

Second Frost

Jody Azzouni

Originally published in
Tight 6:4, 1996
© 1996, 2001 Jody Azzouni

The temperature
drops; a minor key whistles
by. Wind is the enemy now,
hope a coat flapping
unerringly. If the dead give
advice: patience is a virtue,
tomorrow a habit; the igloo
small, asylum against the
continual whip of the second hand.