

Winter Comes Early

Ryan Krasnoo

In years when winter comes early,
I catch my breath in a cracking glass mason jar
and hand it to the girl selling lemonade
down the block.
I tell her it is the ocean
calling her name,
so before she unscrews the lid,
she unwraps the lemon rinds from the sun
and tap-dances on the moon
until she alone
controls the tides.