

Andy Connolly

why i'm getting into Christmas

I'm perched inside an open window
drinking coffee that leaves rings
slowly absorbed by paper
as I am threatened to be absorbed
by the temerity of this Alaskan scene.
It may be the coldest day of the year
but no Murder of absurd black penguins
congregate this afternoon as my leg
slumbers in the warmth of the radiator
and the snow is no longer faintly falling
but grows into ice as my hair is chilled
by all the breath of Russia
(even the kitchen sink bears witness
to Soviet columns of ice).

But you seem unperturbed
your red coat an aegis to lift
cigarettes to your many mouths that
breathe words down the phone
which I'll never hear because I feel
future lights heating, burning brighter now
that her kerosene eyes have lost their heat
and the snows and skies of memory
always diminishing make it seem
that right now sitting here coffee can make
do just as well I guess.