

# Winter When He Goes

Tracy Grammer

As the sun is to the city  
In the endless weeping winter  
So is joy to me, and pity  
When he leaves me, falsely tender  
Like the true love's knot we tethered  
Plastic ivy 'round the portal  
For to frame the spring forever  
Though the blizzard took the mortal holy rose  
It's always winter when he goesAs a matter of convenience  
We don't speak of dying gardens  
As a woman of heart and lenience  
I make liberal with my pardons  
I am generous with kindness  
He, with smiles and exultations  
Though he binds his wounds in silence  
I my own in practiced patience, lest he know  
It's always winter when he goesHe collects the twigs and briars  
I stack them up for fire  
But it's chilly for the burningHe slumbers in the straw  
I hold out for the thaw  
But the seasons won't be turning

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