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Jane Barrett Ross

From My Window

The wind is blasting snow.
Snow flies from the north past my window.
Not a bird in sight.
Snow pushes into the corners of my window.
Small branches thrash
as dead leaves clutch a desperate hold.
Nothing moves but the wind
and the trees
and the snow.
The wind makes a smudge of snow
against the tree trunks.
Impotent sun somewhere behind
solid snow clouds.
Just the wind
and the trees
and the snow.

Jane Barrett Ross lives in Indianapolis.