

December 17

by Gary Percesepe

for jennifer

That winter in Buffalo it would not stop snowing.
I sat in bed looking out the tall window. I'd strung some
Christmas lights on the dresser mirror to cheer me, but the

wind off the lake didn't care. It curled the curtains of this old
house, pushing me deeper under the covers. Snow drifted to
corners of the yard. A black Lab romped and drank his water.

When she finally arrived it was like a cello playing inside me.
I became interested in what I might become. In a candlelit room
of North Pole elves and children's notes she whispered, Stay.

Outside, the furious season, blowing. Faith is a hunger. It took
me a long time to see my life, I've stood on top of myself, looking.
Inside her felt more like home than a visit. The air around her

filled with pictures. She took my hand and led me upstairs to the
bedroom. In the dark house, everywhere we walked burst into
flowers. Her mouth was silky, dark and wet. Her chocolate hair

I put in my mouth. I tasted the white wine on her breath. Peeling
off her socks, I laced my fingers through her toes, stroked her
smooth
thighs and calves. In the long night she stole the covers and
insisted

it was me. It was morning but neither of us wanted to leave.
That room was like a marriage, mysterious and deep.
I'm saying everything I wanted was in that room.

