

New Hampshire
by Howard Moss

1

When the loons cry,
The night seems blacker,
The water deeper.

Across the shore:
An eyelash-charcoal
Fringe of pine trees.

2

The lake reflects
Indefinite pewter,
And intermittent thunder
Lets us know
The gods are arriving,
One valley over.

3

After the long
Melancholy of the fall,
One longs for the crisp
Brass shout of winter—

The blaze of firewood,
The window's spill
Of parlor lamplight
Across the snow.

4

Flaring like a match
Dropped in a dry patch,
One sunset tells

The spectrum's story.

See the last hunter's
Flashlight dim
As he hurries home
To his lighted window.