

Walk in the Fog

Mist rises thick  
hangs heavy  
over a bed of snow.  
Tree trunks,  
black stripes as pillars  
in the fog.  
Like a blue-tone version  
of a painting I once saw,  
autumn aspens' spectral splendor  
on a festive golden carpet.  
I move along  
to the sledding hills  
where a band of oaks  
hugs the edge of a steep slope,  
guarding the way into woods.  
I step  
from white patch to white patch,  
the dark ground  
an abyss  
in the fading light.  
Do you remember  
when we were children  
and we leapt  
from light square to light square  
on the checkered tile  
in our mother's kitchen?  
We had no care  
but to avoid  
the black shapes  
on the floor,  
shrieking and laughing  
and slipping in sock feet  
while our mother looked on.  
It was all a game,  
before adult cares took hold.  
I think of it now  
as I pick my way  
through the snow and the mud  
in the dying light.