

Snowed In

Phone lines down, snow simplifying
the landscape with big lazy flakes.

In the kitchen, sourdough bread rising
in its blue china bowl, the smell
of chicken soup simmering.

I lie on the floor in front of
a dying fire sipping Bouchard Père
et Fils Chablis from a pewter cup and
putting together the puzzle of Renoir's
The Luncheon of the Boating Party,
a Christmas gift from my daughter.

In the background, Schubert's Death
and the Maiden, in concert with the cat
snoring softly in her chair.

Once or twice in a lifetime
do we find ourselves
in such good company.

PAT JASPER