

Winter Window

I blew your memory on my window
that bitter morning. First your face
formed to my breathing,
then, I swear, your name
etched beneath it. The frost
was on my side. I knew again
how cold you were, with what passion
you could fling defiance across
your frigid landscapes. An impotent sun
lit you letter by letter. It was
one of our harshest readings. My very world
lay contained in cold;
yet even in this reconstruction
an insistence of spring.

JOHN V. HICKS