

MIDWINTER

The same wind drove the same rains from the sea,  
Rivory cloudbursts drowned out each clear light  
Of heaven, and lightning raved overhead all night,  
Wound its fire through the meshes of strange trees.

Then pale gold morning reached the housefronts and  
You were still here, just waking in first sun.  
You showed me five birds lighting one by one  
In our wet lilac—dropped from the heart of wind,

They looked like song-sparrows in the winter dawn.  
Nuthatch? Vireo?—leaves of desire  
Washed up from dream to daylight. "They're only birds,"

You said, and smiled, and closed the Audubon.  
But snowfall blanks the vaulted desert air  
Between us now, and these are only words.