

Jana Mashonee

"Frosted Field"

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The days were all the same, whirling
The nights were off shades
Standing picturesque
She stood and sat, moving her body
Clothed, dangling
It was all there was
And it lasted through time
Like a frosted field
As gray surrounds you in a mist
He walked among the granite rocks
And the lusty, velvet pasture
All my life I have dreamed of these steps
As he thought he could
Push rocks together all around for shelter
But he laid down when the sun was far away
And stared at the stars
In the frozen night

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