

Carol L. Gloor

New Year's Eve, 2019

We six were all beyond our seventh decade
that night we lit the bonfire, burnt crackling logs,
watched their ancient carbon sparkle and billow
into the wild night sky.

We gathered round to warm
our stiff fingers, our questionable knees.

We were carbon too, burning food into energy
for the love and work that remained:

for lifting our grandkids, cooking our soups.

We did not know what the next year would bring.

We hoped only to survive the new decade.

We moved closer to the fire.

Carol L. Gloor has been writing, mostly poetry, since she was 15. Her work has appeared in many online and hard copy journals, most recently in the online journal *Gyroscope*. Her poetry chapbook, *Assisted Living*, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2013 and her full-length collection *Falling Back* was published by WordPoetry in 2018. She lives near the banks of the Mississippi with her husband and three lovely cats.