

## Keep the Home Fires Burning

Temperature dropped way  
down below freezing.

Sparrows tucked into  
tree hollows, blue heron  
nestled tightly into the  
hemlock grove, and I'm  
snuggled next to the fireplace.

And Li Pon?

I'm expecting him to  
shake off his winter  
slumber blues, throw  
his thick woolen  
robes to the ground

and ice skate across  
the pond up to the  
trees, but he and  
Wu Ji, his winter  
lover, are cozy in  
their tiny yurt with  
a trace of white smoke  
curling up to the heavens  
while their hut gently  
rocks like a paper boat  
on a stream—

merrily,  
merrily.

Life is...

