

Winter Solstice
By Denali Garson

Those days
when the snow enfolded the world
in downy cushions and iron shackles,
both warm and inviting, cold and dead.
And the woodpecker and the insect were forced
to set aside their eternal feud and find warmth
in their own blood. When life sharpened into
a pat on the shoulder and a choking grasp,
but the days blurred blue white, and Time
gave up his 9-5 and took a vacation to Bermuda,
or wherever manifestations of abstract concepts go
when they want to be snowbirds.
And in his wake, Chiaroscuro reigned
upon a stolid throne as the earth folded in on itself.

I would walk
in the darkness of four thirty p.m, save for the charitable moon
and the stars that twinkled, and the satellites that also twinkled.
And wonder, which were the imposters?
Or if every faraway sun had been replaced with a machine.
But with two eyes that evolved to keep you alive,
and not paint an accurate view of the world, you just had to hope.
I decided that if black was a color and cold was a hue,
there would be a most glorious rainbow stretched
across the horizon. And some poor leprechaun
in his winter sweater would be broke,
his pot of gold long ago found and swept away.

And it doesn't take a kook to look at pictures
from the distant summers and wonder
if the world really used to appear so full and claustrophobic.
Where green-cheeked trees fought for elbow room
and the breeze rattled wind chimes instead of bones.