

Winter Sky

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Stars are the sisters and cousins
who sweep into your house in need.
They cry for hot drinks and featherbeds
complain about a difficult spouse
while you nod off in your easy chair
warmed by a glass of fine scotch.

Stars are companions who bring flasks of red wine
light candles on your table
prepare angel hair pasta with hints of butter and herb
while you laugh at being lost
twenty years ago in wet thunder.

Stars are someone you love
in the crisp silence
of a country road in December
tinged cheeks red and racing blood
while you walk in their midst
hearing them call your name.

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