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Pandemic Snow

March’s threadbare blanket

does not cover

the little pine

denuded by bony deer

or the thistle stalks

scavenged by finches

and mice the hawk has missed.

Shreds of plastic

flap from persimmon limbs

like a flock of ghosts.

A shingle somersaults

across the yard

among wet flakes

like an acrobat

practicing a last act.