

the cold envies whom?

by strannikov

night bites with its single cold tooth
each mountain fang waits to be scraped clean
early afternoon winds howled through
left behind cold breath to settle miles deep:
the cold already arrived sinks deep tonight.

cold plunges its lethal chill spade
into the dirt before cold takes the earth
to ossify it stiff with ice
the semblance of cold the semblance of death
said only to be felt this side of the grave.

this cold came only from our north
but arriving here may as well have come
from just outside the Kuiper Belt
a distant cold suited to hosts of dead
—but for those with working lungs, brisk air to breathe!

