

## TWILIGHT SONATA II

It is April, and the snow is settling  
my mind as air settles somehow in  
the somehow quiet of the foghorn,  
as I am not awaiting your return,  
no, not your hands so tenderly  
brushing the snow, nor your frosted  
desert dark lids.

My hair is falling round me like a hood  
and I have visited the bed where we made love  
those no longer hours ago, and it is nothing.  
I have no need for things I cannot tell,  
no, for the rollicking sunset,  
nor frightening closenesses from blue,  
Saharan, legendary men. No, I am not longing  
to tend the risen bruise your arm  
so strangely carries, like a rose, nor ask  
if you are tired where my head reposed, there  
in the shelter of your body's bedouin blouse,  
when I could not tell you what your future  
meant to me, since it was not the first time  
nor the last, the last.

— *George Twelftree*