

# As Winter Comes On

*Helen Walker Jones*

Beyond my chrysanthemums and barbed fence,  
aproned sisters, some in hair nets like cafeteria cooks,  
whisk their casseroles to the kitchen of the old warehouse.

This funeral luncheon recalls your father's  
death, high mass on South Temple,  
my eyes veiled, yours hazy.

In the somber churchyard, yellow leaves swarm.  
The hearse driver leans against his limo,  
a dim blue duckbill hat shadowing his face.

My despair lies hushed in its hard cage  
of ribs. You kiss me, seasonably,  
salt air on your true and briny tongue.

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*HELEN WALKER JONES is an MFA candidate at the University of Utah. She is the mother of two children and is the office manager for a plastic surgeon.*