

Falling

March, and the snow floats

Down to the dark pond still half locked in ice,

Onto dead leaves and driveways,

To be caught on tongues and mittens.

It must be spewing from overburdened clouds,

Or at least that is what my science teacher said,

Though at first all you see is the dark sky,

Speckled, a kind of bleak static

In the way the world offers up its changes:

The hunched hemlocks sweat off their icy coats,

Light reaches the basement through the poplars,

And the air is moistened by wet wood.

Now the watery embankments slosh,

And the world begins its grandest preparation

As the winter mask falls

With the trickling of rain down the gutters.