

# *The Boys of Night Winter*

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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