

3.1 First Snow (1990)

Come sky, my wintry love,
be mine this afternoon.
For half the year I dreamed of you
and now the solstice calls me
to arouse your waiting heart.

Crocus pale your yellowed cheek
and black the trees as veins:
your supple back is arched around
the early-sunken sun.
Tightly drawn your skin my love
which veils the laden clouds:
so still and cold you are -
you do not breathe at all.

All nature's hushed in you
to hear
the longed-for silent cry,
the sudden rupture of the chain
which held your heart in thrall,
the quake of all your limbs my love
as heaven yields, and there –
upon my hand, I find
your gift of virgin snow.

December 1990.