

Fimbulwinter*

Not a *feeble*-winter, throwing a quick layer
of snow and running to make way for the heat
of spring. Not a *thimble*-winter, small and
manageable. No, Fimbulwinter, *great*-winter,
after the myths died the name sticks
on the lips of the North when the cold
makes a liar out of the almanacs and the clouds

swallow the sun. Chattered when it feels like ice
is the only surface the world knows, when birth
and life are little cruel ideas — a stubborn nut
that refuses to fall from the branch, a gaunt

dog pawing at the backdoor. When logic cracks,
and words like *thaw* and *harvest* are as likely
as a rainbow bridge or a mountain troll. When the wind
drags tears from the eyes and freezes them
as tribute. When snow claims every shoulder, field,
and rooftop. When winter can only lead to winter,
when the season is too harsh for even gods to survive.

*In Norse mythology, fimbulwinter, or *fimbulvetr*, is defined
as three consecutive winter seasons uninterrupted by summer.
This phenomenon is believed to portend Ragnarok, the end of
the gods.