

Winter Meditation

With distant fluency I sense summer nights
spinning circles in Snyders' backyard,
anchored to the stars, until one tumbles,
then another, then another, into dizzied
laughter in the grass.

Finger-tracing geometrical constellations,
spirits sink from the sky with communal gaze
as seasonal bargains swap Cassiopeia's *W*
for Orion's belt, and frosted blades of grass
splinter beneath our shoes.

February's mock sun with chipped teeth
beams maniacally his glacial daylight, white
without warmth; a twenty-something's contemplation
of neighborhood children spiraling, dropping
like fireflies in grass-strewn jars.