

# Still Sounds of Winter

*Dawn Baker Brimley*

All the senses have existed  
. . . in my imagination.

Helen Keller

Waking from my loud dream  
I hear only what is here:  
the cornered stars rattling in glass  
and the slow roll of a drumhead moon.

The bare birds hunching icily  
where the firethorn glares,  
and the sunken spiritless flares  
of eyes soliciting a star, a sun.

The brittle shade of a tree gone gray,  
placed like a thin hand  
on the stopping snow, and on  
the abject loss of grass below.

The ringing quiet of a wind chime  
broken since last spring; but here,  
comforting and near, like all  
stillness locked in a spare room.

Now, the real and ritual howl  
of some wintering thing: wolf or cat.  
But for my breath and a click of light,  
the sound most still in the sensual night.

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*DAWN BAKER BRIMLEY has published poetry in DIALOGUE, Sunstone, Ensign, and Mountainwest, among other periodicals. She serves on a writing committee for the Relief Society Social Relations lessons, and has taught children's literature at Brigham Young University and in the Provo School District. She is currently preparing a volume of her poetry for publication.*

