

## Walking on Ice

Last night, yesterday's  
half-melted snow froze and  
this morning it was ice.

It crackles underfoot  
as I walk in the petrified steps  
of one who went before.

Slippery imprints of shoes  
where snow, melted  
by footsteps falling,  
froze hard and smooth.

There's peril in others' tracks  
—skid, spur and spike.  
path and road lie unseen.

Tracking in others' traces,  
you do not make your own.