

At the Window

Ken Meter

An old man appears at my window as I sleep
His face gnarled as the knuckles of the oak trees
Whose twisted fingers fracture the first light of dawn.

He knocks on the glass portal of my soul
Nearly shattered by the severe cold,
And glides like the moon into my dreams.

He holds a mirror to my eyes;
All I see are silhouettes dancing
Against the midnight sky.

His eyes burn like embers,
Tell me I must enter this darkness
On the longest night of the year.