

Bill Siverly

## Ice Rain

*December 31, 2017*

Ice rain falls like iron filings on the town,  
ticking frozen snow. Slowly it congeals  
on branches and wires until they break down.  
Streetlamps cast a steely sheen on slick streets.

Cars driven too fast or braked too soon glide into ditches  
like trains derailed by their own momentum.  
We are a country addicted to speed and our own  
desire to be somewhere ahead of time.

Ice rain is only weather, but together we are  
barreling down a highway toward the end of climate  
as we know it, the mother of our sweet evolution.  
Insects , mammals, birds, bacteria, and plants  
are sliding with us down the sinkhole of extinction.

I tread slowly the streets of my neighborhood  
where lights that celebrate the solstice still shine.  
Surely people sense the solstice will go on without them  
unless they learn to live on Earth.

The town comes to a standstill under ice.  
The rush of tires is gone, silence restored  
like nature itself in the amplitude of night.  
Without people time dies off, and darkness closes in.