

# WINTER



*Patricia Fagnoli*

*The Hobblesh Granite State Poetry Series, Volume VI*

HOBBLEBUSH BOOKS

Brookline, New Hampshire

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*for Roger Dayton Jones*

1934–2013

*in memory and with love*

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*somehow, in some ways,  
it has managed to survive—  
pampas grass in the snow*

—MATSUO BASHO

◇ I ◇  
◇  
◇  
◇

SHOULD THE FOX COME AGAIN  
TO MY CABIN IN THE SNOW

Then, the winter will have fallen all in white

and the hill will be rising to the north,

the night also rising and leaving,

dawn light just coming in, the fire out.

Down the hill running will come that flame

among the dancing skeletons of the ash trees.

I will leave the door open for him.



## HUNGER

It is the gnawing within the silence  
of the deep body which is like  
the pool a waterfall replenishes  
but can never fill.

The watery room of the body  
and its voices who call and call  
wanting something more, always more.

Once in a dream, the trees in a peach orchard  
called out saying: Here, this bright fruit,  
hold its roundness in your palm,  
and I held one, wanting  
the others I could not hold,  
as the light fell through the trees,  
one cascade after another.

Now, the wind from the hurricane  
that veered out to sea,  
and the hard rain blow through the space  
where yesterday men felled the spruce,  
its height and beauty, for no good reason.  
Where it was, only emptiness remains,  
and the stump level with the ground.

The wind finds its own place  
and waits there holding its breath  
for a moment, calling to no one,  
surprising us by its stillness,  
surprising even the rain which comes in  
to my house through the untidy gardens  
where it has been sending its life breath  
over the dying mint and blood-red daylilies.

Summer is dying and I grow closer  
to the shadow moving toward me  
like the small spiders  
that inhabit and hunt in the corners.  
And the wind stirs, rattles the panels,  
singing its own hunger, its own water song.

## STILL, SILENCE MOVES ME TO SPEAK

of past, future, all those years  
when life seemed ordinary  
and was not. Mere wanderings

luminous memories  
and the goat of chaos  
always at cliff's edge  
with his yellow burning eyes.



The future burns on a short wire,  
comes swiftly as lightning,  
no dance can stop it.



The dead visit my house  
again and again.  
They roam the old rooms.  
What I am given in sleep—

scent of raspberries and lime,  
a wooden chair rocking,  
the blacksmith who thrusts  
iron into the fire.