

**Snow Falling**

Reducing color and shape

Heavy and weighted

Everything bends and droops

As if offering prayer,

Providing thanks

Or perhaps in simple exhaustion.

The world, after all

Is a difficult place to live in right now.

**We sat facing one another.**

You ease yourself onto me

And me into you.

We work so intensely

Our embrace becomes so tight

It stretches the skin across our backs.

We collapse into each other

An imploding star

Of vulnerability and joy.

*This is physical, not emotional.*

### **Forgotten, Never Lost**

There was a pull from something in the way back. Something remembered, overlooked. As if tapping me on the shoulder to say: hey, how could you have forgotten me. As if to say: pieces of you will never fade, no matter how hard you will it. As if to say: I am lonely.

**Not What They Seem**

Hands open, her eyes are oceans with the anger of a sun.  
In hot water, a tealeaf unfurls and shows its underbelly.  
A gun pressed against your tongue, speaking only in syllables.  
Staring at the sea, blowing plumes of smoke from a Corona Gorda.  
On clipped knees and scrapped palms, so much flesh and blood.  
Blown out and flickering, the die in diner shines.  
At midnight, the pale wolf swallows a moon with a salivating smile.  
A droplet of water magnifies the mid-vein of a leaf.  
Even moths fade and lose their wings.