

Sleet

by [Bryana Joy](#) in the [March 10, 2021](#) issue

You know, I said, I've often thought life
is a long walk up a sleety street and it's night.
You know what I mean? And it's just you and
my goodness, it's colder than anyone let on.
People pass you but they're not people. At
the ends of leashes, dogs that are not dogs.

And here and there next to the plots of bones
we keep planting with almost no signs of spring,
steeple point their icy fingers.

O it's possible to be so lonely so lonely
the soul of your soul can quiver with
how lonely it is possible to be

and the lord Jesus at my elbow said
isn't that the truth?