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For Lack of Your Delicate Hip

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FOR LACK OF YOUR DELICATE HIP

Sullen and anxious, I rose last night while others kept right on sleeping,
braving winds against the nightmare, walking first to the dark counter for a
 glass of wine
and on to the garden to consider that feverless spot beside me
where last night you lay for the first time in my arms.

Lighting a fire in the chimney pot, I pulled blackened stems from last year's
yield of sunflowers and considered the day. How walking down the street, the
 mechanical
count of parking metres clamoured in my ears, weighing the time
till we could lie again, your long foot pressed against against my leg.

And while those life gone stalks turned to ember, I watched the fine hair
 roots
that burned most quickly, the tiny miracles I had resigned myself to for
 nourishment.

Cinders that night fashioned into words you whispered
when I last held you. Cinders that caught in the leaves of our thinking,
lighting the garden and allowing notice of the thoughtfulness of tulips
to raise their heads in February.