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Snowlight

Robert Morgan

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Snowlight / Robert Morgan

Grandpa knew for certain it would snow
if he went out early to grind
his coffee in the backporch mill
and saw the glow behind the
mountain steady and close
as lighted cities.

He thought snow an electrical
condition of the air, a discharge like
St. Elmo's fire on the high
peaks that spilled down and
coated everything with angelic smuts,
fleshing the limbs of a dead pine
so they smoked and flared in the
early sun, giving body to the light
after its long descent to
corposantly suffer weight
among the branches.

Stirred by shadows on the sun
and currents in the ground
the aura signalled its approach.
Before evening we'd see the wind
charged and wrestling its host of sparks.

The Flying Snake / Robert Morgan

The giant rattler that lived in
the rocks above the Gap Road
watched teams and passing
riders from its summer ledge,
almost invisible in moss.
If bothered it could drain
its black feet into a crevice
or, provoked, spring on horse or driver,
raking the neck with its
loaded fangs and flopping off