Cold darkness growing...

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Cold darkness growing,
Your footprints in the first snow.
Love that is no more.
G.P. Aman

FROM AN IMAGE I MIGHT HAVE SEEN

Head in defiance of no particular wind,
Scarf in deference to no particular style,
Gaudy flowers depart below her knees
And the bowed trunks shuffle from within.
A natty sweater drips from her arms,
flows to the crackling sack she bears
In defiance of no particular weight
In deference to no particular years.

She blends as drawn upon the drabness
of ancient shopfronts masking age
with youth derived of passing form.
Etched in the brown-ness, a wrinkled page
from brick-red streets and clopping hooves;
Life in counterpoint, shadows of lace
shift in defiance of nothing at all,
In deference only to subtle grace.

Harmonics quiver in disjointed union
through spectral days of violet to red.
But for perspective a dark collage
of crippled theme in black mirage.
Harmonics drift, beyond illusion,
above the continuum-grating din,
In defiance of laws devoid of soul
In deference, fully, to its particular wind.