

Last day in January 2022

Screaming snow piles high drifts
against the door, the windows.
We can't see beyond twenty feet.

Famished sparrows struggle
to feed on scattered sunflower seeds.

A herd of mule deer race
from the open hills
take shelter in the thin forest.

A snow imprint on the window
of an elephant's head
trunk dangles over a howling wolf.

Captured on the pane
a cocooned snow worm
bursts its skin.

An Elder chants, blows an Eagle Bone
that shrills into the swirl.

We are prisoners.
The arms of Wind and Snow
push against the door.
We are unable to pry it open.

Goosebumps race
beneath thick blankets.
Finally
the wail and howl
lulls us to sleep.

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Parliamentary Poet Laureate**