

Winter

A time of honesty when pretence
falls with leaves; trees disclose

the skin of land, admit complicity
in having harboured nests of birds.

Limbs rise like scaffolding; trunks
are weathered sculptures.

On canvas skies, filigree branches
fraction light, thin as silk.

From a café window I watch snowflakes
feather trees, slide against the glass,

as if to say, we will make you weep
for splendour and the truth of form.

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Dunedin writer Martha Morseth came to New Zealand from the U.S.A in 1972. Her poems have been published in her collection, *Staying Inside the Lines*, and in popular and literary journals, including the *Listener*, *Landfall*, *Sport* and, most recently, *Takahe*, as well as in on-line journals. She's published three books for young adults: *Yeah!* and *EDGE/a cut of unreal* (short stories) and *Let's Hear It for the Winner* (one-act plays).