

# *For the First Time*

JOANNA NOBLE

Alone and snow-bound you learn  
the bones of your home as they keen  
and creak through crevices and cracks  
you never knew in a lifetime.

Marooned in your home now drooped  
in snow-burdened drifts,  
icicles jewelng the eaves,

you move to the shifts  
in wood floors worn and tread  
every day but never known as you know  
them now. You have lived

a stranger in your home so long,  
so much unnoticed like the darkness  
tonight flecked with waving white motes.

With wakened eyes you see  
the new moon lying on her black back,  
a spread-eagled hammock cradling stars  
the night has scooped and skimmed

and laid on her luminous belly.  
For the first time you see, you hear,  
you feel how deeply rooted you are.