

Ice on a Dirt Road

doesn't glisten exactly, doesn't glint or flash
but pulls you in regardless, pulls you in
as you feel it start to spin you out

and toward the bank—water below
so slow, sluggish river rolling over
bouldered bottom, so slow you know

it's almost frozen, know how fast it would
seep into bones, hold you under as skin
turns numb, the rush of ripple and wave

unreal, unable to feel so you wouldn't
believe the sound—till your heart
in your ears beats and you remember

the wheel; rain falls faster, freezing
as it hits, and the river creeps below
even as its surface slows, stops, heat

of a heart coursing along, invisible
arterial heat dissipated but not
disappeared; then clouds, emptied, begin

to break and temperatures again threaten
to drop, the road ready to do its worst:
to remain a road once you've passed.