

# 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.

### First Snowfall

An old Victorian towers over  
its court of evergreens, and a curved road  
where cars blow through—so stately as wind  
ushers leaves to dirt. But when the household  
awoke to snowfall, pines were wreathed in  
white staccato, overarched by blue ice.  
In snow-clothed dawn, none could recall their world.  
So in the white-out of sudden tundra,  
driveways are culled, families forge snowmen.  
Loners trek drifts. Crows gyre.  
Low snow moves. And then—in the dusk quietude—  
a million miniature pat-downs. By my door  
are bird-prints where  
                                stairs of ice       boa around  
a blade of grass  
                                striving toward light.

### **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. . . .*

These five winter sonnets come the middle section of the nature  
cycle, Season of Flowers and Dust (Goose River Press, 2007).