

Keep the Home Fires Burning

Temperature dropped way
down below freezing.

Sparrows tucked into
tree hollows, blue heron
nestled tightly into the
hemlock grove, and I'm
snuggled next to the fireplace.

And Li Pon?

I'm expecting him to
shake off his winter
slumber blues, throw
his thick woolen
robes to the ground

and ice skate across
the pond up to the
trees, but he and
Wu Ji, his winter
lover, are cozy in
their tiny yurt with
a trace of white smoke
curling up to the heavens
while their hut gently
rocks like a paper boat
on a stream—

merrily,
merrily.

Life is...

