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.