This

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I’ll remember the way he cupped his hand behind his ear and smiled, drooping like a weeping willow as we walked through ice coated trees and shrubs, the world like fine crystal, our foot prints scarring the snow that whispered ssh, ssh beneath us. Whatever love we gave was tucked into the pockets of ourselves, absorbed completely by the loneliness of that Illinois winter. And maybe he was just a warm body on a cold night but still I have this: the memory of a man catching my words in the palm of his hand, dropping them down the chute of his ear.