

## Winter in the Apartment

When winter comes the snow-breath blows  
on draft-cold floors and chills the cornerlings  
which hunch without the hot hearth-flicker.  
"Turn up the heat," they say to each other,

"Turn up the heat, bundle in wool-bags,  
and sip our soups: cloud-steeds, rising."  
The air is chill. *We* are ice men  
unless we fly or turn up the heat.

With her woolens she can scoff Antarctica  
and the couch, mouth like Hel, fire-deep.  
They say to each, "You'll lose your keys  
in the black mouth," like Hel, fire-deep.

But with woolens warm she waits, with  
one sail-sheet of cloth she binds herself.  
No keys or pens or baubles drop from  
one sail-sheet of cloth. Wool-warm is not

hearth-warm, but wool-warm is better  
than skin-cold. Thank the shivered, shorn sheep.

## Ice-Heavy

Ice-heavy branches seem solid in winter,  
Locked like crystal-castles on barked tree-skins.  
Bark on fingers, bark on hands,  
Knuckles red-raw and cold burn on the edges.

Ice-heavy and clear, thick crystal drips.  
Slender bent-branches inside falling ice-spires:  
Like trapped trees, like hidden secrets,  
Ice-mirrors drip lights, rain-mud catches thoughts.

Some winter-wanderer watches icicles melt.  
The frozen pictures drip-drop to memory.  
Brown spikes of bark, held in falling ice spears,  
Are only winter-water— just dream and cold air.