

JAMES B. NICOLA

Night Snow

He fell into my heart like snow at night,
a gentle storm. I didn't notice it
until I woke next morning. Snow is white
as love must be; but there's an illicit
aspect in loving him, I'll have you know,
as night snow would be black without the glow
from moonlight. That's him, light as he is dark—
his hair as jet as sin, eyes' deep-set spark
so imminent, so radiant—and as cold
as warm, for I lie here while he lives there:
The gap keeps one heart pure, the other bold,
too bold, dreaming of snowing everywhere
all night as I can't help remembering
how sudden snowfall changes everything.

James B. Nicola has been published in a score of journals—over fifty poems so far. A stage director by profession, his book Playing the Audience won a CHOICE Award.