

Recession

This is winter repeating
its little lexicon, this is
an epoch's soliloquy
become summer
where sun sings
the crystalline mess
back out. This is
the melt pond
reflecting the ice wall
of a glacier whose
melting made it.
Later, rockfall will clatter
downslope, sun-loosed,
its splash eliminating its own image.
This is the snout the face the toe
and the opaque grey lake
left in its wake.
Not far, cabins cluster, growing.
The rock and ice
get quieter, retracting,
flowing forward by one step,
flinching back each year by two.