

### 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.