

A SECRET

Max Winter

I have a breath
I keep in my pocket
for when I hear boots
walking over my head,
making cracks in the ice.
The word for this sensation
is tangled in anemone
and unnoticed by divers.
Only one person in the world
knows its exact location.
If the word is ever unearthed,
rewards will fall like snow,
no two alike,
none lasting longer
than the time it takes them to catch
on the threads of a glove raised by accident
to wave to a dark figure
moving across water,
a wave from one thought to another.