

Shelby Sifers, Winter

Winter is coming,
it's coming through my window,
it's slipping up my shirtsleeves,
makes the cars run slow.
And I smell it in our skin
and all the trees hang low.
I built a fire,
to warm all of our cold bones
'cause you were like a snowcone
huddled up in scarves.
Just brushing the ice out from your hair
and sparkles on the carpet.
I'll put the kettle on
and make some hot chocolates.
The animals slept through the cold,
sat by the window and watched the snow snowing.
You can have half of my blanket.
I don't have to work in the morning.