



6-15-2007

Winter

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Recommended Citation

Neuman, Judith (2007) "Winter," *Westview*: Vol. 26 : Iss. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol26/iss1/17>

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Winter

by Judith Neuman

Winter moved in and set up housekeeping.
An old friend, she settled down and made herself at home,
filling up the corners with coats and boots and hats and gloves,
the smell of wool and wet wood snapping on the hearth.
On dark days she whines and howls,
Blowing drifts and cold between the cracks.
But in the sun she changes tune.
Her icicles play drip-phonies upon the windowpane.
Her snow cascades off shingles with a roar,
burying dry flowers under downy coverlets.
Tracks of rabbit, 'coon, and deer embroider her frozen quilt.

In the kitchen, winter cooks.
A pot of soup exhales its steamy breath,
distilling sweetness from last summer's roots.
Bones release their marrow for her bread
and cellars give up their apples for her smile.
We draw 'round the table, celebrating her return.



Photo by Kevin Collins

