

against the stars,
my cool shoulders imprinted
on the bronze dust.
I design my sleep
from the scarlet bouquet
of evening light.

Winter Wine

All winter we fought the cold.
Indoors, we baked bread and sorted
the golden lentils, drinking winter wine
that left a summer flavor in our throats.

In the unbearably white landscape
we watched the thin frost on the window,
the candles dying in their roots,
our heads resting on hot pillows.

First we read Hamlet, then Macbeth,
and tasted three drops of blood within the wine.
We thought: what could betray us now, the snow
waist-deep, the cold earth unburdening the sky?

We drank iced wine beneath our frozen roof,
your eyes glinting like a mirror of ice.
We made love again as in love's first day,
reaching out to feel the scattering of snow.