

Early Morning Hope

by Glenda Beall

Fog like a band of cotton
obliterates the lake.
Gunmetal faces of mountains
float against a pale sky.
Naked arms of December trees
fade into the ashen scene.

Winter is late this year. No snow yet.
In the front yard, a red oak
clings tenaciously to leaves
that should have fallen long ago.

You still hang on, hairless,
face puffed from steroids,
arms and legs, bones barely covered.
You question, wanting good news,
knowing you can only borrow time.

The clouds lift. We see more clearly
the silvery blue water on Lake Chatuge.
Truth hits us square in the eyes.