

# hypodermic orange snowfall

keith waterland

Snow drifts in white mounds  
on blackberry bushes,  
like skeletons of fallen beasts.  
The pewter sky, pregnant with snow  
scatters its young with a soft silence.  
There are no screams of separation  
only an endless falling of delicate flakes  
layering the world with white.

The hypodermic needle with its orange cap  
and worn numbers falls from her hand  
disappearing into snow.  
Hot chocolate dreams of snowmen and sleds  
momentarily take her away  
as she paused with needle bruised arms  
to indulge in another moment of relief from  
an endless winter that has left her so cold  
and forever alone.

Separated, long ago, by those who once cared,  
she now moves in predatory circles.  
The snow covers the places she's been  
with a clean layer of hope  
that reminds her of snow angels,  
little mittens, and a world  
that once called for her  
to come in from the cold.