

In hollows of the Winter-naked woods
lie cast-off clouts —
a rich matt copper layer,
carpet-fitted snugly to the roots and
trunks of beech and birch and alder,
shifting slightly as a breeze stirs,
or disturbed by small and
questing beasts.

There is silence here, beneath
abandoned nests that perch exposed;
no song, alarm call,
chirrup, cheep, or churr.

Bark-panelled antechamber of the Spring;
there is no sense of waiting though,
no expectation;
it just is —
itself and nothing else.

Only...
only, where does this track lead?
It labyrinths the woods with
dead-end curlicues and complicated
back-and-forth contortions —
yet here is where it enters, and there surely
must be somewhere that it leaves
(or here is where it leaves, and there must
surely be a point at which it enters).