

# A Cloud of Words for Winter

*by* Sam Rasnake

The poverty of my words — an empty  
birdfeeder in deep winter, the ground  
snow-covered under skies thick

with grey imaginings — has no way  
of knowing the secret places.  
What I would say hides

in the heavy grain of rock, smoothed  
into cold river bottom that no hand  
will ever touch, no sun over pine

and laurel will ever notice. The trout hovers  
in shadow but explains nothing  
in the fan of tail against the current.

