

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 goes As 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 goes He collects the twigs and briars
I stack them up for fire
But it's chilly for the burning He slumbers in the straw
I hold out for the thaw
But the seasons won't be turning

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