

Concerning My Former In-Laws

I'd been promised my one and only
white Christmas

as we gathered around their usual
poinsettias in lieu of a tree

I just couldn't tamp myself down
I didn't know what was going to happen

I kept fogging the storm door
where the heat was leaving

yes many are passionate for snow
you can always find yourself another

my in-laws seemed to be charmed
by my particular hope

I wasn't yet gone from them
the next stop that night was my mother's

the road still clear it hadn't yet started
I saw a ring around the moon

yes I believed
later that they would call

if only to ask me if I had what I needed
outside looking up

and up into a sky
that was falling my face

meeting again and again
such cold

Julie Funderburk

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