

# A LONG SEASON

TONI SCORSESE

it's stature only four feet  
of white encrusted sprigs  
arrayed in perpetual anticipation  
to clutch an empty embrace

jeweled in bright amber  
and bedecked with baubles  
it bows to the load  
formal in eternal curtsy

a depot for each trophy  
that shares its backstory  
one short season each year  
until yule's sabbatical

the boughs and garnish stand by  
lusting for cardboard shelter  
coveting their plastic dens  
sequestered for hibernation

yet as midnight buds into dawn  
they dangle – overdue – forgotten  
in nod and wink you laugh at how par of me  
so, maybe tomorrow I'll take down Christmas

2/18/2023

[You Know Who You Are]