

November Wetland

I

turtle shell  
sunk in mud

II

she threw torn moss  
across water's edge

it floats on  
a mirror

III

icy dew  
on brown meadow grass

refracts  
a thousand suns

IV

a cosmos  
no longer hides

on the softer surface  
of undershell

V

intricate green infinities  
now float

through shadows  
of wings

VI

even now she runs  
through meadows

fearless of shards  
of light

VII

herons glide  
through fog

VIII

our exhalations cling  
to slow edges

of a few sudden  
snowflakes

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