

Fall 12-1-2016

The Seasons and the Slants

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Recommended Citation

Johnson, Michael Lee (2016) "The Seasons and the Slants," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 39 : No. 1 , Article 51.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol39/iss1/51>

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Morning Reflections
Photography by Julio Guerrero

The Seasons and the Slants

i live my life inside my patio window.
It's here, at my business desk I slip
into my own warm pajamas and slippers-
seek Jesus, come to terms
with my own cross and brittle conditions.
Outside, winter night turns to winter storm,
the blue jay, cardinal, sparrows and doves
go into hiding, away from the razor whipping winds,
behind willow tree bare limb branches-
they lose their faces in somber hue.
Their voices at night abbreviate
and are still, short like Hemingway sentences.
With this poetic mind, no one cares
about the seasons and the slants
the wind or its echoes.

Michael Lee Johnson