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Winter Chorus

The ice-toads crept out today.
They live under blue curls of snowdrift
sing a creaking groaning song.

Their skin glass-
white and lavender,
cold crystal new-sky eyes.

Twenty below out and
the voice of the forest opens.

Those strange creatures
clatter and clack

and breed between the ice-stars
that tiptoe over the pond
like some giant stilted bird.