

**Chasing the Ice that Floated
on the Stream
(cinquains)
by Jane Stuart**

Waiting
until morning
covers earth with brightness
a light transparent wind that blows
cold breath

Early
green icy frost
sticks to grass and slickens
October's blooming violets
like pearls

Sleepy
night lullabies
crooned by the happy wind,
sung by a rising moon and star
filled sky

Warming
winds cross over
zippy mountains, wide lakes,
meadows, fields, and cold creeks needing
sunlight