

Excerpt from "Dear Kurt"
by Gigi McKendric

"There is a knock
at my door
this cold/bitter
night
sending shivers
up and down
my back

By all accounts
the crocuses
should be
out
instead
the snow is
four feet above
the ground

Branches of
trees
are heavily
laden
with snow
many are
torn
frozen
they lie
on the ground

These storms
they say
brought this about
on this
bleak night"