

***On Hold***

*On winter's surface  
signs of life –  
tracks in snow,  
brush tips browsed,  
a trepid song –  
but beneath winter's grip,  
locked under pond's ice,  
river's frigid flow,  
stick-still, holding on,  
their wildness harnessed,  
dragonfly nymphs  
patient as ghosts,  
waiting on degrees  
of time.*

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