Sky, the color of frost, hovers
on the rooftops, hushing the
bricks’ tones to muted fire.

Supple fog curls through the air
like silence, and I shiver
at the touch of fallen clouds.

Silhouettes bound in scarves whisper
past, as pensive as the scattered trees. No
leaves murmur in the stillness.

Frozen limbs could not clasp
the scraps of color tight
enough, and they fell

from their numb fingers.
Now they lie, little shards of life,
sprinkled across damp walkways.

Shadows drift over the hints
of gold curling into brown. They are
bright with the memory of summer,
but the boughs know only winter.