

December Days

Half asleep
with a nonchalant air
you lean
on a open window
by indifferent curtains
ushering in noonday's sun;
snow rides
on absurd rooftops,
bluejays move south,
ice blooms on chimneys,
while a poet hides
near a ring of fire,
a pure voice is driven indoors,
Callas sounds on the radio
and time is hardly noticed.

-B.Z. Niditch