I Go There In Winter
Linda Shay

After the gaggle has gawked
and gone back to the city,
leaving the colors in shallow
graves, I twist up the driveway
and my lights find the stone inn.

Where the black trees stand naked
against the quiet snow, a sweet
pungency greets me and draws me
inside — hickory smoke, iron in
water, biscuit smells in the hall.

Old tools on my wall tell of
damp earth plowed up and revealing
her children. I take a walk,
a bell tinkles. I finger
patchwork and lace. The bell
tinkles again. The cold
feels good against my face.

I caress my guitar, and search
through my wordbin for a song
of my own. The hills
are patient with me. They bank
the sun until I can stand
in the pot-bellied glow.