

Winter Sonnets

by G. H. Mosson

Winter Still Life

Leaves of grass slumber all day in ice.
Wood skeletons crackle atop rooftops.
Pines are stucco'd in cubes of crystal.
A willow is freighted with glass wires.
Nothing moves until twilight ignites
over and over this still-birth of ice,
as a boy walks his mutt and yearns
for unborn poetry he burns to forge.
Armored branches unleash ice-chinks;
pitch-black arrives to bursting chimes.
Only the breakage flashes this ice-world
is passage. Frigid winds will slacken,
releasing trees from their encasement
to rustle beneath January's low sun.