

the cold the day left

by strannikov

in our teens as tough as the cold
we wore denim and flannel with our boots
kicking at whichever wind blew
out of fields or over beaches
through juke joints on their way to abandon.

later, when the cold was tougher,
we wore hats with gloves and scarves, no matter
the time for donning and doffing,
no matter where wind was standing,
weaving through streets apaved in abandon.

lethal cold rattles our windows
and not five feet away water's aboil,
the steam of harvested jasmine
no harried residence for snow
as flakes float tossed by skies they've abandoned.

