

Chrissy Martin

Exclamation

A loud alarm of a bird & it's morning.
The trees are singing at me, swaying,
their tender ice-snap promises a
primal kind of destruction. We,
simple rubble. When the trees are
singing & swaying, encased in ice &
jewel, their bodies snap in slender
spindles to say hello. Steaming cars &
busy-armed women trying their best
to become smaller, and here I am,
inside & only growing: forehead
pressed to the window, defiant
stomach clearing the cold fog, an
exclamation point howling back.