

Woodstove

Dissembled or revolved
the summer wheel,
consumed, reft from us;

that disk we're drunk on—
the prodigal: will it
warm us no more?

The woodstove hugs
its place: smudges
our fingers with the crackly
light of a dream

we hear:
saw-hymns, a bard
singing in the flames,

from the ash-bed we
kindle, an armful
of winter talk,

dissembled or revolved
the summer wheel is consumed
smelling now of burnt logs:

let us kneel in the new warmth.

—*Liliane Welch*