

Late Winter Renga

Unfamiliar cold

as to one who never ran

barefoot midwinter

In the shadow of the hillside

last week's fading snow

Uneven yards

with pools of melting snow

a still hardness of the ground

In the shine of the sun

an unfamiliar feeling I have not felt

Permafrost in my

broken bones My already

cold heart shivers here

A false spring's gracing gift

bereft of birdsong's echoes

A squirrel frolics in fields

search down deep in

for buried nuts

The trees are still

barren like the earth

Looking for lost friends

the shagbark hickory

reaches out its long fingers

Geese honk orchestrated

as they descend onto the pond

The water ripples

from splashes

throughout

The phoenix still ash on ground

life still in absentia

Hope finds us now on

the line between winter and
spring beneath the chill.
I was lost in the dark
but now I'm found in the light
So cold
the stream water
glistening in the sun
The trickling stream
calms me
The radiant sun
brings me
to life

—Amber Alexander, Andrew Allen, Alex Harris, Elias Kirker-Napiorkowski, Ashton Platt, Jessica Rushing, Mitchel Hendricks, Adam Coutts, and Stuart Lishan