

Four Poems · *Peter Desy*

LATE WINTER BLUES

6 AM and it's still dark,
but winter stays in your mind
like bones in a dog's memory,
not present to the senses,
just a vague image of trees,
some with their black scribble of branches
against a sky almost always grey
or dirty beige. And you try
now in March to imagine green
trees but your brain refuses
the transaction, refuses, that is,
to consider spring a possibility,
and you can't call forth
any convincing evidence or even forgery
to let you wallow in a lush season
while buds stay numb and stunned.
And then it always snows
that one last time just when
the mind admits its complicity
with the sleep you've come to hate.
This season strikes you down and stands
over you whistling something you can't
quite catch, and it grows so dark
so early, like a low and sinking note
played by a ghostly, almost absent, instrument.