



### Woodstove in November

Day on day of November dampness

No moon nights beg extra blankets

Day skies san sun striate the gloom

Yet in the corner it beckons the cure

Abandoned since last late Spring chill

The wood stove enjoins, open my door

Lead with a twist of yesterday's newspaper

Add then twigs sassafras and split cedar

Follow with a dry pine cone plus a cob

Remnant of a squirrel recent feasting

Top with white oak, hickory, maple or ash

Light and listen for sounds of soft crackle

A fragrant wisp of curling smoke escapes

Prodding and pleasing memories of seasons past

Of stews and teas and family gatherings complete

With don't touch warnings to the latest generation

Doldrums evaporate with the toasty warming welcome

Oh, I see now-- you are tranquilly asleep