

No Idyll, Then

Winter -

but, on certain days

when snow covered the field

in a thick white veil.

I could hop out the back door

and find evidence of other lives.

Shadowing, a line of freshly printed

bird or animal tracks.

Until the trail ended beyond -

mysteriously, at nothing

more than a suspicion

of some unseen creature

watching me from a nearby lair.

And yet, all the while

those tracks in the snow

and the fleeting apprehension

of some impending presence

promised another order.

Intersecting with mine and

and having nothing to do with it.