

# Snowed-in March Against the Beautiful Pain Memory of Love, A Ghazal

*by* Heather Fowler

Infinite patience, tempered glass hearts—is this what it takes?  
Shatterproof backtrack, slow march through reversals—too, what it  
takes.

Learning to eat shame, transform to worry, cry frozen lakes--  
lack of hail/vision/perfect denial—this what it takes.

Love's fetched ice cauldron, witch-hazel-lye: you try--new mistakes.  
You nor I knew, froze metal rings fracture, dark cracks it takes.

Attainable hands, untenable love, the light grass's snakes.  
Who guessed the reasons (cause for such gloves): We held what it  
takes.

For love, things dim pretty, glow soft, turn round—dizzy snowflakes.  
Till old ice seeps in: mean, pithy, cruel-- to crush what it takes.

Man takes his woman, pulls her much closer, holds till she shakes.  
Anger or lusting, two close-knit cousins--clutch what it takes.

Blued eyes can see: Mountains do gleam (in what cold beauty  
makes).

Yes. Pink heather grows in Siberia... Is that what it takes?

