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Winter Eves in Northwest Iowa

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Winter Eves in Northwest Iowa

Mary Dengler

Winter eves in northwest Iowa,
Like '50s freezers
When the bulb burns out,
Cast darkness on their necessary frost.
As drumsticks, casseroles, and on-sale bread
Lie corpse-like, lost until they're needed for another round,
Especially if the poultry business busts
Or meat inspectors close the plant,
Then resurrect in oven heat,
So too do shrubs stand colorless, forgotten,
In their hardened peat, till resurrected
Under April sun. When light returns,
A hungry face spots packages with hope,
As homebound Iowans do, who,
Driving past a muted cottage, spot a string of garish lights
Or ragged manger scene identify their home,
Against darkening elevators,
sideways driving snow,
and naked trees.