A selection from: Despite the Falling Snow

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WINNER OF 1978
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P. F. ANDERSON
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Psych. 4

each morning, in my robe, I watch the dawn
quietly thru my window and drink tea,
the pillows still warm from my hair.

some mornings dawn brings richly coloured clouds
and I see wild swans and geese far away
flying thru the sun's fringe-like rays.

(I remember mornings so white
and cold that my blood went to my spine and
left my sides tight, naked of warmth.)

some mornings you watched with me and we shared
the warmth of those dawns closely, quietly
with little motion between us.
I am shy, tho most would not believe it,
and I have delighted in opening
to you what they will never see.

(I'll remember gold and roses
spilling around me, overflowing from
your hands, eyes, the milky taste of your tongue,
gathering on the bed in pools
which sparkle with god-lights, small and bell-like,
gathering in folders of our words, which
I sometimes repeat more greenly.)

one day we walked among snow and dry grass
talking so no one else would hear the words,
not the swans or sleeping flowers.

maybe one day while walking we will find
a white egg in the wild hyacinths, one
day before you follow the swans.