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Jon Remmerde

Warm January Wind

A Chinook blew up at daylight,
melted the bond of snow
with the metal barn roof.
Metallic thunder roared
in sunshine
and was quiet again
before we understood
snow had slipped
from the barn's metal roof
and piled beneath eaves
on snow already there.

In the sun-softened day,
we four, mother, father
and two small daughters
walk down the graveled road,
grateful for January quiet,
for sunshine, for warm wind
blowing from summer
into our winter valley.

We become noisy as birds,
happy as crazy coyotes
greeting the moon,
full above snow,
quiet as ducks who will float
on spring streams
swollen above full
with snow melt from our mountains,
as grateful for all life
as four humans walking
down a graveled road
in warm January sunshine.