Wheel of Seasons

reluctantly, in shades of grey

the year passes, a single turn

the wheel, bound in iron

creaking slowly from winter to love.

i gather pebbles from the still frozen beach

arrange them by size and colour

this is all i have to give you now

later i will give you summer —

my shoulder to the capstan

the wheel resists

like a lover with another lover

but i am silent, burnt and hard

and finally, as the solstice flames

against the darkening sky

announce as if to the deaf

the lust of the never-to-die

i see in every direction

the brown silhouette of your

demanding

aching

torso

i complete the revolution

that returns me to you

in hunger and poverty

to celebrate my inadequacy:

how can i trust you

not to be perfect?