

Three Winter Sonnets

Burial of Snow Storms

Snowstorms machine-gun humans into homes,
entomb them with just awareness of the world.
They rise to their tasks, but the bombardment
continues. At night, each recycles their blocked day,
and in dream, lives bloom. At 2 a.m., a sunflower
flops to earth, sowing secrets
people must forget. Storms shake walls,
swaying humans like the ocean mothers ferns.
On the third night, it just slurs. Early dawn risers
toe doorsteps, licking lips, tasting
a crisp cool core of cut quartz.
This exotic oxygen from afar
beads on the tongue like something clean.
Winds rise contrary. Houses are gardens.

Winter Rainfall

As snowflakes slush to raindrops, people pause
on corners, watching liquid bullets puncture
miniature mountains of snow. Some listen to
succession of incisions ensue
secession of winter's chrysalis.
It busts. Cars wheel out and chomp it up.
Shoppers swarm and stomp the inky gunk.
We crush the world to recognize it.
Hillocks slacken to scaffolds of ice-bars;
water within gushes back and forth.
Ice pipes untaut—crash to puddles of
stacked shards. At dusk, jays brook
this glittering marsh, reinhabiting sunset;
they pause on platinum, cratered with diamonds.

The Larger World

Jason walks through a fine fuzz of spruces
on a membrane of slim aquatic explosions,
air a booze of dreaming amoebas misting
white and blue; and soon his lungs ingest
the svelte pelt of chilled oxygen, and he's
pulled into raindrops rushing. All around
arises a swift silent multitude, sounding
solely through collision—and he listens
to vast echoes of distance within this
brash clash of raining, wonders why
he's walking to anything, stops, then feels
so cold he's shivering. Wet oblongs crash
on a vegetable bed primed to attention as
Douglas Firs pant *Douglas Fir Douglas Fir*. . . .

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