

Retreat

The dirt road is very steep.
Overnight it has turned
To a single sheet of ice,
And it is not a metaphor.

A New England tropic
A rainforest tundra
Only the strongest thrive,
But now everything is weak.

Many pointed leaves are losing
Their color. Only a few clinging
To their amber; unable
To preserve their life.

Pull the skin on the back
Of my grandmother's hand
It retreats slowly, tentatively
Over several minutes.