

Farm in December

by George Vukelich

The land lies sleeping in the snow.
The farm now warm and tight and snug.
Feather ticks and ticking clocks.
A blue spruce tree and Christmas socks.
Rich fruit cake and fat rum balls.
A piney smell all through the halls.

Mama in the kitchen and the big cats too.
The kids and the kittens go chasing a shoe.
In the brush piles, the rabbits hunched up
and spare.
Watching for weasels
and waiting for Spring.

*published in Wisconsin Tales and Trails – Winter 1962