

Imagine a city held by winter  
- its people puckered into jackets,  
their skin peeled,  
wind-stripped of all feeling.

See them battle the morning,  
shear frost from windshields  
and tune out the icy fractals  
forming on the glass.

Let them swap lives  
with lateshifters  
- everyone with their somewhere to go -  
and see the sky sift darkness away  
- the moon dissolve like a mint.

Then visit the municipals  
where eruptions of ice  
cover the ponds,  
and moorhens mince  
on transparent toffee.

There too  
the archaeologies of ice  
- branches, bottles and bread  
embedded in the past.

Follow a stray cry  
to the industrial estates  
where every excuse for heat  
cauliflowers into steam,  
and the funnels stand there  
like candyfloss sticks.

Watch,  
rise with the air  
and realise  
that only we  
seem to move  
through the stillness.

# A SEASONAL PICTURE

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