

Poems by Sidney Wade

Snow Bird

I'm torn,
my beloved

in the ice-
ribbed north,

while here
in the sun

I feather
in the first

flush of green,
in the dazzle

of liquid return
to gold branches,

everything throbbing
with pollen

and birds.
My love, amid

the swirling
snow words

of another storm,
bends his tired

back and shovels
some more.

Cold Stream Pond, August

lake-water
rushes white

and foamy
through granite

boulders
on its way

to join the great
faraway river

as we sit
in feathered shade

on the rocks
and you teach

me *willow herb*,
turtle head,

shinleaf, *dock*,
when *quick*

you say, *look*
and a brilliant

pair, jet
and emerald,

thorax and wing,
make a temple

of their segmented
selves in the sun

and the urgent
needs of autumn

hold us all
in thrall

BIO

Sidney Wade is a poet, professor, and translator. She earned her PhD in English from the University of Houston, an MEd in counseling from the University of Vermont, and a BA in philosophy from the University of Vermont. Wade is the author of six collections of poetry: *Straits & Narrows* (2013), *Stroke* (2008), *Celestial Bodies* (2002), *Empty Sleeves* (1990); *Green* (1998); and *From Istanbul* (1998) published in Istanbul where Wade was a Fulbright scholar, *Celestial Bodies* (2002), and *Stroke* (2008). She has served as President of AWP and Secretary/Treasurer of ALTA and teaches workshops in Poetry and Translation at the University of Florida's MFA@FLA program. She is the poetry editor of *Subtropics*.