

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*

