

# Early Winter

*Anita Tanner*

*I have learned little from anything that did not in some way  
make me sick.*

—*Alice Walker*

Home from the dance in a howling blizzard.  
The kitchen door blown open.  
A heap of snow swirled onto linoleum.  
I'm entranced at the violence,  
otherworldliness.  
Something anemic, cancerous,  
or ruptured.  
The shock of inappropriate  
invades the unlocked house,  
the snow both symptom and symbol  
and the tension wanting to heal me.  
Broom and pan, behind the door  
but I can only stand and stare,  
the chills coming now,  
the flush of soul,  
and in my head over and over,  
the music of the dance.