

We reminisce about our first winter solstice

by Ellen L. LaFleche

Oh, the slow blizzard that night—
how white wings of snow
spiraled around the street lamp,
a languorous gathering of winter moths.

Remember the slow fire you stoked for us—
how you knelt in front of the fireplace
and stroked the log into a star-rush of sparks,
how the flames braided themselves into a twilled basket
that you filled with kindling?

We walked in slow circles through the blizzard.
Snow wafers dissolved on your tongue
like a newborn's memory of milk.
I was the angel maker—
dropping into the snow, staring at the sky
where the solstice moon should have been glowing.
My limbs carved fragile wings in the drifts.

Remember our unhurried love—
how you gave pleasure to my wrists,
my elbows, my ribcage?
On the longest night of the year
I had time to love your face,
to tender your brow with my fingers.

Your eyelash was a slash of moon on my thumb.