

# A New Chapter to Song of Solomon: A Poem

*by* megan e. evans

A New Chapter to Song of Solomon

My beloved lets me crawl into bed  
and put my feet on him  
since his skin is  
warm and hot like a fire roaring from within  
his soft flesh.

Warm like the baked front porch stoop  
at the end of a day—as the sun goes down—  
it retains its warmth through the early hours of night.

And then I place me icy feet near him, then closer,  
then on his legs.  
His body radiates the heat—like heat magic—  
the closer I am to him the warmer I am.  
My feet are frozen, even with socks on, with a down  
comforter over me, with sleeping sweats on.

Is it possible that through the ages  
this has been a common experience of  
lovers and spouses and intimate friends?  
Cold feet and warm bodies.  
Bodies warming each other like blood-flow fires  
One giving off body energy and  
One pleasantly melting her icy chill  
like snow being melted on a sun-drenched winter day.

It is an intimate experience. Not just anyone will

let you warm your feet by his fire  
Especially if you endanger his fire being put out.  
But it doesn't happen that way usually.

Slowly you both radiate heat. Slowly, yes, that's what happens.  
It takes a bit of pain on the part of one  
And a bit of humility and trust on the part of the other.  
You should try it. Be vulnerable enough.  
When your hands are cold, when your body's cold,  
when your toes are cold, when your heart is cold.  
There is someone else who's warm.

