

## Two Poems

Janna Knittel

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# January Manifestation

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*Janna Knittel*

Lemon Cooler moon  
dipped in lavender liqueur  
skies: Backdrop to snow-frosted park.  
Epiphany. On the calendar  
it's meaningless to heathens.  
On a snowfield turning rosy it's *possibility*.  
Suggestion of a trail  
under veil of new snow,  
sun retiring south-and-west, lowered  
on invisible chains,  
chill hunched upon your shoulders  
as night stalks in on gray paws,  
shaking cinders among stars.

# Winter Evening Woods

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*Janna Knittel*

Deer so tame they look up only to move a few strides  
farther from the trail as skiers and snow-shoers pass—  
they appear plump and woolen as domestic sheep  
in their winter coats. Underneath fur, their muscles  
twitch, lean from winter foraging. As fog lies down  
in these woods, as light dims, listen for daytime birds  
still chattering in birches. Night will unroll its blanket  
throughout the next hour, giving you time to kick-glide  
around icy tracks once more, time to make thighs  
and shoulders deeply ache, time for cold to finger  
your thin layers of clothes, time to remember the time  
you skied this loop after work, entirely in the dark,  
with only your thoughts, and *schusch* of skies, in pursuit.