

I
I saw a token of you;
It was a snowflake, fluttering
Down from heaven,
Pure,
Exquisitely designed,
Melting at last to a
Tear.

II
Thank you for the smile.
The blue lake opened wide its eye
And laughed.
Its wrinkles danced;
Then it lay back on its bed
Happy.



III
Your eyes-
Are they caverns
Sinking
Downward into the blue dark?
Sad hollowness
Expanding onward to vastness?
Or merely
Carved and painted shells?
Hard
Polished marble?

I got the message you thought to me:
It poured in
When I opened my window to the sun
This morning. It blew out
All the nasty little demons that perched on the eeling
And scattered butterflies instead.

I often fancy whimsically
That the ~~blat~~ wind that throws its arms around my neck
Is holding your hair
In its fingers too.