

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

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 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 cold

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