

From What Is Before

The snow set early tonight
In the creaking space between thaw and freeze—
Beneath the silent sighs of falling flurries,
The snowpack's awning groaned its gray discontent—
Now! "Forever and ever," whispered the pebbling snow,
"We will blanket the world in sleep."
And, slow! The snowflakes buried life
Under wrappings ash-white
And mummified and lulled
Dawn's cerulean rule—
"Crystallize and weep,"
Crystallize and weep in
Mountain tides circadian.

And I waited in forest's deep keep,
Arbor-cloistered in a priory of trees (*a priori*),
Forgetting all knowledge and desire,
Overshadowed by spars and cordage,
Green spears, plumes, spires
Of pines rising skyward and higher,
Moon-bound, in-drew,
So straight and true they curved
Over warping intemporal and cresting and ceding
To curl and crash their emerald seas
Frothy white down;
And dreaming,
I waited for them forming
To recede and gather and roll again,
Reborn and reborn,
Like spring,
Like ice,
Like oceans and fire,
Rising.