

# Thaw

*By Martha Courtot*

No matter how long the Winter is  
Thaw comes  
season by season  
we learn this  
too slowly

No matter how long we have spent  
wrapped in a frozen season  
no matter how deep under the snow  
the private grief lies  
one day...  
thaw comes

we are never prepared for it

and what was once safe for our feet changes  
water released from ice and mud and madness  
and we open our eyes to  
earth-shift, stone-change

everything thawing  
thawing like a madness  
the earth opening  
water running

and all of our secrets  
exposed.