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Winter Poems

Wayne Dodd

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Two Poems · *Wayne Dodd*

WINTER POEMS

Beside the creek potentilla
bushes grow
like boulders, dark
with the absence of flowers.
White and green only
this landscape.
But from the vanished
rafters of a porch,
flycatchers dart into spring
like necessary
yellow, bright in the eyes.

* * *

Freezing, even beneath thick
blankets: *These two hundred
bones will grow cold
strangers to themselves.*
In the long chill of dreams we listen
to the snap of pine cones ticking open
above us, like logs
on fire with the future.