

The pond

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [March 10, 2021](#) issue

Around the edge lace filigree shatters  
at the slightest touch, shards scattering  
like broken glass, but farther out the ice  
is thick, immobilized by Arctic cold,  
the weight of water, locked down,  
trapped, mute as stone, the weight of  
grief, immutable, the weight of fear,  
impaled on the frigid air. Yet, even now,  
beneath our sight, what was, and is, will  
always be, *the dearest freshness deep  
down things* where minnows glide and  
water sings, the aquifer from which  
life springs.