

Winter Commons

Mountains for breakfast, the sea
for tea – there is no other food
to feast on. We eat winter's yellow
grass, its blackened branches, moss
that's fingers deep. We make soup of
stones, a solitary diet of grey rocks.

The hill has thrown a curtain of
snow across our window,
the trees that hem the garden
probe our sleep, scratch
the slated roof until
it squeals like chalk.

I dream of honeyed clover
on my tongue, the song of
the stream as it slips past
nettle, celandine, wild garlic.
I watch for the green mist
that soon must surely blur
the sycamore's stark nakedness.