

## WINTER OVERTURES

Gardenia scent is gone, November's breeze  
Brings icy needles jabbing at my nose.  
It sends its early warning through my knees,  
Distressed and stiff, confined to heavy clothes.  
I'm not exactly getting out of sorts,  
Or not preserving well with passing years.  
I still can hold my own in tennis shorts,  
Returning summer's serves, or changing gears  
With speed to spare right through October days.  
But when raw wind impales me on its points  
And pewter sky infects me with malaise  
I hover by the hearth to rub my joints.  
Invading like a parasite, the cold  
Claims bones that otherwise don't know they're old.

--Glenna Holloway