

## December Is a Dirty Glass

*Joe Zendarski*

Every day of winter  
a hammer  
skips a nail and bursts a thumb

numb with cold  
and curses  
fall

amidst red slatters.  
Elsewhere,  
a piece of fascia, some gaudy composite,

fractures under an 8d nail  
and two hours pay  
departs.

Wading through icy dumpsters,  
through mounds  
of asphalt shingles, sodden rafters,

gauzy-eyed, delirious for a  
prodigal stick  
of pine or an unbroken brick

men wonder why in the name of God  
they left  
the jungles of Bolivia, or Ohio.

With bones so cold no shower, no coffee,  
no woman  
can warm them,

they die  
with tobacco stained fingers  
calloused and cracked

around hammers.