After the Party: January 1

Donald Watkins*
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Abstract

Grim morning, Night’s slim lady steels her eyes with coffee, Gently pleating and binding the body Which armed every man the night before with His heart’s try lance; she crushes an olive while Under foot,...
The sky was a bright blue, and the sun warmed the back of his neck. The breeze whipped light and free, and rolled the tops of the distant trees. His face was solemn. He seemed pensive and melancholy. But within, he reveled in the warmth and the light that flooded all around him. He lingered a few respectful moments after the sermon, and then turned from her grave and the others and picked his way, slowly at first, then more rapidly, through the stones to the gravel road. He crossed to the barbed wire and stepped carefully over. He barely left a trace in the long grass as he made his way towards the quiet woods beyond.

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By Donald Watkins

Grim morning,
Night’s slim lady steels her eyes with coffee,
Gently pleating and binding the body
Which armed every man the night before with
His heart’s true lance; she crushes an olive while
Under foot,

Her young cat,
Tearing tinsel from January’s tree
And made wholly contrite by popcorn beads,
He kneads the mock flesh of a plastic bird
Fallen so bright among the limp silver
Of Christmas.