

## WINTER STONE

I close my eyes.  
Strange marriages  
make the benches heave,  
and something that rises  
is always mistaken  
for faith.

The cold authority  
that lifts from stone  
to shift the sad weight  
of trees in high snow  
is the voice of my father,  
the only voice I know.

Only the statue is near—  
why never someone who  
loves me more than I do?

Today  
I confess my feet are cold.  
They are like deep roots  
tangled in the web  
of a great, sleeping spider.  
I fear they are becoming stone.  
Father, my life is like that.

This small package of flesh  
begins to frost like a glass house.  
How long has the owner been away?  
I write my own fierce poetry  
as if I could take his place.  
Does it matter if I stay  
or drive myself to return?  
Lover, will I ever learn?

This winter  
has the violence of a church.  
Half my life has been spent

in this park,  
as if I would see the statue fall.  
I walk away from that life,  
listening to the statue,  
believing nothing at all.