

Bethlehem

by loulou pollen

I dragged you that last half mile

Me such a slip of a thing, one bite mark visible

You the bear, your growl now only audible

When you furred from kerb to road to kerb

The December snow followed us

Dragging Christmas red behind you

As I ignored my bare feet, cold in motion

And sucked adrenaline from the vibrant staccato of my heart's
yonder Star

With icicles freezing to my lashes in miniature,

The flakes dusting me into the Snow Queen of my fairytale fate,

Far from flesh;

The concrete chipping one of your teeth,

But leaving you no less loveable than before.

In the ice castle you stiffen onto the tiles; silent night

I watch the wild-eyed woman in my window

As she wonders about the festivities to come.

Maybe the snow will continue this eve,

Washing both of us clean.

