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Walking Through the Lilac Park in Winter

Kelly Moran

Wisps of white shift over the brick path;
Powder swirls around my ankles.
No footsteps in the snow but mine,
Each one quickly swept away.

The park sleeps, tucked in for winter
Dreaming of spring sunset strolls,
Trilling warblers, lilac perfume,
A gallery of tulips nodding in the breeze.

In a warmer season I would meet you here,
Take your hand, lead you down this path
To discover some shady and fragrant corner,
Lie on the grass, blades tickling bare legs.

But last fall, the watercolor landscape bled,
Wind tore tapestries from every branch,
and all private rooms were exposed
To austere sculptors: snow and ice.

Yet, I love that I met you in winter.
A metaphor for two people who love poetry:
Our hearts two bulbs in frozen ground
Full of hope for wet spring.

I think of you as I walk through this park
With frost on my lips,
My body clenched against a chill;
This winter stratified our souls.

I recall the sunlight in your smile
And the tiny green leaves in my heart —
The ones waiting for the thaw —
Begin to unfold.