

## D. POPE

### *Winter Bed*

The room is dark and drafty;  
there is only the bed.

It takes me like a slab,  
a sea bottom:

nameless, hard.  
It is ice.

I collapse in,  
shuddering.

The cold sheets swell over,  
stir my breasts,

ripple my fisted thighs;  
my hands move

between my legs for heat.  
Loosening

they warmly spread as  
slowly from my tight

body knees melt away  
dragging

me trembling  
down.

Far away, you  
watching

diving  
shivering.