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## Celebration for the Cold Snap

by Carolyne Wright

Pre-dawn's pilot lights glow under the burners like the vigil lamps of runways. Not one but has kept the faith all night.

At six the window squares go blue, the first commuter trains clang by, full of people with bills to pay, important telephones to answer, custom-made ornaments for their office tree.

I labor alone, draping tinsel on my foot-high pine, turning the world news down to a simmer. I parse words together, make lists of things I can do without: gifts and their impossible demands.

Old lovers' faces rise and set in my dreams. Their hands reach for me, toadstools that spring up in one rain. I glue their greeting cards to the windows, the year's discarded printouts.

I wrap presents to myself.
Free of the Big World
and its confusion of envies,
I stand at the window,
watch trains crawl past: everyone
I've had to let go of,
sleepwalkers lost in the heart's
subzero weather.

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