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Winter Spider

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Winter Spider

Bob De Smith – November 2019

How are you alive?
Is there a place
That did not freeze,
Some warm cranny I didn't know?
Or did you freeze solid—
Whatever gel is in your plump body
Freezing up
Like ice cream?
What was that like?
Maybe that's why you
Are slow, tentative, lost
Legs stiff as an old man's,
As I brush you back
Into the cold, rich
Leaf pile.

Remembering John

Ed Dengler – July 2020

When movement seemed impossible,
He uplifted me.
When hope was but a whisper,
He encouraged me.
When I despaired of a silent end,
He granted an explanatory ear.
In hours under death's shadow,
I was blessed by a countering light,
An ever-living Christian,
John H. Kok.