

**Classic Poetry Series**

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**- poems -**

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# Relearning Winter

Hello Winter, hello flanneled  
blanket of clouds, clouds  
fueled by more clouds, hello again.

Hello afternoons,  
off to the west, that silver  
of sunset, rust-colored  
and gone too soon.

And night (I admit to a short memory)  
you climb back in with chilly fingers  
and clocks, and there is no refusal:  
ice cracks the water main, the garden hose  
stiffens, the bladed leaves of the rhododendron  
shine in the fog of a huge moon.

And rain, street lacquer,  
oily puddles and spinning rubber,  
mist of angels on the head of a pin,  
hello,

and snow, upside-down cake of clouds,  
white, freon scent, you build  
even as you empty the world of texture-  
hello to this new relief,  
this new solitude now upon us,  
upon which we feed.

Mark Senvold