

**From *Overwintered* by Kirsten Holt**

**Perennial**

There's something in curtains,  
wooden shadows, dusty  
shutters, and windows  
bared by panes and glass that  
makes the color of sunlight  
turn sick,

but cozy,  
an ailment only you  
and I would understand. A  
stench perfumed by  
our breath, stale and splintered  
between teabags and  
violins.

It's a quiet shade where  
moths get stuck in the  
screen and sound like  
onion skins, widow ankles,

a humming in the lampshades.