

SILENCES

Roberta Rubenstein

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

when birds are muted
 by layers of white,
 stifling the expected
 shiftings of pine needles;

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

Alan Waugh

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