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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.