

Genesis

Shelves of snow buffeted
by gleaming asphalt crowns
announce the moon in shadows
concupiscent to its glow

then fade back silently
as ice melts into ice. The turning coal
that reddens in the dawn horizon-wise
stipples the half-wasted streets.

Yet somewhere in these mute accumulations
of sleep, stone, iron, rubber, wax
brilliant in the trillion smoking seconds
of the city's troubled, momentary lives

I watch as her slow eyes begin to speak
and - tossing from her pillow Judith's grin -
she tears me back again...until the sound
of pressing feet against the morning rain.

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