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POEM

MIDWINTER

A poem for Wednesday

By Grady Chambers

After, with their underwear still tangled
in the top sheet, or just waking
in winter, the stunned trees
thrusting up their arms,
he was always the first to leave the bed.
Rising, he'd put on coffee.
Or coming back, she'd pull him
toward her with her legs
wrapped around his waist,
and when they fought
he'd say, "Hey," trying to reach her,
and she'd say, "Hey," and turn away, and a whole day
could pass in silence, the vista of the cold
city through the windows,
voices and the smell of coffee
rising from the flat below,
their toothbrushes
neck to neck inside their cup,
resting against each other
like someone whispering
in someone's ear.
"Still friends?" he'd ask,
in the middle of the night,
when he would wake, and she'd move closer,
and he'd move closer, and she would wake,
the light in the room
from the crescent of the moon
moving somewhere in the sky
high above them,
carrying its dark half in its arms.

Grady Chambers is a poet and former Wallace Stegner Fellow. He is the author of the collection *North American Stadiums*, chosen by Henri Cole as the winner of the Max Ritvo Poetry Prize.