## JILL DOSTER MARCUSSE

## Ice Out

A lip of snow on the southern shore

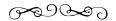
a white swan's feather trapped in brittle reeds.

A kindly crescent moon shown low that night.

In the morning, mist rose as did the red-winged blackbirds'

song, from the fuzzed-out cat-tails. Konk-la-reee, konk-la-reee.

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Jill Doster Marcusse has a BA from Western Michigan University, and her poems have appeared in *Bear River Review*, *Artifactory*, and *Voices*. She works as a cheesemonger and lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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