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## Winter

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# WINTER

*by LuAnn Keener*

Outside , dusk thickens  
as it always does, always  
has, the few curled leaves left  
growing black, then flat,  
stamped against the sky.  
I squint to pull the smallest twigs  
into focus, strain as if  
my eyes are tired, though I know  
it's just the dwindling light.

I imagine you sitting down now  
in the midst of your new family  
as the living room grows bright,  
the windows turn to mirrors.  
Our son and his playmate  
romp and conspire, their time  
still circular. From the kitchen,  
the clatter and chime of contentment.  
Spring is still a long way off  
yet how easily you must mistake  
the red and yellow leaves  
for blossoms.

*Keep a green bough  
in the heart runs the proverb,  
and the singing bird....* I curl my legs  
on the sofa, wrap around myself  
as the furnace sighs, as the panes  
go black. Inside its tight sheath  
the pale fist of the first leaf  
barely throbs.