

New Year's Eve by Jan Chronister

Minus two decades outside.

Over the fence new days

stretch. Ash and soot

collect as soon as I remove

them, spend my time

sweeping, washing.

I want to lay myself down,

sleep until May

dream of elves who

scrub porcelain, dust shelves

so things shine

when I die.

Scent of lentils rises from

pot on stove. I add onions,

carrots, parsley, harvested

when cold death

slept beneath stones.

Jan Chronister (Maple) is a retired English instructor who now occupies herself gardening and writing poems, sometimes both at the same time. She is serving as president of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets 2016-2021. Her most recent publication is a full-length poetry collection titled *Decennia* that spans the 50s through the 90s. More at <http://www.janchronisterpoetry.wordpress.com>