

Ornament Gold

Snow falls in swirls
On transverse ridge

December gray

First winter storm pauses
As I watch and wait

It is my fifty-sixth winter

Trees denuded, skeletal
Seem numbed in the cold

Shaking with wind

Apple tree, Golden Delicious
Holding fruit out of season

Globes like summer suns

Hanging by thin stems
Ornaments from spectral limbs

Gifts of color in the gray
Birds landing, eating
Left-over summer

Quick brown beaks darting

A feast against the snow
For flying things and me

—David Frost