

At Winter's Solstice By Darrell Petska

These icy cares be damned:
out with some jam from our raspberry patch
where sunlight peeked past terraced leaves
and bee and beetle plied their trades
removed from breaking news,
prowling eyes from outer space
and Google street cams
pirating my privacy as I gainfully
basked beneath gently arching canes—

What fine therapy for icy days
an hour's sunny reprieve would be,
where time runs long and hands
to heart's content pick, or not,
before returning to day's flak and fire—

But jam it must be for a taste of that sun.
I'll spoon it down like medicine
and hope for the best on Groundhog Day.



c cocoparisienne—Pixabay.com

Darrell Petska's writing has appeared in *Red Paint Hill*, *Mobius: The Journal of Social Change*, *Chiron Review*, *Perspectives Magazine*, *Star 82 Review*, *Bird's Thumb* and elsewhere (see conservancies.wordpress.com). Darrell worked for many years as communications editor at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, leaving finally to focus on his own writing and his family. He lives in Middleton, Wisconsin.