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Freezing night cries dew beneath the awning
It slides down the empty birdfeeder
Outside my bedroom window
On the perch each drop lingers
Grief-stricken, it ponders fate
To fall and disappear amongst the snow
Gathering 'round my gutter?
Or maintain grip on the swaying plastic ledge
and wait for night's icy grip to take hold?
Bright, snowy morning arrives and I wake
to find the despairing dew's unanimous decision
was the latter, and a ladder they made
of ice, from a now still plastic birdfeeder
to the sparkling snowy ground.