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Winter's Heart

"Thus, when the universal sum has set, does the moth seek the lamp-light of privacy."
– Karl Marx

my old friends the trees linger in their gathering-places
they sigh knowingly
and let fall their leaves with a seductive smile

the meadows weave white clothing
to prepare for the ceremony of winter

the river I follow has already turned to black glass

the crow cancels all transactions
and my breath adopts the shallowness of sleep

the rational world freezes to an untroubling hush
but the enclosing air is filled with stinging barbs
so we turn to face the genial glow of the interior flame
and settle hopefully into the friendly evening dark

with love we climb the candled December staircase
to build the silent carnival of the heart

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