

# Silver

The wind blew caught up snow down.  
The ground saw grass turn brown.

Leaves wrap up the soil of sound,  
and grateful branches snatch out  
to catch caught crystal ice.

A carpet of white, a rug of wet,  
a cover, a sweater, sweating out.

Sky is crying feathers,  
because the sun has left her.

Because green is gone,  
because hot sweet is gone,  
silver ever covered clouds are weeping.

Because light lingers on,  
but being sucked away into the stars,  
because Venus is relied upon,  
and has the sound of Jesus  
but not the sound of Mars,

Sky cries.

Silver leaks out of her linings.  
Twilight come and twilight gone.  
The soil of sound sings out,  
cries out, shouts out, blacks out  
the memories of roots.

CALEB DORAN