

February Chill

In the winter my mind freezes,
my blood is cold,
it's enough to survive, let alone write poetry.

My house is old,
it's beginning to need repairs,
ghosts thump in the basement
with the furnace.
Fresh paint in the living room,
new wallpaper upstairs,
bookshelves, plumbing?

Ah, what I need
is to fall in love again.
But how could I be such a fool
as to fall in love
at my age?

Or maybe I need a Cause—
disarmament, amnesty international,
the plight of starlings
or of dandelions.

I read the Song of Songs,
try to imagine June,
Solomon and Sheba
locked in each other's arms
in a field of wild
clover

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