

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?

