

The frost

And fog give it the feel
of a very light
pencil sketch but often detailed
of plain air patches

No Cezanne this
of the flat roofs against though the tension
the tower could wrench you
half around

And the naked branches
to fore -- a quarter mile
then the small town

Our mortars
will root them out

The snake

Skin
is premeditated

The snake skin
is not
half a mile long