

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.

