

Trees stand trembling in the icy wind
fragile white skeletons dream of being whole and green,
will dream it for dozens of winters to come.

In and across the hoods of faded yellow bumper cars
vines and weeds meet in an embrace,
a thorny tangle barely holding the structure.

A giant of a Ferris wheel creaks once, twice, or
it stands tall, but it stands empty,
strength and durability are nothing when you are empty.