

**Winter's Flower**

In my dreams, time no longer affects me.

I bathe under the eye of dawn  
and drink of its chilled sweat like wine.

I dance in fields of Great Solomon's Seal  
petals blowing in the wind like bellydancer's hips.

Singing the Middle East Manzura, the black throated  
call of the bunting hulls me to sleep.

I awake.

Alone

Sunlight reflects my frosted body like a stained glass window,  
but no one sees my beauty.

I'm like the moon in a sunlit sky,  
the remnants of a sweet summer's lily,

a boat on frozen water.