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Icicles

Larry Garland

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ICICLES

Would you believe a thing so
fragile,
Sparkling, pure and clear,
Could also be so pointed and
so cold?

Icicles, icicles, all in a row,
All through the day I've
watched you grow.
Right down to the ground is
the course you make;
That one way out you'll have
to take.

Within your form you have
captured Beauty at her
best.
But this I know: Beauty flees
as time flows.

—Larry Garland