

The Boys of Night Winter

PAUL SOHAR

Their puffy winter jackets lifting their
faces high above the horizon
the boys troop in from the snow

unshaped voices shaking
snow out of the smoke-tinted
sky even inside the house

they don't take off and hang up
their smiles but start tossing a tight
bundle of words among themselves

white flakes still tickling blond brows
and turning to salt in the deep wells
of darkening brown eyes

there's no room for me inside
but I can't swing the front door
open against the wind beyond

I have no choice but to turn into snow
not a snowman but a snowfall or maybe
a snowman's naked soul