Winter is a man
that much is certain--
not so old but hungry
for attention
and whatever keeps knees
working as they should.
I do wrestle with his brother,
Massachusetts.
Sometimes toss
a fist of laughter
back at him--my kind
of fire. List my people’s
names to burn his breath.
Cough the strength
saved up in me with
work and water.
Strength I counted
on to cross the
creek and bay.
Cold up here is
something to be
broken. Shackles
that no dollar
price can pay. The
ice on morning
buckets. Every
day’s white wall.
1845: Sky Speaking

The man of the house is Wild—lion-spirited in a way he corrals with buttons. He, who loves the air also loves his roar, his consequences—rough or shined. Loves to jostle wide storms, the barreling forces we squat and deliver.

A certain flavor counters his emphatic flair. That one. Much wrongdoing curdles in his wake.

The woman is two women: a dead twin, in broken threads, enchants her living and climbs her mind. Asleep or waking, she will always wear this breath-weight. Already she balances the leakage of this crooked crown with knowledge of her own. Which is to say she lives twice. Laughing now, with the man, she tunes her ferocious machine for an unthinkable walk thirty years and more, to the farthest meadow, the undreamed hill. This one. The might of her hips is a might never measured in full day, never yet sung.
Excerpt from Quiet

3. terror

Far into the night
one or two Words make the difficult
trip upstream. Come morning
these land, burning with a will
to ride my tongue. Oh, they swell
bigger than terror. Just let my breath
go slack: they spill. They spill.