

## **Cold Snaps**

1

Was that summer, then?  
and now the fall?

The bloom is on the grapes  
sweeter every day

The wine-red bird  
tastes the wine-dark fruit

2

Pumpkin-full the moon comes up  
earth's shadow cocked across her eyebrow

Now where we used to step unthinking  
snakes find their place in the sun

Now the geese come gabbling down  
the morning, the eagles behind them

the northern stars the boreal light  
winter at their backs

3

Such a fluttering in the shrubs and rustling of grasses  
what tumbling and hustling underground

Nests to be feathered stores to be stocked  
accounts taken of the nights' length

The sun still a promise on the mountain's red lip,  
that mournful question that troubled our sleep

A great horned shadow in the elderberry  
a memory about to be reborn

4

Long-sleeved days and vested nights  
Windows closed the first time since spring

The moon a wedge of Persian melon  
up on its northernmost horizon

Come along, old friend, if we don't  
hurry, the bees will have those pears