

OVERTURES

Gardenia scent is gone, the winter breeze
Brings icy needles jabbing at my nose.
It sends its early warning through my knees,
Distressed and stiff, confined to heavy clothes.
I'm not exactly getting out of sorts,
Or not preserving well with passing years.
I still can hold my own in tennis shorts,
Returning summer's serves, or changing gears
With speed to spare right through November days.
But when raw wind impales me on its points
And pewter sky infects me with malaise
I hover by the hearth to rub my joints.
Invading like a parasite, the cold
Claims bones that otherwise don't know they're old.

--Glenna Holloway