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Wintertide

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Wintertide

Jim Hayden

My once fluttering bubbles of imagination,
having lost their helium,
seeped into my scalp
and have regrown today
as liverspots.

Which is what got me to thinking
this frostbitten morning:
the compartments of my soul
like tree leaves
have fallen off
one by one
and have crumpled
into wizened flakes
that people tread on as they walk down endless, clammy streets.
So now all that's left
are the bare, dry branches—
my reaching ribs—
isolated
in my concave chest
like I in this inconstant world.

And it's cold,
damn cold,
in the winter of your life.