

Snow Day, February 14

Blizzarding outside
a nipping wind

whips dry powder
into blinding whorls.

I try to will you back to
bed when there's no reason

to leave but already breakfast
clamors and you are

sunk in routine
tracking yourself through deep

drifts against the danger of going
astray. I try to give you sweetness

you said I used to have before
I gave up seeking danger,

loving to lose sight of
clear paths, craving the pungent

salve we make, hip to hip. I try
to be the flash you live

for in a day crammed with must
do's and have to's, the spicy

bath you slip into sweaty and grateful
after shoveling the roof

where snow has heaped thickly and
falls again, now through your

careful efforts, into higher heaps
blocking the doorway.