

For Three Weeks in Winter

Mercury hibernates,
while my electric bill hunts,
as do I, for the green.

That treacherous ground, the hard-slicked trees,
frost on the tabby cat's whiskers—
all crisper than this wilted
year I stuff in the disposal; grind,
grind to pulp and watch wash away in frigid
tap water, waiting for the warm flow that'll rid
myself of another pile of dirt-crusting dishes.

I have passed denial, am done forgiving,
tired of the twelfth-step stage—
ready for spring.

—Michael Pracht