



From PIXELS

Anthony Botti

Monologue

— Sunday morning, late December

Just look out at daybreak into the blending
landscape under a pink sky. Ignore the piled up
mail on the hallway chair. Instead
talk to the dead father who drifts in through the silence.
There on the mantel, settle on the Christmas cactus

in full bloom—alive, alive after another bitter cold
night. Rest at the bare table, a page of warm light
pouring yellow over the tea cup. Afterwards
make your way outside where the slender poles
of white birches tip forward, spilling their soft-packed
white flakes in winter's patchy sunlight. Take in
what's going on all around you, breaking
yourself open in the hush out in the deserted
field that is like the snow in the air.

Anthony Botti's poetry has appeared in *The MacGuffin*, *The Chaffin Journal*, *Comstock Review*, *Cider Press Review*, *Gertrude Journal*, *Clark Street Review* and elsewhere.