

*Linda Sillitoe*

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# Home from the North

only from the nesting hollow  
of our bed  
will I say how cold it's been  
so cold  
deer feed in backyards along  
the foothills  
like dark, small-hooved cattle.

the bus winds through a canyon  
of snow  
cattails spring from white banks  
in tandem  
far dusky trees align their tips  
in a long brush  
five black and white crows pulse  
into white sky.

the close crooked branches interweave  
cross and weave  
again outside my window love  
cross and weave  
a basket in the making, an intricate  
slow enfolding.

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*LINDA SILLITOE, a Salt Lake City writer and journalist, has also published poetry, fiction, and critical essays.*