November 1

Christine Kieltyka*
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The veil has torn,
split by the holiness
of the night.

She shifts her bulk, stretches
and hunkers down.
Wind howls and burps,
she pulls herself tight
ready for the frost, the cold
hard steps across the stubbled corn.
She shudders, but she knows the rules.
So she waits
for the white wool
of winter to cover her open places
to mitten her fragile fingers.

The constancy of nature,
the only god
who makes any sense.