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A Pawn in the Calm of Winter

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A Pawn in the Calm of Winter

A morning sky made of ivory.
Fog floating in the first of winter.
I pick up my shovel and clear
out my driveway. Every snowflake,
A landscape, transparent through sky blue
curtains, following the clouds.

A midnight sky consuming the clouds.
A chess piece made of ivory.
A pawn played to perfection, covering blue
seas, frozen over by the calm of winter.
In my hand I hold a chess piece, a snowflake,
hiding behind its shadow under the clearing.

An afternoon sky showing its blue
face. A robber escaping down a clear
highway. He encounters the pawn in the last of winter.
Dancing circles around him in the clouds.
In the robber's hands is a necklace of ivory,
dangling in front of the gullible snowflake.

The pawn is in stand-still, bones made of ivory,
waiting for an end to an inevitable winter.
Through his eyes is a canvas which is clear.
Time is reaching an end for the snowflake.
He is presented with two worlds. One is blue,
the other covers that color with a mask of clouds.

The change is obvious in the snowflake.
He has chosen to discard the world of blue.
In one hand is the hand of the robber. The necklace of ivory
is firmly grasped in the other. Again he hides behind the clearing,

making his way to where the two worlds meet. Clouds
escaping in the final days of winter.

The pawn stands alone in the world of blue.

He lies on the left shoulder of the clear,
opaque, conscience. He checks his watch for the end of winter.

The evaporating sky dissipates the clouds.

The pawn is not jealous of the necklace of ivory,
his decision, someday, will surpass that of the snowflake.

Until the day of ivory signals the change of winter.

Until the clear sky is covered by the snowflake.

The pawn, in the land of blue, will rest high above the clouds.

Jeffrey Barrett