

December thaw

by [Spencer Clark French](#) in the [December 29, 2021](#) issue

Mist rose from every morsel as if all of earth exhaled

Stumps once-stiff sank into damp wormdirt

Ice-green salt scattered sidewalks like shattered glass

Streets gleamed snowmelt even dirt roads shone

And all the pines sighed having shed their heavy veils

While this cold soul had come to expect only winter

That day wandering half-blinded by the breath

Easing out of earth and everything else

A prayer rose from some permafrost part of me

Before the ice could return to have its way

Winter interstice December thaw: praise