

## Snowlight / Robert Morgan

Grandpa knew for certain it would snow  
if he went out early to grind  
his coffee in the backporch mill  
and saw the glow behind the  
mountain steady and close  
as lighted cities.

He thought snow an electrical  
condition of the air, a discharge like  
St. Elmo's fire on the high  
peaks that spilled down and  
coated everything with angelic smuts,  
fleshing the limbs of a dead pine  
so they smoked and flared in the  
early sun, giving body to the light  
after its long descent to  
corposantly suffer weight  
among the branches.

Stirred by shadows on the sun  
and currents in the ground  
the aura signalled its approach.  
Before evening we'd see the wind  
charged and wrestling its host of sparks.

## The Flying Snake / Robert Morgan

The giant rattler that lived in  
the rocks above the Gap Road  
watched teams and passing  
riders from its summer ledge,  
almost invisible in moss.  
If bothered it could drain  
its black feet into a crevice  
or, provoked, spring on horse or driver,  
raking the neck with its  
loaded fangs and flopping off