

Two Poems by Bonnie Thurston

WINTER WEAVINGS

You keep
the hazy,
overblown ripeness
of summer
Give me
the crisp clarity
of winter
when the lay
of the land
is bared,
and the mauve
of the hills
meets the gray
of the sky,
and the rivers
run silver with ice.

On the loom of winter
the warp and weft
of the world
hangs simply.
A single cardinal
flashes by,
a shuttle
trailing crimson thread.
Winter air
is cold and clear,
winter nights,
long and still,
while God is weaving,
weaving patterns
as yet undisclosed.

PUTTING THE GARDEN TO BED

Gardening, I know,
is an exercise
in hope.

This is hard
to remember
on a cold day
in dismal November
amid the stalks
and frozen foliage
after frosts.

I rake leaves,
mulch roses,
feel sad,
and thus distracted,
forget thorns.
A long, thin scratch
oozes blood, smarts.

Why do this?

A great squawking
cuts the stillness.
Over my head,
a flash of gray feather
against a gray sky,
a kingfisher
slashes by.

And suddenly,
I see buds,
buds everywhere.