

# Contemplating Warmth & 2 More

by [Susie Gharib](#) (January 2023)



*Red Gloves*, Florence Metgé, 2020

## Contemplating Warmth

The battery is low, groans my mobile  
which is fifteen years old,  
and so sluggish in these freezing conditions is my blood flow.

I stare at the fireplace, which has been dormant since my  
childhood,  
and meditate on some semblance of warmth.  
*Perhaps I should wear an extra coat, I moan.*

The war planes that have polluted the skies  
and the lungs of birds,  
how much fuel do they consume?  
I bet it can keep every hearth on this damned planet aglow!

I try to twiddle my toes.  
My socks feel like two sheets of snow.  
*Perhaps I should wear my boots at home,*  
*despite the invisible holes in their soles, I resolve.*

I lie in bed and reminisce over a pair of gloves  
my mother knitted for me half a century ago.  
I remember how many times she made me try them on.  
I wore them all the time,  
which won me the epithet 'the gloved boy'.  
My fingers refused to grow  
for fear of parting with their orange wool.  
I begin to doze.

## **Enemies**

I play fetch with my enemies,  
for I have learned to treat them like unfriendly pets.  
I throw them a tale on which to chew  
to distract them from the untarnished truth.  
And I have a pair of gloves  
that have the semblance of a pair of hands  
at which they can bite  
and dribble their bile  
to satiety.

When they growl  
in the middle of the night,  
insomniac as they are  
I sing them a lullaby,  
whose refrain is *love thy enemy*.

## Gardening

The hands that had cherished verdure  
would play its songs on a kaleidoscope  
of daffodils, bluebells, and sunflowers  
weeding affliction as a matter of course.

The trees they clip and trim will arch  
above the trifles of vociferous crowds,  
creating a canopy that shades each hour  
from poisonous lips and slanderous tongues.

Each bush they prune will sing and clamor  
for the fingers that caress a willow's hair.  
Right here there's no need to abrade the cowards  
whose weeds will fail to strangle buds.

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Susie Gharib is a graduate of the University of Strathclyde with a Ph.D. on the work of D.H. Lawrence. Her writing has appeared in multiple venues including [Inspired Magazine](#) and [The Ink Pantry](#).

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