Winter 1955

Comment on Human Winters

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And laughter, being rather crude,
Except titters for delicate things.
There is more, but your eyes are fogged already.
Come with a heavy headed rebuttal,
If you have one.

P. (pausing)

I woud but, sir, of no avail to myself—
I am in Gideon’s camp, and my mouth is closed.

Comment
on Human Winters . . .

Now come the gray dawns,
Now the time of sleeping mirth
And hollow laughter,
Where blase chatter and bright music
Fill the emptiness.

Within, cocoons of warmth distill
The talk and soundings into meanless noise;
Without, the icy armor is silk lined—
Protection from the cold.

The hibernation begins:
A yawn; a smile at a passing thought;
A settling adjustment to position;
A nod; and last, a frozen attitude

No notice taken of gray dawns.
A butterfly appears in spring,
But now—a long and dazed sleep.

... Mary Lou Lemon