

## Barbara Daniels

### Ice Falls into Ice

I might bequeath to loved ones  
this box of white doilies  
and my father's baptism gown  
starred with whip-stitched eyelets.

The world's full of beauty,  
lemon-baked cod glistening  
on plates, shadow and sunlight  
playing across penny-bright stucco

troweled by a master—sand,  
Portland cement, water, lime.  
Knitting and purling of blankets  
for babies allows them to start

their lives in many colors and  
perfect softness. I might leave  
someone my wind-up Godzilla,  
lodestone, emerald, blue egg.

But maybe I won't make a will  
till the new moon, the partial  
eclipse, the August return  
of meteors smoking and streaking.

I envy sparrows' cheerful ubiquity,  
church bells tolling, ice falling  
into ice. It's cold at the top of  
the troposphere and out among

the dead planets. I'll keep my photo  
of Auden standing in snow  
on a city street. He looks like  
my father, that lined and eager face.

Barbara Daniels' book *Rose Fever* was published by WordTech Press and chapbooks *Black Sails*, *Quinn & Marie*, and *Moon Kitchen* by Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press. Her poetry has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Mid-American Review*, and elsewhere. She received three fellowships from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.