

DANTE

A gray
bright day
in December
as the world
winds down
to winter
and my body
slows

Nor will
my heart
budge
stubborn
is what it is

I pull
some words
out of a book
and wonder
just what
they'll tell me
as I feel
their shells
like walnuts
for Dante
is difficult

Come day's end
a friendly darkness
looks in
my window

and I'm still
at word-work
with shells cracked
about me
and upon my tongue
kernels' sweet taste