

Unravelling me
And left me
Trembling in the winds

cold flakes of snow
falling slowly
from a pale blue sky

You maintain your walls
Against me
Though I wish to come near
I dare not

Fold away
Curl inward from the edges
A corner is the best place

oo

Standing between
window pane and
closed curtain
I watch
listen to
the spring rain
come singing down
And think of you

if we
could a poet be
I opening you
entering communion
seed absorbing
me we
basking us Wetaskiwin
in flattery

We should have as
many words for
Love
As sailors have for
Sea

Flashing suns!
Morning dew drops
on my window screen

oo

If you wish
my love is
a rainbow
Warm colours cool lights
circling you
Bright when your need
is comfort
Nothing when your need
Is freedom
My need is
to feel you
are most fully
Yourself

Mir

You are always a good supper
and often a sumptuous feast
Yet still i dream of
fattening on
between meal
snacks

We find we are not
Things
To be owned by one another
And besides
Each love is different

oo

Sheila was earth colours
the browns russets gold
She died in the fall.
I will burn a prayer paper
for her
this bright October day

When you are alone
Do you take off your
Character of the hour?
And who are you then?

After my bath
my foot strokes my leg
How softly warmly
aware my skin is

I should have lain
with you my friend
Your ashes intercourse
with grass and leaves
And I am barren

Bare on this rough blanket
I lie alone
Remembering your arms

oo

Sulh
Ann tried

around me
It is possible

