

Winter 1957

Winter Divorce

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Son . . .

I found my son in a heap by the side of the road
His bones were broken and his blood was all around
The cars whizzed closely by me
Saying look out or you'll be next
And so I pulled my son away from them
He didn't mind, no *he* being there now
He changed shape from one mangled mass to
another.

'Get home, there!' the voice said
Surprised, I lifted my head and ran from the voice
I ran to the house and scratched on the door
Until they let me in

'Where have you been, girl?'
This voice was warmer
The stove looked warm too.
I curled up and slept until dinner.

. . . James Bull

Winter Divorce . . .

Stars kiss their snowflake-twins
And the moon's artificial glow
Embraces all the earth.

a couple clings together . . .

the darkness fades
the sun appears
the moon recedes
the stars twinkle in a different land
and

The couple drifts apart.

. . . Karen Gernant