

## WINTER HEAT

Larry Rubin

Thunder in January jars thinking  
Into offseason trails, jugular flowers  
Throbbing rich veins of snow,  
Melting the months to a frenzy of frozen jade  
Mounting her throat like jeweled flame-throwers.

Heat in August conforms to impotence.  
Calendar-scared, limply expected, true  
To the monotonous poles,  
It grants no lusty libation of its sweat,  
Stands neuter in its tepid fear of flow.

But crumbling blocks of labouring purple night  
Rip the icicles from the wall, slam  
Shudders through the floor;  
Then wonder dilates the cells like sentient wine,  
Jams blinding gender through the winter room.