

Winter Night Alone

Room with a rattling rain gutter outside

Winter tapping out its Morse code

Of another lonely night in the twin bed

Of our guest room.

Rain rushing along to a drain

that leads nowhere but the ground

Beside my solitary bedroom.

What flowers will bloom in the spring?

What will the rest of winter rains bring?

No matter now, the storm sends itself through

Spiraling ever so gently, breaking its fall.

J. Koetzner