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Two Poems by Myrna Stone

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Myrna Stone

Two Poems:

Almanac

~ *Snow*

Furious it flits, and swift, its milken grist
moiling across the leaden panes of evening

as twilight morphs into dusk's darker drift.
Furious it flits, and swift, its milken grist

ferried on the rim of the wind, an arctic riff
at the whim of one more day's unraveling.

Furious it flits, and swift, its milken grist
moiling across the leaden panes of evening.

~ *Rain*

It is a tongue coding its incessant chatter
along the house's gutters and fissured glass,

though the child in me still loves such natter.
It is a tongue coding its incessant chatter

to that lone and lonely child in the patter
on her clear umbrella in the thrall of the past.

It is a tongue coding its incessant chatter
along the house's gutters and fissured glass.

~ *Sun*

On its white-hot hinge of heat he labors
in fits and starts through the morning's burn,

cursing his saw and axe and decimated acre.
On its white-hot hinge of heat he labors

to sever an ash tree from its roots, the borers'
channels inside the sapwood maps of ruin.

On its white-hot hinge of heat he labors
in fits and starts through the morning's burn.

~ *Wind*

Plying the art of feint and dart, it alters
leaves into birds gone transient on the wing,

or so we both imagine for moments after.
Plying the art of feint and dart, it alters

the landscape into fall's brazen theater
of bluster at once phantasmal and fleeting.

Plying the art of feint and dart, it alters
leaves into birds gone transient on the wing.

The Abandoned Greenhouse

*Certain herbs are thought
to lessen impaired cognition...*
--American Herbalist Guild

Little cathedral of iron and glass,
of arch, mullion, and broken apse,

the faint twilit specters of rarified
flora you once coddled electrifies

us but briefly, for year upon year
you litter anew in dross. What fear

have we then in being drawn here
to the site of your ruin but the clear

sense of our own, which day by day
plays out beyond this wasted acre.

Thus we come for the sovereignty
of nature loosed, its sprung bounty

occupying each inch of your ambit
our pharmacopeia: yellow circlets

of bristling autumn hawkbit lodged
among the stalks of fringed sedges,

mild lemon balm growing wild
in the higher compromised aisles,

and, on the verges, flanks of downy
roseroot abounding—yes, beauty

all about, and every herb a conduit
to the wherewithal to remember it.