

Janus

Geraldine Clarkson

For all that December left, with pinched lips
and interminable evenings of the soul,
January burst onto the scene all hips
and buttocks, with mornings of grey silk
and angora-bedjacketed frost,
presaging something else
entirely. I'd had years of the turn,
a hateful hagiography of dragging winters
with incipient springs, word-ugly
and black-fasted, on the poorer side
of my life, and now the worm was feeding
at the lintel, ready to rear up.