

Rime

There is ice on the trees in the mountains
Spring there is beautiful enough
the flowers are willing to wait for it
beneath five months of white
I was born a coal beneath the logs
my hand on the kettle
hungry for summer
Your name in my mind
is a mouthful of parsley.
Oh honey for you,
juniper branches in a wind
I would have left my house in winter
I would have made my home in a city of snow