

# Bards in the Bog



## COLD FEET

I went to post a letter yesterday.  
The temperature was six degrees below,  
The pavement crisp with castor-sugar snow -  
My boots made cleated footprints all the way.

I slipped the letter in, and crunching back,  
By shortening and lengthening my stride,  
Like Good King Wenceslas's page I tried  
To plant my footsteps in their outward track:

Until I stopped—and seemed to feel the heat  
Of my five-minutes-previous presence there -  
And hurried homeward, icily aware  
That Time was slipping by on icy feet.


*Maggie Bevan*

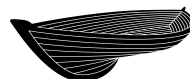
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