A BRIEF CONFESSIONAL

(1)

Dear snow white child,
Through summer's mist,
By lake,
I see you now:
Your brow so bare,
Touched with a kiss,
Soothed by
A muted howl.

The icy cool
Drained at my tongue;
The pendant to the ground,
Fell in times
When we, both young,
Like pups about the pound,

Gracious in our fresh scrubbed lives,
With lines on love and
Compromise,
Would weight the door
In soft disguise,
And whisper, "You are wrong."
And whisper, "You
"Are wrong..."

(2)

It was so silent
In the night,
I walked as with the plague,
My trail ran bare,
Its markings bright,
And I, the prince of woeful sights,
Appeared in shackles
And afraid.

My trembling, transformed
Vision
Saw
Us, by our barter, bade
To sweat with
Limbs of fevered hot;
It touched our masquerade,

And lingered on the nearest wall,
There caught a bright-clean
Phrase;
I'd never lost my sense at all
At least, until
Today.

— Steve Kilby