

my love for you

by M. F. Sullivan

my love for you
is like the falling snow
on a lukewarm day
when the lonely earth
turns away her face
and her fallow grounds
scorn receipt
of the flakes which seek to gather.

these white sparks,
pregnant with water,
fall upon that burdened soil
and slip into the cool
the damp
the dark
as if nothing
had fallen there
at all.

yet though the lukewarm earth
permits the weaving
of no blankets
which seek to cradle
her in love's
adoring embrace—

some months from now,
when spring has come,
and snow has long relented,
flowers will leap
from the depths of love
which went unnoticed.

