

December 2020

This year an old guy named Lewis
has driven me to the market
in his blue half-ton Ford
which goes by the name of Anthony
and has a hole in the floor
and we've loaded up with a Christmas ham
and spinach and twelve ruby-skin yams,
pumpkin filling in an oversized can,
cinnamon sticks from Vietnam
and one copy of USA Today
useless except for the crossword
for today is the winter solstice,
winter to half the earth,
shortest day, longest night
here in the quiet north
under the moon and Venus above,
Saturn conjunct with Jupiter
where no one needs to anxiously hope
or endlessly seek for love
though we can write down a solstice wish
and throw it into the fire
and peel an orange in the darkness.