

Call Me North: by Brittany Jean

With the bitter cold and falling snow
Longing and belonging call me north
To the mellow woods I've always known
And a cabin there well-hidden by a storm

Evergreens above the weathered door
Windows trimmed and brimming golden light
Draw me in as they've ever done before
Leave behind reminders of the winter's bite

Loving arms and voices pull me in
I toss my coat and hat upon the floor
The walls can hardly hold us all within
Yet the heart is always finding room for more

We all have a place around the table
The empty chairs remain there like we've asked
Silver frames overrun the mantle
Holding frozen flashes of Decembers past

There's room for more
Call me north

Trying as I might, I can't stay long
For an hour now I'll mind the glowing fire
Early, long before the Sunday songs
I'll take my gloves and make little of the going—I

Wish that I could stay a little longer
But a taxicab will take me with the dawn
Somehow I'm a little stronger here
And I miss you all before I have even gone

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