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A Winter Woman

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A WINTER WOMAN

ELIZABETH GRIFFIN

Her body is a smeared street lamp
Golden in the right light
And a texture too high to really feel
With the whole of your palm
Her body dances in the shine of parking lot ice
Comfort in the dark
Where alley cats watch with star-blank
Eyes. Her voice is in D minor
Keyed with two hundred chords
You'll catch your death
In her weather.