

## THE KINDEST MONTH

*Leona Gom*

You lie curled under the snow  
 like a sleeping animal.  
 When spring comes,  
 you will uncurl one hand  
 from beside your cheek  
 and raise it like a sprout  
 above the snow  
 and I will be watching for it  
 and will grasp it  
 and pull to your feet  
 and lead you  
 (snowflakes falling  
 from your eyes  
 like dreams)  
 to the greenest of beds  
 where we will make love  
 as the snow blows to rain  
 around us  
 and icicles shatter  
 in sunlight.