

YADVIGAH

Fifty years in this house.
Fifty years and the walls become 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 shining 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.