

Twelfthday

A strong wind started to come up
from the northwest last night,
laced with the promise of new snow,
filled with destruction and renewal,
heralding cold.

There are voices in this wind:
things are about to happen
to this barren earth.

Yet I spend my afternoon
tying ropes to naked trees,
afraid of their leaning,
their bending with the force
I should be listening to
while my arms are grappling
with an unknown fate.

Outside my garden,
abandoned Christmas trees
are being driven down the street,
rolling in the wind
and scattering tinsel and dried needles
for the sweepers in the spring.

Soon,
we will be covered with thick snow,
and nothing else
will matter anymore:

these are the hours of completion,
and in the final moments of the day,
I anchor one last tree
to solid ground
to alleviate my fears.

— *Peter Baltensperger*