

God of Winter

by Alan Briggs

my blizzard wrecks terror
millions of unseen flee,
screaming before the swath
of frost hurling from my path
who is the norse god of blizzards?
of ice storms?
of the myriad words for snow
I am.
directing my polar divinity's fury.
until I turn
forgetting long learned arcane preparations
and icy winds knock
me from my arctic Parthenon
a forgotten patriarchal oracle
don't spit into the wind
cold sheets smother my face.
slobbering fenrir with slushy poison
heralding ragnarok
and I am vanquished and
entombed
until icy fingered
i curse runicly
and turn the snowblower chute
to make another pass
across the driveway

Alan Briggs writes poetry because he never learned to tap dance. He should have lived more; breaking pieces off the Berlin Wall and trying to get arrested by the KGB were ethereal pleasures. He lives in Nibley with his wife (who still likes him most days), his son, two chickens who refuse to lay eggs in winter, and one cat. He has drafted three books and published one. The night he can watch the moon rise over Cache Valley and can distill it into pungent, reverent, soulful prose will be the culmination of his life.