

A Mind of Winter
(Doris Avshalomov)

Heavy sky moves in clear gray
With wave winds kissing busy birds
Under their wings, half toppling them.

Too early this kissing wind touches me
Come out too soon, with crocus bulbs and pussywillows.
Veers me to west, to windward,
To coastal meadows of arums flashing
Beacon warnings to steer clear.

Too early the redpoll starts a warble,
Startling even the ready sparrows.
Owls at dark space their calls closer,
Wanting to nest soon.

It's not a place to settle,
Not a land to winter in.

Still inside the dormant husk
Grown rough with sleep
First shadows break loose.