

## Two Poems · *Wayne Dodd*

### WINTER POEMS

Beside the creek potentilla  
bushes grow  
like boulders, dark  
with the absence of flowers.  
White and green only  
this landscape.  
But from the vanished  
rafters of a porch,  
flycatchers dart into spring  
like necessary  
yellow, bright in the eyes.

\* \* \*

Freezing, even beneath thick  
blankets: *These two hundred  
bones will grow cold  
strangers to themselves.*  
In the long chill of dreams we listen  
to the snap of pine cones ticking open  
above us, like logs  
on fire with the future.