



...march 21, 1993...

you kissed the space between us
that was my childhood
and hugged me like the infant
that you had never held –

you danced an age of stiffness
around the cradled bed –
then bent to shape the air into
the contours of my head –

when the wind crescendoed
into drifts of last year's snow
you held my corpse as if i was
the love you never knew –

you held me until history
forgot i did not die
and now you hold me like a ghost
that taught you how to cry.