

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

Nick Conrard
For Weeks

The dark clouds had been there,
on the horizon,
sometimes overhead,
and there were signs
of a making
ready for winter,
of gardens turned under,
of full-jowled squirrels,
of windows newly caulked.
Even the trees
seemed to hurry
from red to brown.
Now, today, amid
the first snow, a few leaves
linger like last thoughts
unwilling to let go.

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Winter Touched

The sycamores have shed their bark and are nearly as bone-white as the birches. Stars glint like ice, the air mausoleum cold. Each dusk, frost; each dawn, some snow. Yet here, now, these hollyhock, new leaf green and sure of something I am not.