

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.



ABOUT JILL DOSTER MARCUSSE

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.

