

## HAPPINESS IN DARK DECEMBER

The scent of viburnum carries me over,  
its mad winter blossoms by the tram stop.  
Everything pleases me today:  
the little city by the lake,  
the café with rose-covered wall paper,  
eggs, creamy OJ, Celine taking a selfie.  
I climb the hill I have sometimes been bored with.

My work pleases me, to be a citizen of any place,  
this long moment, life,  
suspended between not yet and no longer,  
the body without pain except  
a twinge in my left hip as I climb higher  
towards the setting sun, out over the fog  
under the mountains radiant with snow.