trice call there is the

SILENCES

Roberta Rubenstein

a granding for the the silence of deep winter in a forest (carved deeper still by recent snow):

when birds are muted and have an entirely a by layers of white, stifling the expected shiftings of pine needles;

Emests intention,

Abut the drawed, the

3 We of the Street of

Service Corner

when even the sun is meek and wan, daring only to disturb the quiet

by nudging some careless peripheries of snow to drop gently from numbed branches. . . .

this is the silence I read in your face: that still, suspended waiting hoping for a thaw.

SCREE June 1 SCREE

Alan Waugh

wind wound round cold bare ground granite spines twisted pines winter moon il and it wind wounds.

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