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.

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