afternoon of the writer

black and white snowballs
hurling themselves against the window,
chickadees all day at the feeder
brilliant flashes against grey sky
slivering into soft flesh at eye’s edge —
tap tap tap the typewriter
black and white ballpeen
relentless against unforgiving bark,
woodpecker intense in her crusade
on the utility pole at the mailbox
against insects who let down their guard —
flurry in the snow of movement,
black and white hearts and tongues
the dogs racing across my horizon,
calling down afternoon, the snowplow
at 2, school bus at 4,
yellow as madness, their taste
still sharp on the tongue after they’re gone.

DAVE MARGOSHES