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Song for Cold Country

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When the snow comes again we will rot again. But right now we look back and wonder . . . but beyond holds more wonder now that the thaw is begun. The flood edges of the dirty snow threaten to wash our lawn down into the ditch and the new paint on the house is dirty and the gutters sag from the weight of watery ice but nights are starlight cold clear and so very, very endless.

SONG FOR COLD COUNTRY

At the end of every lane
The shutters of the rain
Lock the pasture down.
Brown blasts the green.

The cistern breaks the pail,
A mirror slows the mill,
I carry coal and pour
Midnight on the fire.

The tower of the wind
Sinks into the sand
With the princess still asleep
In manacles of sleet.

John Woods