

Diane Webster – Three Poems

Winter Scape

Winter smells like imminent snow
through a scarf damp frozen
with exhale attempting
to warm your nose
and good for steaming
up glasses so the world
is a slushy dream
seen clearly out the corner
of your eye in quick glances
like the whiff of coal or smoke
from someone's fireplace
you'd like to back up against
until clothes almost catch fire,
and you're warm for a bit
on one side at least.

Tied Ends

The rope rescues itself
with interlaced strands
hanging on for fear
of a snag dangling
like a climber slipped
from the mountain
wondering if his weight
bounces enough to unravel
his life before his eyes
like roads not taken
blind around the curve
like a coiled rope
with the ends tied together
no beginning, no end
yet vulnerable to a cat's claw
jerking a thread back out
of the needle's eye
fun to see it fall
in a tangle of frays.

Drowning

Perfume fogs
around a woman
who can't smell
so more is better
even when people retreat
with noses smothered
in elbows to catch
an uncontaminated breath;
like waves crashing
against a boat
until swamped
the poor vessel
succumbs to silt
on the ocean's floor.

Diane Webster I have worked in different departments at a newspaper office for almost 30 years, none of which has to do with writing. She looks for poetry ideas in everyday life and nature by trying to remain open to those opportunities. Her work has appeared in *River Poets Journal*, *The Old Red Kimono*, *Philadelphia Poets* and other literary magazines