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Winter Solo

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Winter Solo

by Don Stinson

The world is quiet in January ice the Sunday
after Epiphany. The roads are too slick to drive
to church, so I walk through the silent cold
to buy the latest news of the noisy world
that lies so far beyond this sleeping town.
I see no cars, no dogs, no birds, but tracks
of animal and man cover the white ground.
I think of those preachers from my childhood
who told of the rapture, how people would disappear
with the Lord, leaving the faithless behind.
Today's like that, as if I were the only sinner
wandering through a town evacuated by God.
A cruising police car reassures me I'm not alone;
it's not the end of time, just the beginning
of a week in winter's darkest month.
All the world waits silently for a revelation
like the melting of ice on the young, green wheat,
the flower tip pushing its way through the dirt,
a stone rolling heavy away
from the bright mouth of an open tomb.

