

## The Last Day of December

Where is the life we have lost in living? T. S. Eliot...I, myself, had known since the last day of December when ice was set taut over the garden pond and the trees glittered with rime. The land lay undisclosed behind thick fog. Only the dark cracks of skeletal trees showed here and there. That night we were going to a party. Jude felt it would do ...

[read more](#)