

## Eve of All

Heavy whispers echo  
off the condensation  
on the West window

The geese soar South,  
through the golden glow  
of the quietest hours,  
that nobody else knows.

In seven days,  
you'll see them again,  
by the shores,  
as their destination comes  
to an obvious end.

In seven days,  
I'll see the snow  
and remember sledding down  
the once green sloped glens

Except you've been giving too much  
with only words in return;  
I won't find you  
sprawled out at the bottom waiting.

This is why we don't swear on angels,  
you'll say.

I'll nod,  
like I agree.  
Maybe mumble a word,  
but be thinking three.

Then I'll get down on one single knee  
and pray that in another season's time,  
you'll still miss me.