

## HELEN MOORE

### In the Freak Midwinter

In the freak Midwinter lately  
Frost had lost his feathers,  
and Snow her fleecy down,  
as both were laid out warm.

Earth stood wet as clay,  
puddles slackened without fern;  
hoar left no Rosehips crested,  
rime the seeds of Violets whole.

Frost and Snow were both out warm,  
and this was not the thaw –  
Rabbits bred throughout the season;  
Frogs laid their spawn too soon.

Yet in the freak Midwinter lately  
the sunbirds didn't mourn;  
they packed their bags and flew away  
soaring high above the world's illuminations –

flocks of heat-seeking missiles  
on the therms of darkening civilisation,  
making perpetual Summertime,  
while business continued as usual.