A January Curse

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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.