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.