

2021

## A January Curse

John Grey

Follow this and additional works at: <https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/mrr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Grey, J. (2021). A January Curse, *Mad River Review*, 5 (1).

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by CORE Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Mad River Review by an authorized editor of CORE Scholar. For more information, please contact [library-corescholar@wright.edu](mailto:library-corescholar@wright.edu).

John Grey

*A January Curse*

The winter comes in and looks around,  
finds some flowers to throttle and bones to chill,  
passions to cool, ears to blow into,  
mouths to freeze, rooms to crucify,  
then turns to leave, unthanked, as unattached  
from human feeling as a snowflake,  
but leaves a shadow, pale and spreading.  
sets a curtain to fluttering, a heart,  
made fragile by the drop in temperature,  
to almost break.

Beside me, Amy is rubbing the cold out of her flesh  
and Samantha is looking for something warm to kiss  
and I am thankful, that it's never too cold for birds,  
as a few chickadees dart to and from the feeder  
like eyes winking and blinking and, for all  
the hardship, spring is the vision in our minds now,  
we just need to prime our spirits well enough  
to greet the season in good faith, even  
as the hand of God is frosty and dagger-like  
and prayers are small, quickly put in their place,  
but, despite the unwelcome visitor, we have a fine place  
that we can call our own – it cannot keep out January –  
but at least it has a mind to.