

## 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.