

After Confession

Ice from an overhang
thins and falls, spills

the path with whetted light
that clouds when we walk

in our winter trappings,
scarved with cumulus breath,

gloved against contact.
Fences shed their white

at the wind's injunction
done is done is done

and footprints of others show
what our own brownly

confirm: there's nothing dirtier
than noonday snow,

despite and because
of how bright the sun.

- Caitlin Doyle