

## Saying Good-bye in the Dead Season

slant of late  
day  
sun  
seeps

rose wash  
over brick

against the  
woven wall  
our shadows

assume

distance

is words winter  
is stone

your form  
abdicates  
into texture  
of brick  
and my

feet recede into  
the cross hatching

of streets.

JEANETTE SEIM