

“The Blanket”

I feel the darkness weighing over me,
Winter’s wool blanket muting the movement,
Hindering the hustle of the city.
Limbs bound in heavy gear, all strength is spent.
Day’s brilliance is quickly shrouded by gloom,
Purpose and time shrink as shadows progress.
Sunny yellows bleed brown within my room.
After the holidays, spirits depress.
And yet, the blanket offers warmth and rest,
Rejuvenating peace and time for thought.
Around the fire, a warm and cozy nest
Draws in family, our company sought.
So, winter’s blanket gives us time to grow
Like dormant plants resting beneath the snow.

- Katy Mullen