

## afternoon of the writer

black and white snowballs  
hurtling 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