

First Love, Winter, 1971

At sixteen I knew how to rise
above my body, escape the cutting air
and heat myself with your passion.
I wasn't cold when your eyelashes
fluttered against my neck.
I wasn't cold when your
lips worked against mine until we
rolled together down a hill into a
place warm and sweet and timeless.

Later, at home, in my bed
under the starlight comforter
my grandmother made,
I shivered and shivered, and
no matter how many layers I piled on,
I couldn't warm my skin.
Only the press of your chest
against mine could raise the mercury,
bring my body back into its outline,
make me complete.