

Love Poem

already here
snow melting
 a debris of last year's
 leaves
 the grass like stubble

far I come to find you
only to find cold
tightened like a fist
the air raw in my throat
the ground like silence

we have nothing to say
except my longing

now it is bright and bitter
a dry wind blowing off the asphalt
and even on the cleared roads
a ridge of hard snow

our touch like metal burning

ROSEMARY BLAKE