

Winter's Calling

Is winter calling me?

Drawing me back to frosted glen and ridge
where powdered sugar dusts the giant firs,
and snow bound laurels in their tight knit thicket stand,
a huddled mass of frozen trolls.

Where in the hollow of the tallest oak
the tail of one gray squirrel flashes, then withdraws,
as he settles in to ponder Hamlet's hesitation
(with his small imagination),
wondering, in a *season's* sleep:
 What dreams may come?
 What dreams

When cold and calm conspire
to dull the senses –
fingers first, and fist and feet and face,
touch and movement slowly lost
until the numbness steals all grace,
until the numbness owns it all.

Then from his fragile, icy perch the mockingbird
Mocks Me with varied melody,
for he,
despite his cold adversity,
finds ample cause to sing.

Is winter calling out to me?

Will there be another spring?

-- Larry Stiles