**Winter Trees**

Julia Travers

Autumn is a glinting, bronze distraction,

while with sleight of hand,

warmth is hidden away

on the other side of the world.

In the net of winter trees,

the evergreens, earth’s reliable wallpaper,

are suddenly visible.

Around these soft sentinels of verdant color,

deciduous gray coral monsters

splay their arthritic fingers in every direction.

Their naked, tangled arms curve in arcs towards the sky,

sprung like archers’ bows,

layered like cards shuffled,

a frozen skeletal orchestra,

inhaling, waiting.