

Miss Winter Solstice

by Scott A. Nicholson

The palm trees bent upon her passing stride
From fishnet stockings running up her hide;
Toe-tipping, wide-eyed shivers running down,
Politely separating caps from crown.
Miss Winter Solstice come to town awhile
With misanthropic, frigid eyes for guile.

She's cold, she's cold, or so I'm told,
But I still ache, her hand to take
And wrap a coat around her tote.

Now folks, imagine, if you can, her jive,
Like clacking, tapping heels on hardwood floor,
Her thigh-cut dress held over steps of five;
That's, if you're counting, one more step than four.
She sets the floor on fire, but, man alive,

She's cold, she's cold, or so I'm told,
But if obliged I'll steer my glide
Into her hands to steal a dance.

You're feeling blue, to be expected, true,
Her touch of ice is sure enough to send
About just any man a bout of flu;
But if you've got a crimson scarf to lend,
I think the frozen night I'll make it through.

She's cold, she's cold, or so I'm told,
This late december gives me fever,
The worse I turn the less I learn,

But what a lovely way to burn...

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