

I RUN THROUGH WINTER

KIM MOORE

I run through winter's distracted mind –

the snow is like a passing thought of snow
that turns to rain before my eyes –

each breath I take I leave behind

the dazzling light and call of crows –
soundtrack of winter's distracted mind

and cross the field under shifting skies to find

the blue is just a passing thought of blue
that turns to rain before my eyes –

each day is just the same page redesigned –

this year – a book I cannot read – what else to do
but run through winter's distracted mind

where every tree is a word entwined

around itself – each word – a bird I know
that turns to rain before my eyes –

even despair can't stop time or press rewind –

somehow the year moves on – it lets me go –
I run from winter's distracted mind –
it turns to rain before my eyes