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It's Almost Winter

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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

70

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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

71

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