

## Laurie Rosen

### Snow Pyramids

Tables, Adirondack chairs perch a dozen steps  
from the back door. They face south,  
toward a thorny blackberry patch  
that spreads over a modest rise. Then meadows,  
woods, the Green Mountains in the distance.

After a series of storms, tables metamorphose  
into pyramids large enough to entomb  
memories of shifting seasons.  
The chairs frozen, crusty transform  
into a row of judges who pick and choose  
which moments for us to savor.

Barbeques and bonfires. Afternoons  
with a book, a bottle of wine,  
deer sightings and buckets of blackberries.  
The memory of red, orange and gold trees  
that sway against skies turning from blue to pink  
to velvet black, embroidered with silver sequins.

There are secrets, too. A shared joint,  
too many shots of mezcal.  
Illegal fireworks on New Year's Eve.  
We watch from a wall of windows.  
With each new flake, the shrines expand  
and make room for an afternoon of snowshoeing,  
ice falls, a snowy owl. A spirited jam session of guitars  
and banjos, a surprise engagement.

In spring's unfolding, the pyramids  
collapse then evaporate, tables reveal  
themselves. The thawed chairs summon.  
We plant ourselves on damp wood  
and mull mud, bugs, emerging buds.

**Laurie Rosen** lives on the coast north of Boston with frequent visits to a home tucked deep into a hollow in Vermont. She is inspired by travel, nature, politics and the myriad photographs she takes of her surroundings. Her poems have appeared in *Sisyphus*, *Tigershark Magazine*, *The London Reader* and will soon be published in *Beach Reads*, an anthology from Third Street Writers.