

# Full Circle

*by* Michael Gillan Maxwell

## Full Circle

I could lie here all day  
under this pile of warm blankets, listening  
to the sounds of wind sighing through treetops  
dogs snoring gently as they snuffle in their sleep  
the buzz and click of the electric baseboard heater  
the low throated rumble of a northbound freight  
clanking as it trundles up the tracks  
hauling coal to the power plant  
the steel snowplow scraping the road  
encrusted with snow and ice and salt and sand.

I could lie here all day  
remembering how I wrapped your tiny body  
in a black burial bag and locked that in the plastic box  
snow swirled all around me as I carried it  
to a place behind the stone wall  
next to the wood pile  
under an upside down wheel barrow  
I staggered away in the storm  
tears frozen to my cheeks.

There you will stay  
under the pyramid of Winter  
until Spring comes and the ground thaws  
when peepers emerge from frozen mud  
to sing their ecstatic song  
I'll dig a hole and bury you in the pet cemetery  
near the others in front of the pond  
on the hill overlooking the lake.  
It's there you were born, feral, and so

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you have come full circle.

I could lie here all day  
head under covers, daydreaming and staring into space  
feeling my toenails grow long, envisioning  
the bowl of oranges on the kitchen table  
Rip Van Winkle awakening from his nap  
amongst the sylphs and wood nymphs  
thunder crashing as angels and ghosts  
roll nine pins in the clouds  
pondering the past and trying  
to peer into the future.

