

The Year Without Meaning

The hardest thing about losing

a year without sunrise. On the horizon,

blooms as heaven turns its back on barren

Among the moaning, trees, a realization that winter will not meet

Outside my window, a nexus of storms, north

in a cold valley, drying up bloodlines. How

my grief becomes, a museum of days/nights

like a secret eaching on repeat. The past

erasing present. What's your name?

Remember how you laughed

when I wrapped red scarves

'round soft curls & we raced

to Papa's house with the

top down. I kissed your

daughters,

absence

landscapes.

spring.

winds

crowded

layered

cheek. My heart wide
open/raw. Your love
deteriorating like
something
skinned.