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## Winter Storm Watch

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## WINTER STORM WATCH

In this afternoon of dark December  
coming too quickly past the blaze-orange coats  
of hunters, I watch first flakes of a storm  
that's tracked us for days. Vivaldi  
the one-eyed cat moves past table and rocker  
like a last measure; my small daughter  
breathes easily, safely through her nap.

It is almost like old crockery, the light  
that slips behind locust and holly trees.  
Pheasants flare briefly in the orchard,  
a branch crackles, snow begins to hiss and smolder  
across winter wheat.

The shadows in this room remind me  
of places where something has drifted  
too sweetly from face to face,  
or how I have often waked before dawn  
for no good reason and wandered  
from bedroom to kitchen,  
listening to walls and water pipes,  
stood near doorway and studied skin rising  
and falling, the dark that turned away  
almost like a face, and then, restless,  
gone back to bed to dream of women  
in linen blouses.

Everywhere now, by rose-hip berries  
and frozen stream, the small silences gather.  
By morning they will be whiter, deeper,  
called-out to by a single name.