

Winter Missed

by David Ackley

On those grey domed days
the present scrolled by without
cease or threw fibrillated squalls
like wards of demon babies.

We reminded ourselves to breathe:
Why?
And gorged chocolate kisses
washed down with Liqueur
du Pendu

The end not nearly nigh enough
when night slacked into day
mist covering the hills;

At last: the awaited wall!

In minutes blown away.

