A selection from Despite the Falling Snow

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Despite the Falling Snow

by
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Psychology 4

your eyes line the night
with crisp leaves and crinkled hairs,
bristling and rustling;

your eyes take mine the way that
black velvet takes all the light.

I am a place where
you pause, a place that fits you
for just a moment,

holding (as a fisher-moon)
one night's rain, one night's thunder,

stretching that moment
with the shining calm of lakes
in eyes dark as firs.

you are a forest entire
(eyes of owls, bark-covered hands);

those times I've known you
you were a forest, full and
sudden, with wing-sounds;

you are a forest entire
now still and barbed with wildness.

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