

WINTER IN WOODLAND

Evil carries its own climate.
Amoebae shaped
always touching your arm
to startle senses
the eye cannot see.
Liquid halos disperse
in the early morning fog.
Hades formed itself
first from thought.

Dream daughter,
weave me some wrong
to hold my daylight together.
The iris in a stop-light
splinters and can't be seen.
I am burying a dream-bone,
leaving it for later, incubating
an innuendo, lying it real,
reeling it in right.

Fog filters, refracting memory.
Thought scatters, glass splinters my mind.
High beams, low beams,
beams of brightness
find no reason for my pain.
There is no focus to find.
Steam kettle sounds,
horns from the harbor
sit silent and will not solidify me.

—Bonnie Raingruber

