

## Silence

You speak to me of angels: one  
Of those old spring evenings folds  
Over your lips. Snow has fallen  
And winds have blown. The ice  
Was slow to freeze. The sky closes  
Upon us. A spider has fallen  
From your hair. Typical the way  
The grass crowds delicately at your feet.  
You stare at the stars, your eyes come  
To rest upon my face. It has been years now.  
I wonder if you are leaning towards me.  
I do not move. I wait to provoke  
The touch of your fingers. They sink  
Into dark curls and disappear.

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