ASHES, ASHES

Winter is the death we have all been waiting for. Even at parties where the new year is praised branches are breaking beneath the weight of snow. We know this season like we will know the end of our lives when the living is halfway through. Years go the way of childhood teeth: pressed so hopefully beneath clean pillows. Dead skin. The fingernails that grow without a pulse.

An earth that swallows babies gives back a rash of white-eyed daisies.