

The year of two winters

was black ice treachery.

I flew from dark
into dark, the flat so cold
my breath left
frosted whirls inside the glass
each night.

It felt like camping with

borrowed kit.
I looked up at the concrete sky,
the red kites
tilting on their wings, the colours
of suburbia,

so distant from the Southern Alps

I'd learned to love,
then to leave. I flew between
the hemispheres
with scarred wings, left behind
a scattered nest.

I waited for the light to come,

to garland me
with longer days, with hope
that starts in
February, snowdrops pushing
up and through.