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## **Dream of Winter**

Snow falls from dark sky.  
Clouds blow across winter moon.  
Ravens fly in early daylight,  
call.  
Their raucous cries of winter  
echo  
in my cold house of dreams.

I wake  
reach into memory  
for dreams.

Dawn wakes.

There are no ravens here.  
Where we live now is too modern  
for them.  
Houses are close together.  
There is nothing here for ravens.  
There is nothing here  
for wild creatures.

Snow falls from dark sky.  
Daylight floods my cold house.  
Clouds  
blow across winter moon.

In early daylight,  
ravens fly across  
the face of the cold moon  
through falling snow.  
Their raucous cries  
echo  
in my memories.  
Bears lope down the street.  
Bison graze across front lawns.  
Stag stands up the hill and watches  
this quiet neighborhood.

No sounds of cars.  
No sounds of freeways.

Wildlife holds quiet.

I walk from room to quiet room.

Snow falls thickly.

Morning sun shines  
above dense snow clouds.