

Silence

You speak to me of angels: one
Of those old spring evenings folds
Over your lips. Snow has fallen
And winds have blown. The ice
Was slow to freeze. The sky closes
Upon us. A spider has fallen
From your hair. Typical the way
The grass crowds delicately at your feet.
You stare at the stars, your eyes come
To rest upon my face. It has been years now.
I wonder if you are leaning towards me.
I do not move. I wait to provoke
The touch of your fingers. They sink
Into dark curls and disappear.

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