It's Almost Winter

Ashley C. Jerman
It's Almost Winter

sleep or love like it
frames our faces in arms
between our good bodies
and the leaves
spin my hair
into yellow mittens //

winter isn’t hard with you here
and I will split the wood
in your grandfather’s sweater //
in leaves that won’t fall
so we’ll pick them //
give them to the ground //
warm the dirt before the cold
comes in blue fingers
we’ll build a fire to keep the sunlight

beaming at you
across the room
when the window is open
we’re too big to carry it //
the open breeze
that ripened our stale bodies
is still with us now // lifting
my curtains onto my bed

we breathe like trains:

into maps and exhale
stories of how we arrived
with flowers
woven into iron rails
behind us
the rails merge
any desert moving
with one diner
ten cars each
and a phone booth
is where I call from
to give myself away
when you need it
telephones don’t ring //
on the road

is like your head
and blankets like your stories
are true and
lies sometimes
like mine

when our faces are safe
in our arms //
I am at my station //
I do not have walls
to keep us inside