

A Villanelle
For Carol Hoffman
January 22, 2005

The month of early dark and endless snow
Had closed upon our souls and chilled our hearts;
You lit a candle and made the fire glow.

Like roses pruned and mulched, we'd sunk below,
Saving our powers, hoarding our vital parts,
That month of early dark and endless snow.

We lived alone, and thought we liked it so,
Till you, knowing what fellowship imparts,
Lit a fresh candle and made the fire glow.

Alone, we mourned our friends about to go,
Apart, grumbling at cruel time that parts,
In months of early dark and endless snow.

And then you told us what we ought to know,
Gave us a poem, and told us of our parts,
Lit a fresh candle, and made the fire glow.

In time of winter, you have helped us grow,
Knowing in coldest times the new life starts;
This month of early dark and endless snows,
Lit a fresh candle and made the fire glow.

-- Nicholas Jones