

In Her Season

for Jane Storrier

in her cabin up the valley,
she thinks of all the seasons
covering the fallen door
and hears a knot
growing in its heart
like an illness.

windows creak
under the weight of ice
and snow embroiders
the jagged ridge
with a thread of winter.
she will pack a few clothes,
books and some
part of a life
into an old rucksack
and head back to town:
that will come soon enough.

above the line of clouds
there is only one star
and a long cold wind
carrying a song of darkness
down the coast.

— Jan E. Conn

Autumn at Little Bear

The vital, hysterical call of the summer loon is no more,
Now his melancholy cries out before dawn.
Shrill hawks are heard no more — their young have fled,
Dulled reds and yellows have hushed the woods,
Rocks that summer's sun made erect and jagged
Rest now with edges softened by a lazier light,
Grasses yellowed, mellowed, brittle, not with decay
But readied for hard-edged blasts.
The lake shrinks back to gather itself for the coming cold
And reveals a forgotten graveyard of tortured forms,
The island's trees reach no more for young to gather there —
The solitude of winter is more her home.
Ah, autumn fits my mood like still waters round a rock.

— Molly Ferguson



Alida Fish Cronin, from Women See Woman