

Snow in June

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Even here it comes as a shock.
Cold cracking the bone
bedded silence of morning
clicking battery dead.

Flakes in furious flurries
collar clinging, icy
blades tracing the spine.
Four inches and still falling.

The sun folded deep
in the disturbed hands of sky.
Four-wheeling, a rancher squints
into whirling white canyons.

A mailman slips on black ice,
his curses spinning like tires.
With sadness of sparrows,
telephone wires slouch

over astonished lawns
and forsaken gardens.
Wheezing lungs crave the sturdy
stamina of wolves of wind.

Over this land's arched sweep
toward heaven, prayers drift
with petals and paper
against wicked fences.