

## Winter Ice

Ice,  
you are a white tiger,  
crouching, waiting  
to pounce on me.  
I am afraid of you.  
I walk like a duck,  
hoping you won't notice,  
antique hips, fragile wrists.  
I feel your danger.  
I am afraid of you.  
But Ice  
you are an artist.  
You frost each branch,  
each blade of grass.  
A fairie land in sunshine  
and in moonlight.  
Snuggled before a fire  
I rejoice in winter's beauty  
and dream of daffodils.

*Naomi Wingfield*