

January Manifestation

Janna Knittel

Lemon Cooler moon
dipped in lavender liqueur
skies: Backdrop to snow-frosted park.
Epiphany. On the calendar
it's meaningless to heathens.
On a snowfield turning rosy it's *possibility*.
Suggestion of a trail
under veil of new snow,
sun retiring south-and-west, lowered
on invisible chains,
chill hunched upon your shoulders
as night stalks in on gray paws,
shaking cinders among stars.

Winter Evening Woods

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Deer so tame they look up only to move a few strides
farther from the trail as skiers and snow-shoers pass—
they appear plump and woolen as domestic sheep
in their winter coats. Underneath fur, their muscles
twitch, lean from winter foraging. As fog lies down
in these woods, as light dims, listen for daytime birds
still chattering in birches. Night will unroll its blanket
throughout the next hour, giving you time to kick-glide
around icy tracks once more, time to make thighs
and shoulders deeply ache, time for cold to finger
your thin layers of clothes, time to remember the time
you skied this loop after work, entirely in the dark,
with only your thoughts, and *schusch* of skies, in pursuit.