

Talk

What you say
wears several coats,
as if for winter
(are you so cold, or is there frost in
me?)

As if a wind beat past us
in wicked fists.

I wish I knew you, you have a kind
face, and hands
that love to touch.

A frozen tundra yawns between us.

Still
in the distance
a hand lifts
either to lash
out or lull to
sleep.

Somewhere in Minnesota
dark shapes rush in from dusk
and take off coats
and take off coats
and take off coats.

Jane Chance Nietzsche