

**Ronald Stottlemyer**

**Weathervane**

Sometimes at twilight,  
out of the moments the years  
  
have scattered, I hear  
the weathervane still rattling  
  
up there on the spine of the barn,  
wind slipping through the crack  
  
of copper light slowly closing  
over the aspens, the stone fences,  
  
the water trough at my knees  
trembling with pale light. What  
  
was I then, six or seven, too young  
for all I feel now, seventy years  
  
fallen away from heaven,  
not knowing yet what I have  
  
come to as these moments return,  
the hawk, gray eye of winter,  
  
settling down on his fence post,  
night folded in his wings.

**Snow**

Before you open your eyes  
you feel the weight of it in a quiet

as deep as Siberia. The last  
thing you remembered then

was the wind trying the boulders,  
the night, shaggy, lumbering on.

And the light now, chalky,  
a fog in your half-opened eyes,

your arm swollen white,  
drifted away from you,

numbed, a useless club,  
the footsteps beside it filling,

ashes of millennia  
lightly floating back, settling in.