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Winter Solstice

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Winter Solstice

by John Nizalowski

V of snow geese
fly under the white
half moon floating
in a pale blue sky.
They speak to the
wind like the
chattering of old
men to their wives.

10 degrees.

As the sun sets,
staining the naked
elms orange, the
shadows turn blue
and frigid. No rabbits
on the trail, no herons
grace the muddy bank.
Ice forms on the canal,
quail huddle beneath
the tamarisk, my face
grows numb, and the
air in my lungs crackles.

The whole northern
hemisphere closing
in and hanging on
until the sun returns.

