

# The Meaning of Lines

*by* Lola E.

Hold your breath  
The smoke here is thick, I know  
Ice underfoot, let it burn, let it go, but don't ask me to  
take your hand

You have never been so patient as to sit and wait  
even for the sun to rise  
Watch, now, here it comes  
crested over the hill as one large eye  
boiling the glass  
long frozen to your fingers

Spread out beneath gossamer, rowan, birch  
These are all yours to keep, she told you once  
Your years, your errs, stretched across  
this dappled sky, broken and cracked  
scorched to its core  
Beyond recognition, surely, and unmistakably yours, yes

yours

*Written 2015, April 24  
10:55 am*

