

## **Frost at Newtown**

Salt marsh midwinter  
calls of curlew shelduck lapwing  
split ice-bound air  
wind smothered by high pressure

moon-dragged tide  
huddles up with gathered waters

south of the wood  
sun weak and low  
it cannot clear the trees

each finger of the creek  
is chapped with frost  
spars of it  
lie thick as straw

I am alone  
as meant to be  
still as death  
yet never more alive.

**Robin Ford**