

Miranda De la Victoria

Solstice Allemande

“what goes on goes on
in spite of us.”

- Joel Peckham, “Sometimes”

He may have a frost-bitten tongue
sending bright daffodils
 retreating into the dirt,
but she has the breath of the earth,
warming the world with
 the heat of her lips.

Although his voice howls,
rattling tree branches
 shaking bones and shutters,
her murmurs could be grasped
whispering on the mirrored lake
 where the mist clings.