

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.