

## **edelweiss**

after Wislawa Szymborska

we'll let our lips scar every inch of skin we've  
ever touched – sin inherited  
from tree & still i hope –  
imagine the footsteps of the yeti in the  
snow. imagine the expedition as the gift  
of a person that is more than the sum of  
her parts. try to keep me from forgetting.  
try to help me forget. you'll  
brand your fingertips into my side but, see  
the edelweiss will always bloom anew. & how  
lovely it would be if we  
could be here again when the ice begins to give  
way beneath our feet. maybe this new birth  
will be ours this time. maybe at last, among  
the shattered blues and whites, the  
yeti will hear us rising from the ruins.