

# Silent Season

*by* Krista Clement

this day in bleak midwinter.  
gray sky wraps earth with  
angel sleeves and snow  
drops heavily onto soot singed drifts.

we are tired, you and I.

a train mourns distance.  
twilight seeps into tree bones—  
obscures the falling sky.  
the kitchen waits unswept and cold.

you hold me close.  
we burrow into blankets like  
two groundhogs revisiting slumber.  
nestling next to me, you sigh.

tomorrow we can be reborn.

but today soundless winter  
yawns before us.  
content, we let the shadows shift  
and lie patiently entwined.

