

# Ice Storm

*Lynne Butler*

- Day 1 All night sleet rattles on the roof  
and all morning the steady tattoo keeps up,  
a Chinese water torture for winter.  
The radio announcer warns to stay in,  
take cover, travel at risk of your life.  
We are prisoners just beginning to dream of escape.
- Day 2 The school down the road has collapsed,  
the ice turning its roof to a failed souffle,  
a cake fallen under the weight of its own icing.  
Across the lake the marina is sinking,  
swamped by the uncommon ballast of this storm.  
The boats float on in uninformed optimism.
- Day 3 Cabin fever drives us out,  
regular Nanooks braving the midnight ice,  
crunching through the luminous woods,  
sprinting into the open field,  
the dog at our heels growling delight  
to be wild and free  
skittering in the moonlight.
- Day 4 A cardinal knows something  
I don't. He's changed his tune,  
is whistling overtures.  
Spring waits in the wings  
while I, the aging ingenue,  
wonder how long this can go on.