

Blonde as a newborn, you will walk out crying,
Starting again, and waving *buona sera*
To the loved couples on their motorcycles,
To the parading children with their candles.

You will keep on going.

THE FEAR OF WOMEN, THE FEAR OF MEN

We come together strangers,
Fish and flower, flesh
Estranged from its
Dark prop, the other.

Come near the quick,
The drum the world falls in on.
Tell me what you see.

There is a ring of bone
And some hard moss.
I walk into a cave
I see no end to.
What do you see?

A rich, blind intruder,
Plainly damaging.

Quiet. Wait.

Your face is different.

Wait. Remember where we went today
And yesterday. Remember stories,
Jokes, our families.
Remember how we met.

I was afraid.
Remember?

Yes. Grow warmer here.
Be with me. Rest.

Now I am March ice,
Hard black water breaking.
It is livable.
Put down here. Rest.

For now.

We rock together, sane
As snow, past history, here
Where we settle. Here
On solid ground,
The native animal,
Flat footed, climbing.