

First Course: Feeling the Wind

By Patricia Williams

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Here in the sheltering hills where I live,
the wind roars, passes over,
but oh, how it blows when it hits the flats.

Squirrels head quickly for cover,
the cat declines to step out the door,
won't expose paw or whisker.

Finches hope their nests hold
through blustering gusts,
gales sweep the lawn clean of needles.

First snow feathers downward,
late Autumn's lite appetizer,
served before the main course.

North Country Spring

By Patricia Williams

Cool spring showers

banish the remains of lingering snow –

fresh winds ruffle open water.

Winter's dry leftovers

contrast with newly sprouted green.

Deer leave open fields,

return to the depths of the forest;

robins arrive from a southern retreat.

The distress of the world vanishes,

whistled away in the breeze.

Autumn Lament

By Patricia Williams

Rose-colored days diminish –
the time to gather plums
has passed.

Autumn sails the wind –
birds, flown to gentler regions,
the season's last flowers, faded.

A shroud of winterkill
flows loose and free,
wraps open fields.

Dormant life
awaits the wakeup call.