

Ruth Taylor

Winter Daze

For weeks and weeks to come I'll mark
the shaggy squirrels' nest in the poplar's fork.
I'll reckon degrees in central heating smoke
or curl up in my blue room under a blue blanket.
Maybe I'll wear two pairs of socks in my boots
and head out to the bar for a snootful of warmth—
chnces are some local will say "Cold day out there eh?"
and I'll say, "Yeah, cold in here too."

And that say it all—or almost all
for it's neither snap nor spell
that chills my lonely potatoe in its lonely pot
and does quite a number on the heart as well
but that bitching gelidity out there that wrought
last night's dream of you: sauna hot!