

Waking

The softest groan fell through the room
fleeting then went back
into the nest you made with such care -
gathering the threads - the sheets and
blankets held so tight. I turned, but you
continued there - the tiny, rare bird
captured all those years back. This small
separation in the night
opened up a gap
- a little sigh of loss
before you tried to sleep once more to close it down.
You always liked to mend
every little wrong thing
Every night I'd have to leave
before you woke. A disturbed nest will be
abandoned in the end.

Afterwards, through the crack in the door,
my restless boy fought his sleep,
my slender girl deep in hers.
Neither saw me.
As always, the stairs creaked.
The kitchen was full of the smell of the last night's fire
- muddy clothes left to dry .
I carried some bread and cheese in my bag - covered up in coat and shoes -
winter hat and scarf - opened the door to leave what was gone
To enter now what was to come.

Another world met me.
It unleashed snow in my eyes
- it flurried and swarmed
around the half made - half thought light,
settling sharp on my skin,
miniature knives of cold

I followed the path then pushed the gate -
It opened on the street - the half seen, half made
beginning of day, as I walked down the slope
entering dawn

Only at this time of year, where the slope runs out
only at this hour, as I made my the way to the mere,
I'd witness, with the sun's rise, a long thin cut of light spread
along the near shore - scythe sharp -
opening up the reeds before it fell back through them

Little swarms of pain ran through my cold hands
before life came back to them.

Inside the hut. I looked out at mere - the cold
accepted me then but stayed like a slow
departure.

I gathered the nets and tried to work
My nailed boots clanked on the hard ground
Walking down the lane to the lost past