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December Sun

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After December Sun by Charles E. Burchfield

Aloneness is tranquil sunrays gleaming behind a forgotten tree in late December.

Only the sun and wind inhabit this place.

Church bells ring in the distance with no one to hear them.

Where is everyone?

Are naked bodies nestled under mounds of blankets, not wanting to emerge with the early morning sun?

Late December brings a time of tranquility and loneliness that only sun-kissed orange sunflowers can beat down come spring.

No fires extend cloudy black smoke from the rooftops, proof of where these families lay.

Like the sullen trees’ dying branches, they entwine among their lovers’ legs, arms, faces, absorbing all the other has to offer.

Children sleep soundly while parents rustle under covers of warmth and protection planting seeds that will bloom late summer.

Ravaging each other now, for knowing what spring brings . . . up before sunrise, tending gardens, fields, and children.

Now forgotten fields will emerge from sleeping limbs among the thorny bushes come spring.