

December thaw

by [Spencer Clark French](#) in the [December 29, 2021](#) issue

Mist rose from every morsel as if all of earth exhaled
Stumps once-stiff sank into damp wormdirt
Ice-green salt scattered sidewalks like shattered glass
Streets gleamed snowmelt even dirt roads shone
And all the pines sighed having shed their heavy veils
While this cold soul had come to expect only winter
That day wandering half-blinded by the breath
Easing out of earth and everything else
A prayer rose from some permafrost part of me
Before the ice could return to have its way
Winter interstice December thaw: praise