Selections from: Despite the Falling Snow

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your eyes stab at me.
unknowingly and softly
but still how they stab!

in spring pussy willows appear
long stemmed and sleek, dotted with hard
balls of fur, gray and white and brown,
and I, never quite able to forget,
remember with them my desire
to bury my tongue-cheeks-nose-eyes
in the softest of furs softest of skins
which covers your muscles, long and sleek and
the colour of twigs stripped of bark.

ice on the windows
melts in summer patterns with
thoughts of reefs and tides

and shorelines that resemble
the smooth lines of your body

in its movements slow
as the constant quiet pulse
of those waves nearby,

in movements as revealing
as the caribbean sun.