

January

by [Suzanne Underwood Rhodes](#) in the [January 2026](#) issue
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The taste of the crocus to the rain,
a January coaxing, their green spears early.
Another winter pretending spring,
fooling a round of robins shivering in the oaks.
At my kitchen window the sun burns cold
on my lawn and the ice-bitten leaves strewn
from fall might be pages torn from a book,
perhaps a sign the living book will answer:
Where did he go, my lost one?
My hands that he held wash our silver spoons.
My hands that wonder if their prayers
will find a wing in true winter.