

for the pale dawn to find your face
in the vast sea of pillows & of night.
How it has come.

First as the black changed to grey
I thought I saw your face with staring so,
then my eyes,
tired with their anxious waiting
closed, and when next they opened,
dark grey had changed to light -
and you were there,
Delving right.

How was your nose outlined open
outlined against your cheek,
and that strong curve of flesh
half hidden now by so much pillow.
There, your eyes - lids, and
and your long dark lashes like two fans
of shadows on your face;
your hair all snuggled & one hand
curled near the crisp curve of your ear.

- Spring.

Did you say crocuses?
Soft & furry crocuses?
Did you? Just tell me
for the answer means so much