

# 45 degrees

JTMIII

Dec 2016

The sun is fading. The slatiness of the day  
rises from the creek bed to the sky.

Clouds are riding in on the western wind and the  
cold, wet snow comes at 45 degrees as  
the embroidered ground and trees await.

Branches are sleet beat  
melting on the sugar maple's golden hands  
dripping on the Moldavite hued leaves.

O marvelous fragrance  
come closely between the tropics  
and angle yourselves  
as charmers do, awaiting...

Spring and the soulful rains  
of the middle  
soon will come.

For your name spills from the sky; So my love,  
let me always be your umbrella .

