

What I Saw in The Snow

On the bridge, a large heart—no, two hearts—
or, half of a heart around a whole one?

Now I'm not sure, someone, maybe the mother
and child I see walking with linked arms—

Someone drew this heart, yes now I remember—
the mother had a long branch in her hand.

It must have been her, the girl—maybe nine or ten—
the age I always dream you at, my dead son.

The heart in the snow, the snow falling,
the snow covering the heart, that big, big heart—

-Sharon L. Charde