

## **This Bright Night**

This bright night  
is no less luring  
than the moonlit nights of days gone by  
that beckoned so beseechingly  
we had no choice but to let ourselves be drawn out into it  
to schuss so silently down snowy hills  
savoring the magic, hoping to remember every single thing.

This bright night is no less luring!  
A huge ring of ice crystals encircles the December moon  
foretelling the snowstorm soon to come!  
No matter how many years have passed  
the excitement is still there, same as in childhood  
when we could actually smell the snow coming, remember?

Tonight's cold is no colder than the other nights, maybe warmer.  
So what is my excuse for not strapping on my boots, gaiters, skis  
layering leggings, muffling my mouth,  
finding my double mitts  
donning both hat and hood  
buffered by down like a fluffed-up bird?

Wimping out, you say?  
That's right! Sad but true!  
But...  
maybe tomorrow night!

**Molly Child**