

John Thomas Clark

Dressed For Winter In Bronxville

For some weeks now, gray clouds clothe the sky;
the air wears a steel wrap. A lace of ice
rimes the pond's shore line. At the south rind
of the pond, near the falls, he decks an oak,
long free of leaves, high up. Just in, he shows
up each year at this time - one or two weeks
ere the death of fall. When his stout perch creaks,
he shifts his three-pound frame. As the wind blows,
it fluffs his barred chest and the blue-gray cloak
of those short, broad wings. Quite large for his kind,
he will course through the trees to pick off mice
on the ground or a blue jay on the fly.
But each year that roost does not serve as his jess
Past the time the new year dons its new white dress.