

## YADVIGAH

Fifty years in this house.  
Fifty years and the walls became  
Cracked from our existence.

How many screams get stored in these walls,  
How many before they cannot hold anymore?  
My breath has stained the purity of this room,  
There is no more white here.

Nearly twenty years since we made love, since I  
Felt your rugged hands move along my body's roadmap of scars,  
Since I ran my long tapered fingers through your hair,  
Always tousled like red sea grass  
Your eyes would shine at me through your weathered face.

Twenty years since I've been touched.  
I sit here between these aged walls  
Like a plant in winter  
I blanket myself in white thoughts of snow  
Anticipating light.