

To Illustrate, To Evoke (Ekphrastic for Daniel Frost)

Where are you going,  
tall slender figure in snow, still filling,  
melting in the heart's eye despite  
the distance of your long disappearance?

Blue mountains rise behind,  
each tip white, blanket-rounded  
as rock to foam before a hopeful  
sunrise sky.

Your mission has that elegance,  
inconspicuous but perhaps that's just  
the nature of you: the stirring subtle  
sensuality of Garbo  
suddenly given  
a mauve finch's flash  
in your undulating cape  
& that matching hat's wide brim,  
an Easter-egg halo.

What a nimbus that is pulling at us,  
as is the flowing cloth below,  
your skirt of muted pine stirring up puffs.

The sifted drifts sparkling christen  
your feet "Determined" while,  
watching rapt  
we too long  
to take that veil.

2/2/18 (Groundhog's Day: "Visual Verse" prompt via image below)

