

A poem for Uncle Larry by Nneoma Prudence LaMarche

Winter has come too soon
Icy fingertips on frozen hands
I know that you're cold
Your nose, once golden bronze,
Is now scarlet and frigid

If santa would come
He would choose you as Rudolph
To lead the way
To heaven

But he refuses to come
During this cold winter month
I do not want him here

I tell you to be yourself
Remember the heat of your oven?

You say, carbon monoxide is deadly.