

Cold Snaps

1

Was that summer, then
and now the cold?

The wine-red bird
eats the winedark fruit.

2

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

the boreal night at their backs.
Now the salmon run upstream.

3

The sun still a promise on the mountain's lip
the pumpkin-full moon setting in the west

the mournful question that troubled our sleep
a great-horned shadow in the elderberry.

4

Long-sleeved days and vested nights
windows proof against the old

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