cleanse away the past

Yet the promise of new buds (new memories - new leaves) rise

Winter's bloated corpse etches the creek bed, one last, final blow.