

## Isolation in Winter (Dec 2020 pandemic)

Stray brown leaves  
peck at my window  
hop in the flower bed with the sparrows  
foraging in the broken bones of the rudbeckia

Winter is a lean time  
living on leftovers.  
Thoughts flutter behind my eyes  
peck at my ribcage, hungry

It is the season of bare limbs  
of thickening skins and blood.  
My mind thickens too  
stunted in isolation

Inertia beckons like blankets of my bed  
Only heart hunger  
memory of food for thought  
keeps me scrabbling in the stubble

If hunger burns bright enough  
one can make a feast from old seeds.  
If a flame, even a weak winter sun  
burns close enough to the bone

I will not starve.

--Lee Baker DeVore