

winter is for
snugly waiting

like

bulbs

like quilts in

warm houses with snow

outside:

an illustration in one of

your grandmother's

storybooks

here? plants have two kinds of winter waiting:

1. laid bare under the broad sun
2. every leaf curling upon itself

each almost absent in stillness

both brown, and crackling, and crunchy

as I wait, I dry out, brown

without romance or watercolor edges.
waiting without snow

only a fool would look back and say: those were the days

I'm not convinced this winter is fallow, replenishing time:
ordained. unavoidable.

It's through clenched teeth I say:
The spring rains *will* come.